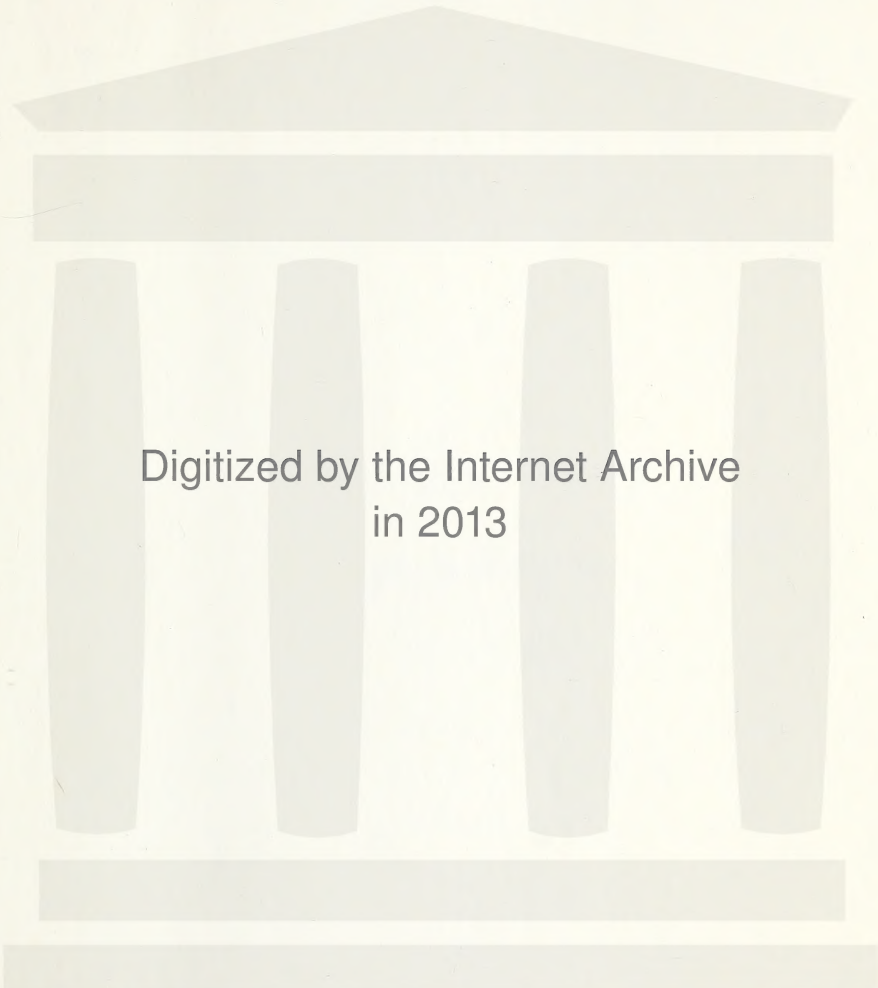
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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE MAGAZINE

VOLUME LI

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pt. 2 July-Dec. 1919

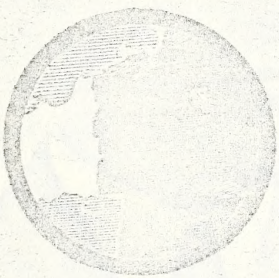
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1919

Volume 51 JULY, 1919 Number 7

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The Granite Monthly

New Hampshire State Magazine



IN THIS NUMBER:

Hobart Pillsbury, George H. Sargent, George B. Upham, Rev. Dr. S. H. McCollester, Asa Currier Tilton, Roland D. Sawyer

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MR. ARTHUR EMMONS PEARSON

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. LI JULY, 1919 No. 7

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S MEMORIAL AT VALLEY FORGE

By Hobart Pillsbury

New Hampshire is honored and the memory of her Revolutionary patriots perpetuated in beautiful fashion by the erection of the New Hampshire bay in the Cloister of the Colonies at the Washington Memorial Chapel at Valley Forge, Pa. This is on the scene of the Valley Forge encampment which General Washington's army endured in the winter of 1777 and 1778 when the fortunes of the Revolutionary government were at low ebb and the patriotism of the colonists met its greatest test.

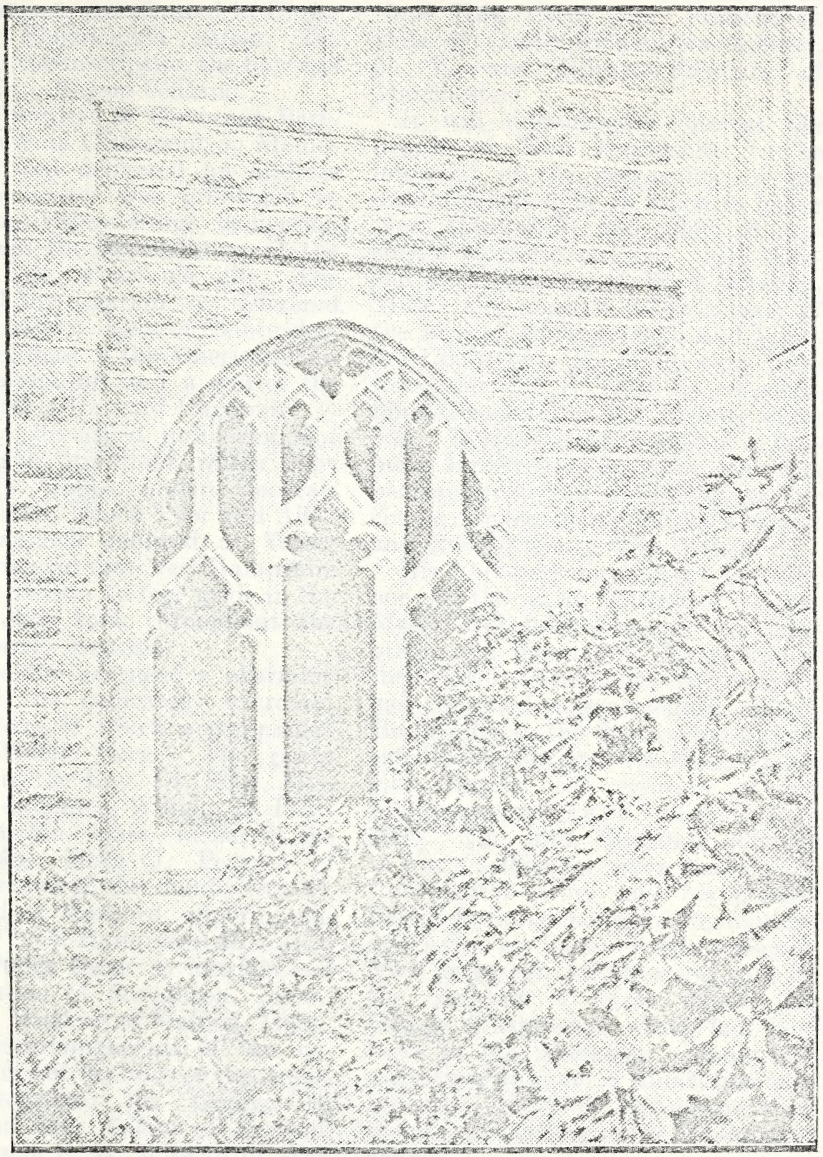
The state is indebted for this memorial to Arthur E. Pearson of West Newton, Mass., a son of William H. Pearson who was born and reared in Lancaster, N. H. The dedication took place with elaborate ceremony on Memorial Day in the presence of several hundred people, and a dedicatory party from New England.

The bay adjoins the chapel and two of the doors open into it. These are objects of great interest on account of their commemoration and their high artistic worth. The one which opens from the nave of the chapel is the President's door, given by the Society of New York State Women to commemorate Washington's first inauguration as President of the United States. The choir door was given by Mrs. George Alfred Fletcher, of Philadelphia, in memory of her husband and to commemorate Francis Hopkinson, the poet and musician of the Revolution. Both doors are of oak, richly carved, and the iron work is of rare beauty.

The New Hampshire bay is built of Holmesburg granite and Indiana limestone. In the marble floor is set a large brass reproduction of the colonial seal, while the state arms are carved in the oak ceiling. The inscription, written by Mr. Pearson, is cut in the structural stone, as follows:

In the name of God. Amen.
In tribute to the Loyalty and the Sacrifice of the Troops of the Province of New Hampshire in the Continental Army during the Winter Encampment of 1777–1778. In grateful Recognition of the Devotion and the Service of the Sons and Daughters of the Province who contributed by word or act toward the establishment of American Independence and in Loving Memory of Amos Pearson, John Benjamin, Ensign Joshua Barron, Lieutenant Jonathan Derby, David Page, Emmons Stockwell and David Greenleaf, Soldiers of the Revolutionary Forces, this bay is erected by Arthur Emmons Pearson. 1915. *Nil Desperandum Christo Duce.*

The Rev. W. Herbert Burk, D.D., conducted the service of dedication, in which the vested choir of the chapel and Company 21, United Boys Brigade of America, from Oak Park United Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia, under the command of Dr. Robert A. Taylor, took part. Arthur Emmons Pearson, the donor of the bay, made the presentation and in the course of his address paid a tribute to Dr. Burk, the founder of the chapel. The bay was formally accepted by the Rt. Rev. Thomas J. Garland, S.T.D., Bishop Suffragan of the Diocese of Pennsylvania, who called attention



NEW HAMPSHIRE'S MEMORIAL AT VALLEY FORGE

Courtesy of the Manchester Union

to the relation between New Hampshire and Pennsylvania in state and church. The first bishop of New Hampshire was consecrated in Christ Church, Philadelphia. After Dr. Burk read the inscription the bay was dedicated by Bishop Garland.

At the request of Governor Bartlett who was in Claremont on Memorial Day and delivered an address there, the writer was privileged to attend the Valley Forge dedication and express the appreciation of the state of Mr. Pearson's gift. The address of the occasion was delivered by Dr. Samuel A. Eliot of Cambridge, Mass., president of the American Unitarian Association and a son of the former head of Harvard University.

Dr. Eliot described, in his eloquent manner, the privations which New Hampshire troops under Generals John Sullivan, Enoch Poor and Alexander Scammell endured at Valley Forge. He said that New Hampshire has every reason to feel pride in the part her sons took throughout the Revolutionary struggle.

Mr. Pearson arranged a charming party for the dedicatory exercises, the members of which accompanied him to Valley Forge. The party consisted of the Rev. Dr. Eliot, Miss Eliot, his daughter; William H. Pearson of Newton, Mass., father of the donor; Miss Nella J. Pearson of Newton, sister of the donor; Otis G. Hammond of Concord, superintendent of the New Hampshire Historical Society; Judge Oscar A. Marden and Mrs. Marden of Stoughton, Mass.; Walter K. Watkins of Malden, Mass., former historian-general of the national society of the Sons of the American Revolution; Dr. George H. Talbot and Mrs. Talbot of Newton; Mrs. Hannah S. H. Wiswall of Wellesley, Mass.; George F. Larcom and Mrs. Larcom of Newton, Mass.; Miss Henrietta Rockwood of Boston, Mass.; Dr. Susan M. Coffin of Boston, Mass.; Miss Helen P. Warren of Newton, Mass.; the Misses Clara C. Hewins and Josephine Hewins of Dedham, Mass.; Edward L. Pearson of Brockton, Mass.; Thomas N. James and Miss Mildred E. James of New York City; Mrs. Frances C. Dale of Cold-Spring-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., and Hobart Pillsbury of Manchester.

It will undoubtedly interest the people of New Hampshire to be informed of the personality of the man who has done so much to honor New Hampshire and New Hampshire's patriotic services. Mr. Pearson is a resident of West Newton, Mass., and a paper manufacturer of the firm of Hollingsworth and Whitney Company. His family came from Lancaster, N. H., and he considers himself something of a Granite State Son. Besides being successful in business, Mr. Pearson for many years has been interested in the history of our country, particularly of the Colonial and Revolutionary War periods.

His ancestors were John Pearson, one of the early settlers of Lynn, Mass., and John Benjamin of Cambridge and Watertown, Mass., and of their 4,000 descendants Mr. Pearson has compiled a genealogical record. He belongs to the Sons of the American Revolution and was liberal in his gifts toward the erection of the Massachusetts bay at Valley Forge in 1909. The John Benjamin referred to was a soldier for seven years in the Continental Army and his powder horn is in the collection of Revolutionary relics at Valley Forge museum. Two years ago Mr. Pearson gave to the museum a letter written by George Washington which had long been in his possession. About the same time he gave, in connection with his sister, the New Hampshire state panel in the ceiling of the Washington chapel.

When Senator Henry W. Keyes was governor, Mr. Pearson presented to him a whip which was made and used by Daniel Webster. The governor presented it to the New Hampshire Historical Society in whose collection it may be seen today, appropriately mounted.

Unitarians of New Hampshire are familiar with Mr. Pearson's benefactions in that denomination. He established the Pearson Foundation of the American Unitarian Association which provides for a perpetual series of addresses to "complete mutual understanding and helpfulness between the people of all denominations and creeds." The first such address was delivered by President Emeritus Eliot of Harvard last year.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Hobart Pillsbury, deputy secretary of state, is also one of New Hampshire's best known and most readable and reliable journalists. George H. Sargent, the Bibliographer of the *Boston Transcript*, is an authority of national repute upon his specialty, as well as a most entertaining writer. Asa Currier Tilton, Ph.D., curator of the war collection in the University of Wisconsin, takes an active and valuable interest in the history of New Hampshire which is explained in part by his birth in Raymond and his preparation at Phillips-Exeter for Yale. Rev. Dr. Sullivan H. McCollester is one of our state's oldest and best known clergymen, scholars, travelers and writers. Our poets of this month are New Hampshire men of varied type, Mr. Cleaves, a clergyman, Mr. Bugbee, a banker, Mr. Claflin, a representative of periodicals, Mr. Weston, a farmer.

THE PROFESSOR'S GRAVE

By Perley R. Bugbee

Slowly the sun was sinking in the west,
As I strolled to his place of rest.
An humble lot and a simple stone,
All he claimed for his own.
On earth's rounded green promontory,
"An episode in love's eternity."

Are God's acres forsaken
When mortals are taken?
The tall pines are whispering low,
The white birches,—echoing,—"No."
Amid the grasses green
Spirits in the dew are seen.

On guard, Monk, of former years
At his side, Geist, in tears
Classes eighty-three to nineteen-ten
Gathering round and round them,
"Who being dead, yet speaketh".
In books, Dartmouth keepeth.

NOTE.—Professor Charles F. Richardson, Winkley Professor of Anglo-Saxon and English Language and Literature at Dartmouth College, 1882–1911, is buried in the beautiful cemetery at Hanover, and few returning graduates of the college fail to visit the resting place of one whom they loved and revered. In life his faithful canine companions were the great St. Bernard, Monk, and the little Dachsund, Geist.

THE CENTENARY OF THE ANDOVER PRESS

The Work of a Pioneer Printer Whose Imprints Now Rank Among the Rarities Sought by Book Collectors

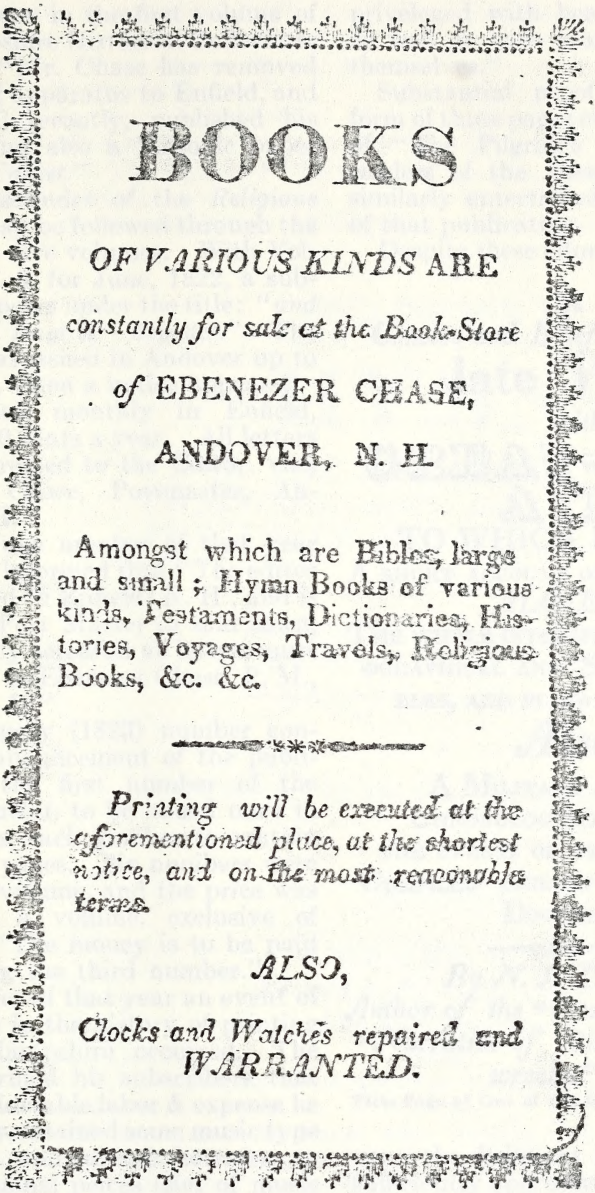
By George H. Sargent

In the annals of printing in New Hampshire there is no single chapter more worthy of consideration than that which relates to the early press of Andover, which is entitled to celebrate its centenary this year and month. The press has always been the pioneer of civilization. The Catholic missionaries of Spain, whose task was to turn the natives of Mexico to Christianity, enlisted the services of Juan Cromberger, a printer from Seville, who in 1539 printed the first book produced in America, a "Spiritual Ladder for the Ascent into Heaven." The Pilgrims of Plymouth, within ten years of the landing of the *Mayflower*, had set up a press at Cambridge, and in 1840 produced the first book issued in what is now the United States—the *Bay Psalm Book* printed by Stephen Daye. Daniel Fowle, who had been confined in a Boston "stinking stone Gaol" for illegal printing, suffering "A Total Eclipse of Liberty," came to New Hampshire and in 1756 printed his *Good News from a Far Country*, Jonathan Parsons' sermon. Isaiah Thomas, the famous Worcester printer, spread his activities upon the Connecticut and presses sprang up at Walpole and other places along the natural lines of travel.

But the pioneer press of Andover was the product of the holy zeal that filled the missionaries of Mexico and the psalm-singing Pilgrims. In the annals of that town the name of Ebenezer Chase does not receive the recognition it deserves. Captains of industry, eminent lawyers and professional men who have gone out from the mountain-girt hamlets of Andover, are given pages of the town's annals. The hard-working, many-sided minister of the gospel who spread the doctrines of the Christian religion, the tenets of Free-Masonry and the light of knowledge by means of the printing press, should receive his due.

The introduction of printing in a young and rural community like that of Andover in 1819 was no small undertaking. The more remarkable does it appear when it is considered that the pioneer printer of Andover brought no printing press from an old community and was not a practiced compositor and pressman. His press was of his own construction, and he was self-taught in the mysteries of the "black art." If his early productions are crude, it is not to be wondered at; rather the wonder is that he was able to produce as good work as he did. Beside these handicaps, the community in which he had settled was one in which most of the people were engaged in a hard struggle for existence with the forces of nature, with little time for the gospel of "sweetness and light." In winter the roads were often blocked; transportation at the best was slow, and the difficulty of putting his finished product before the outside world might well have daunted a stronger soul.

But Ebenezer Chase was of the stuff of which martyrs are made. Born May 19, 1785, he began to preach in 1807. In August, 1810, at the age of twenty-five, he was ordained an evangelist at East Andover. For several years he was pastor there of the Free-Will Baptist denomination. The church, like most others in New Hampshire towns, had varying fortunes, and in 1819–20, as a result of a great "revival," the Christian Baptist Church took many of the members of the Free-Will branch. With these religious differences, however, we have nothing to do. The energetic minis-



Ebenezer Chase's Advertisement of a Hundred Years Ago

ter of the first Free-Will Baptist Church had in the meantime become interested in printing and it is his fortunes as a printer, rather than as a fisher of men, that we are to follow.

Stephen Daye's first press, the father of all in this country, is still preserved as a proud New Hampshire possession. Of Ebenezer Chase's home-made press we know little, and it long since went into the junk-heap. Undoubtedly it was of the flat platen variety, and the knowledge that it had a "receiving screw" gives us no clue to its construction. The printer, however, had a variety of types which formed a very respectable assortment for the press of such a small place, although he seems to have started with second-hand material. Considering the equipment, his work is really of surprising quality. The ambitious project which he launched almost at the start is of the same character as that of Gutenberg, who at the very invention of printing from movable types produced the whole Bible.

On July 20, 1819, there appeared from the press in Andover *The Religious Informer*, edited and published by Ebenezer Chase who was also compositor and pressman. It was a sixteen-page monthly magazine, of octavo size, printed in double columns. According to Jacob B. Moore the New Hampshire historian, the original subscription list was of 110 persons. Writing in 1829 Mr. Moore stated that the subscription list afterwards increased to nearly 800. "The paper," he says, "is devoted to the dissemination of the principles of the denomination to which he belongs, and is as well executed as some of the country prints where we may suppose the publishers have been regularly educated in the art." A footnote to this statement

which appears in the first volume of New Hampshire Historical Collection, adds that "Mr. Chase has removed his printing apparatus to Enfield, and there, until recently, published his *Informer* and also a Masonic paper called the *Casket*."

The vicissitudes of the *Religious Informer* may be followed through the pages of its rare volumes. With Volume 3, No. 6, for June, 1822, a subheading appears under the title: "*and Free-Will Baptist Register.*" The monthly was issued in Andover up to May, 1823, when a notice appears:

"Published monthly in Enfield, N. H., at 60 cents a year. All letters must be directed to the Editor, viz., Ebenezer Chase, Postmaster, Andover, N. H."

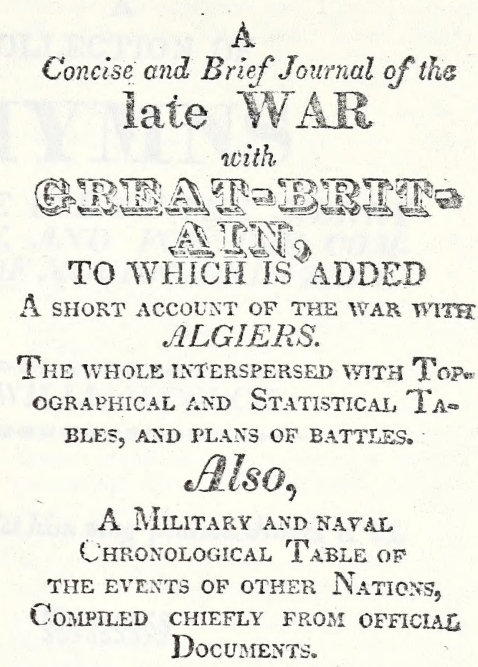
In the June number of that year readers are informed that "The editor has removed to Enfield, N. H., and is appointed Post Master in said town, consequently hereafter all letters must be directed to Ebenezer Chase, P. M., Enfield, N. H."

The January (1823) number contains an announcement of the publication of the first number of the *Masonic Casket*, to be issued once in two months, each number to contain thirty-two pages. Six numbers were to make a volume, and the price was one dollar a volume, exclusive of postage. "The money is to be paid on receiving the third number."

In October of that year an event of importance in the history of printing in New Hampshire occurred. The editor informed his subscribers that "after considerable labor & expense he has recently obtained some music type from Phila. and intends hereafter to print occasional peices (sic) of music in the *Informer;* especially the tunes to the hymns that are published in it. He presumes this cannot but be very pleasing to those who practice singing and though some have not voices to sing it is very seldom that any one can be found, who do (sic) not delight to hear Music, and having the tunes to the Hymns published they can be priveleged with hearing them sung, as well as with reading the Hymns themselves."

Substantial proof follows in the form of three pages of words and music of "The Pilgrim's Farewell." The readers of the *Masonic Casket* were similarly entertained in the columns of that publication.

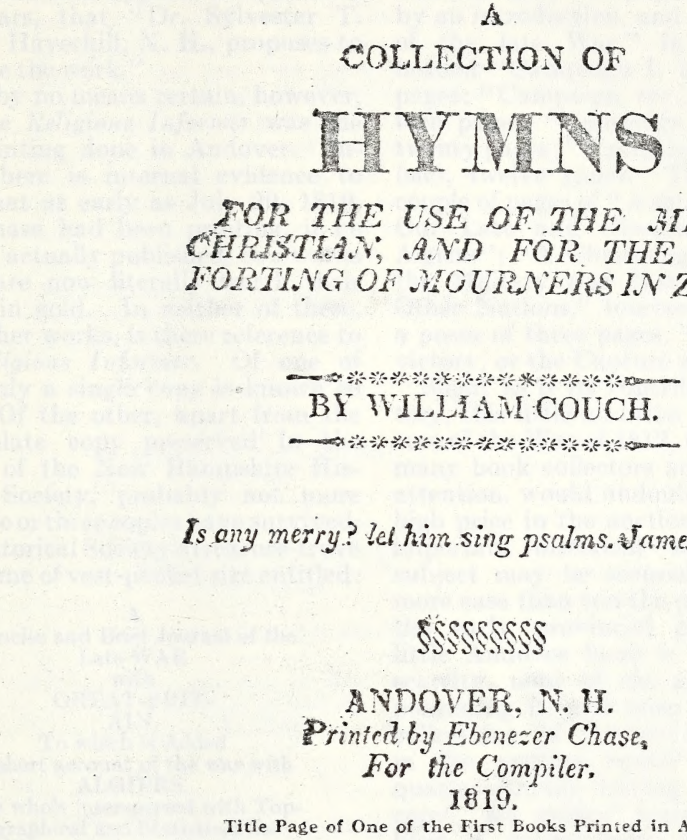
Despite these efforts to please, however, the *Religious Informer* was not sufficiently appreciated. In January, 1825, the editor gives notice that he "expects to journey considerably this winter" and concludes to "omit the publication of the next *Informer* until the last of March, when the numbers will be printed oftener." February and March, however, appeared with those dates, although probably not issued until some time in the latter


A
Concise and Brief Journal of the
late WAR
with
GREAT-BRITAIN,
TO WHICH IS ADDED
A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE WAR WITH
ALGIERS.
THE WHOLE INTERSPERSED WITH TOPOGRAPHICAL AND STATISTICAL TABLES, AND PLANS OF BATTLES.
Also,
A MILITARY AND NAVAL
CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE OF
THE EVENTS OF OTHER NATIONS,
COMPILED CHIEFLY FROM OFFICIAL
DOCUMENTS.
By N. J. T. George,
Author of the "Creek Indian War," "Narrative of Distressing Shipwrecks," &c.

Title Page of One of the Rarest of War Histories

month or possibly April, as "The editor, having been absent, answers to several communications which have been delayed until now."

Unlike the magazines of today, which often carry far more advertising than text, the *Religious Informer* depended wholly for financial returns upon its subscriptions, which were offered at rates that in these war times must be considered ruinous. It carried no advertising except that of its publisher, who in one number announces, "Garden seeds for sale at this office," and occasionally mentions his other periodical venture, although singularly silent about the books he printed. Under such conditions the future of the publication could be foreseen by an experienced publisher. By November, 1825, the paper was in financial straits. The editor admitted in his publication that he owed the paper-maker more than $200 and subscribers owed him more than $400, a condition of solvency which was not thoroughly satisfactory. He laid the matter before the elders' conference, as he felt he must cease publication, but they recommended a quarterly at twenty-five cents a year, five "sets" to be sold at one dollar a year and eleven sets for $2. The December number did not come out until the end of that month, and stated the new conditions of publication. The end was now plainly in sight and the *Religious Informer* passed into the hereafter of defunct publications—the treasure-rooms of great libraries and historical societies.



A
COLLECTION OF
HYMNS
FOR THE USE OF THE MERRY CHRISTIAN, AND FOR THE COMFORTING OF MOURNERS IN ZION.

BY WILLIAM COUCH.

Is any merry? let him sing psalms. James v. 13.

ANDOVER, N. H.
Printed by Ebenezer Chase,
For the Compiler.
1819.

Title Page of One of the First Books Printed in Andover

Eastman's *History of Andover* is in

error in crediting Chase's Masonic publication, the *Casket*, to that town. The first number was issued in Enfield, and its publication was continued there, from January–February, 1823, until November, 1825, when it is announced, after apologies for various lapses in issues, delays until the end of the month and appeals for payment of arrears, that "Dr. Sylvester T. Goss of Haverhill, N. H., proposes to continue the work."

It is by no means certain, however, that the *Religious Informer* was the first printing done in Andover. Indeed, there is internal evidence to show that as early as July 20, 1819, Mr. Chase had been printing, if he had not actually published, two works which are now literally worth their weight in gold. In neither of these, as in other works, is there reference to the *Religious Informer*. Of one of these only a single copy is known to exist. Of the other, apart from the immaculate copy preserved in the library of the New Hampshire Historical Society, probably not more than two or three copies have survived. The Historical Society's treasure-trove is a volume of vest-pocket size entitled:

A
Concise and Brief Journal of the
Late WAR
with
GREAT-BRIT-
AIN,
To which is Added
A short account of the war with
ALGIERS.
The whole interspersed with Top-
ographical and Statistical Ta-
bles, and plans of battles.
Also,
A Military and Naval
Chronological Table of
the events of other Nations,
Compiled chiefly from official
Documents.

By N. J. T. George,
Author of the "Creek Indian War,"
"Narratives of Distressing Ship-
wrecks, &c.

This bears no Andover imprint on the title, but at the end is the modest statement "Andover, N. H., Printed by E. Chase for the compiler." The word "compiler" is used advisedly, for the serious student of American history will find little in the pages of this rare volume to add to his knowledge of this period of the nation's military and naval achievements. The first sixty-two pages are occupied by an introduction, and the "Journal of the late War," in four parts, headed "Campaign I, 1812," twelve pages; "Campaign, etc., 1813," nineteen pages; "Campaign, etc., 1814," twenty pages; "Campaign, etc., 1816" (sic), twelve pages. Then follow a couple of pages of "A short Account of Our Late and Glorious War with Algiers"; "A Chronological Table of the Military and Naval Events of Other Nations," fourteen pages, and a poem of three pages, "Capt. Jones' victory, or the Capture of the *Frolic*."

Slight as is its contribution to history, this little addition to the literature of the War of 1812, toward which many book collectors are now giving attention, would undoubtedly bring a high price in the auction room. The important historical works on the subject may be secured with much more ease than can the productions of the early provincial presses. This little Andover book is of exceeding scarcity, none of the great libraries possessing it, and none of the great collections of Americana dispersed in the auction rooms in the last quarter-century having contained a copy. Its author appears to have been a young man of Thornton, N. H., who had the scribbler's itch, and the Andover publisher must have appeared to him as an angel. Yet so insecure is fame that the author's name is not given correctly in the *History of Andover*, though possibly through a misprint. At best, only a few copies could have been printed, and the character of the publication was not such as to create a wide demand, while the disadvantages under which the publisher labored served to limit the circulation. Whatever the

causes, the "*Journal of the Late War*" is now almost a "lost book."

Another publication, of which only one copy is known, that being in the possession of Mrs. Marcia C. C. Hilton of East Andover, is a small sexto-decimo, bound in oak boards with leather back, and is dated 1819, but contains no reference to Mr. Chase's periodical. Following "The End" which is printed in capitals on the last page of text are two lines in italic type, "Printing done at short notice at this office." Whether the reverend printer had not started the *Religious Informer* at this time, or had faith in his ability to execute work promptly with that considerable undertaking in hand, this little book must be considered as having a claim to be the first or second printed in Andover. It is entitled:

AN
ABRIDGMENT
OF
MURRAY'S
ENGLISH GRAMMAR,
with an

ADDITION of Rules.
Designed for the use of the
YOUNGER CLASS OF
LEARNERS.

BY LINDLEY MURRAY.

ANDOVER, N. H.
Printed by and for
E. Chase.

1819.

The work consists of 96 pages, and on the back of the title is an ornamental border, enclosing the line at the top, "The Property of." The first two pages of text contain an unsigned address, "To the Reader," as follows:

"The compiler of this abridgment is far from thinking that any abridgment of Murray's Grammar, now in use, is sufficient alone to furnish a scholar with a competent knowledge of grammar.

"This, therefore, is designed to select those parts from the large grammar, that is (sic) necessary for the young student to commit to memory, that he may preserve a more costly book from being damaged, during his first studies.

"Many instructors, there are, who highly approve of Murray's Grammar, yet think his rules in syntax to be deficient.

"To remedy this evil, they recommend Alexander's rules to the scholars, which puts them to the expense of two books when one might answer; therefore, at the last part of this book (after Murray's rules) is inserted a selection from Alexander and others, which, together with Murray's, is thought to be a sufficient supply."

On page 83, following the abridgment, are the condensed rules of syntax, twenty-two in number and extending to page 91, after which are thirty-five "Additional Rules," completing the book. There are other abridgments of *Murray's Grammar*, but comparison with copies issued in Concord shows differences which indicate that the compilation of the rules of syntax may have been the work of the printer, whose eagerness to make one book serve the youth of Andover in place of two may have led him to assume this literary task. Apart from the breaking of the back cover, the copy before me shows little signs of wear, and doubtless has remained in the possession of a family which could afford the wear and tear on "a more costly book."

The *History of John Vandelure*, of which the only known copy (lacking two leaves) was sold at an auction in New York last month for $22.50 and is now in the possession of the New York Public Library, is an Indian narrative bearing the sub-title:

HISTORY
of John Vandelure,
Containing an account of his voyages
and conversion while on the N. W.
coast of America, &c. &c.
Written by himself in a letter to his
Uncle in Philadelphia.

The narrative is dated "Amsterdam, Aug. 24, 1796," and fills sixty-six pages, ending "Abridged by Josiah Wheet, Jr., A Friend in Zion. (Andover, N. H., Printed by E. Chase.)" Six pages following this are filled with a hymn "composed on the wondrous capacity of the Human Mind," with an introduction, "The mind or soul renewed by grace" and a "Conclusion" "Composed by Josiah Wheet, Jr., Groton, N. H." The volume is a 16mo. stitched by hand. It gives an account of the life of a castaway among the Indians of the coast of British Columbia, and is one of the earliest known printed records of the Indians of that region. As a unique New Hampshire imprint, it has a high value, and while primarily religious in purpose, it contains much information about the character and customs of the natives. The author was a part owner in the ship *Triumph*, which sailed to China. It was then decided to trade in furs with North America. After a fine cargo had been secured the captain, Vanleason, "forgot" that he had left the author behind on the coast of what is now British Columbia, and in this narrative Vandelure relates his adventures, part of which may be apocryphal. It is curious to note that Vanleason also wrote an account of the voyage. The Vandelure narrative was printed by Wright & Sibley at Montpelier, Vt., in 1812, but does not appear in Gilman's *Vermont Bibliography*. There was also an edition published at Hallowell, Me., in 1817, by E. Goodale, the last copy of which sold at auction brought forty dollars.

Of Josiah Wheet, Jr., who abridged this *History of John Vandelure*, little is known. He was an unsuccessful litigant in an action on a note given to him, which he fully sets forth, with reflections upon the law and judges thereof, a "Hymn on the death of J. Wheet," advice to parents, census statistics, etc., in a small volume entitled "*Law Manual. By Josiah Wheet, Philom. Member of Literary Adelphi New-Hampton Institution. Printed for the Author, 1843.*" Josiah Wheet, the senior, died in Groton, N. H., in 1828, after a residence there for fifty years. No other work than this *Law Manual* and the abridgment of the *History of John Vandelure* is known to have come from Wheet's pen, and the *Law Manual* of 180 pages, written by a layman, is curious and entertaining reading. A copy is in the library of the New Hampshire Historical Society.

One of the earliest Andover imprints with a date is remarkable as being bound in boards—real boards of oak, covered with paper and with a leather back—possibly a specimen of Mr. Chase's skill as a bookbinder. It is a volume of sixty-four pages, four by five inches in size, entitled:

A
Collection of
HYMNS
For the use of the merry
Christian, and for the comforting of mourners in Zion.

By William Couch

Is any merry? let him sing psalms. James v. 13

§§§§§§§§§§

ANDOVER, N. H.
Printed by Ebenezer Chase,
For the Compiler,
1819.

Thirty-four hymns, followed by "A table to find any hymn by the first line," make up the volume, and at the end is this interesting advertisement:

BOOKS

Of this kind for sale at the Informer Office and Book-Store of E. Chase, Andover, N. H. and by the author in Warner, N. H.

At the above Office in Andover, is published by E. Chase, a paper entitled *Religious Informer*, to be continued monthly, each No. to contain 16 octavo pages and delivered to subscribers at 60 Cents per annum, or if paid in advance, 50. The paper contains religious intelligence and it is hoped that the lovers of Free Salvation will subscribe for the work.

In nearly every large collection of books from an old New Hampshire house will be found a duodecimo volume labelled on the back *Life of Colby*. This once popular work passed

through many editions, appearing with the imprints of Portland, Me.; Dover, N. H.; Concord, N. H.; Newport, N. H., and Andover, N. H. The work is in two volumes, and it presents some puzzles for the bibliographer. The author announces in his preface that the work covers the first twenty-seven years of his life, but as he was born in 1787 an edition published in Portland dated 1804 makes this latter date appear doubtful. The edition printed at Newport by French and Brown, in which Volume I is dated 1831 and Volume II, 1832, does not compare in rarity with that of the Andover edition of 1819, of which the New Hampshire State Library possesses only an imperfect copy. The title of the Andover imprint is:

The
Life, Experiences
and Travels
of
John Colby
Preacher of the Gospel
Written by Himself.
Vol. II.
(Two verses of Scripture).
Andover, N. H.
Printed by Ebenezer Chase.
1819

Volume I of this work, which precedes the part with the Chase imprint and title, consists of 296 pages, the last five of which are occupied by a "Hymn composed in Ohio" and the "errata." It bears the Portland imprint of A. & J. Shirley, but no date, and has the frontispiece found in other editions, a lithograph portrait of Colby signed "H. Williams, pinx and sc." The second part, however, with the Andover imprint, is of particular interest. Unlike the first part it contains no "signatures" or marks for the direction of the binder, and consists of sixty-six pages, with a list of the contents at the end, followed by an advertisement of Ebenezer Chase which gives further evidence of his industry and versatility, for he advertises "Books, Printing, also Clocks and Watches repaired and warranted." As showing an early appreciation of the habits of book-borrowers, the back of the title page contains an ornamental border within which is printed "This Book belongs to" with a blank space in which the owner might write his name. Such a book was a considerable undertaking, and evidences the character of the popular reading in New England farmhouses a hundred years ago.

In 1820 Chase printed *Rules for Holy Living for a Society Calling Themselves Reformed Baptists*, by William D. Cass. This was probably an outcome of the great religious revival in Andover of that year, and was probably a leaflet. An original poem, printed in broadside form, was another output of the press in 1820. This was especially directed at the Universalists, who had formed a society in Andover in the preceding year. The broadside is entitled *Universal Salvation* and in it will be found the lines:

Huzzah! brave boys—loud be your joys,
Your sins shall be forgiven;
Oh! Skip and sing! Our God and King
Will bring us all to Heaven.

Oh! Charming news to live in sin,
And die to reign with Paul;
'Tis so indeed, for Jesus bled
To save the devil and all.

One more imprint remains, of which I have been unable to trace a single copy. If there is in Andover or anywhere else, the possessor of a copy of *The Weaver's Guide* let him hold up his hand. The work is known only by its title, given in the *History of Andover*, which reads:

"The Weaver's Guide. A choice selection of Drafts compiled from the newest fashions. Price, 25 cents single, 2 dollars a dozen. November, 1821."

There is a plausibility about this title, with its prices, savoring of *The Religious Informer's* "sets." There is nothing, however, in any of Chase's publications referring to such a work and nothing to indicate that he possessed the material for printing

"Drafts" or designs for weaving. This may have been one of the "books for sale" by Mr. Chase, but the question cannot be settled until a copy of the work named is found.

The exceeding rarity of these Andover imprints is really surprising, in view of the fact that many of our great libraries are making an especial effort to collect a copy of every book printed in this country before the year 1820. Yet not a single one of these imprints is to be found in the Library of Congress, the Boston Public Library or the splendid collection of early imprints in the American Antiquarian Society's library at Worcester, Mass. The New York Public Library has the *Life of Colby*, and the *John Vandelure*, but these imprints do not figure in the great bibliographies of Americana; they are unknown in the auction room. Hundreds of other works of less importance from early provincial presses of New England have been sold at book auctions, at constantly increasing prices, but even this stimulation of interest has failed to bring these Andover imprints into the light. The possessor of any one of them may be confident that he is the owner of a "rare old book." The missing titles are quoted from the *History of Andover*, by John R. Eastman, but a careful examination of the Eastman Papers, preserved in the New Hampshire Historical Society Library, gives no clue as to where the author obtained them.

It is probable that Chase did the job printing for the people of Andover and its vicinity, although a hundred years ago this must have been very limited in amount, in such a small community. Of such work no specimens, so far as is known, have been preserved. The burning of the Andover Library in 1901 may have destroyed existing material of this sort, although our forefathers were not as keen in collecting literary material as we are now. There is a lesson in all this for the librarians of today, whose first duty it should be to secure and preserve for future generations all the local imprints, the ephemeral publications and the printed material of whatever sort relating to the history of the town. For a people who care nothing for their past history are undeserving of a future one.

A SERIAL BY MRS. KEYES

The editor of the GRANITE MONTHLY deems himself very fortunate in being able to announce that a serial story by Frances Parkinson Keyes will begin in the August number of the GRANITE MONTHLY and run through several issues. The demand for a recent number of the magazine in which appeared a short story by Mrs. Keyes showed her to be one of the most popular of our contributors and we know that our readers will await with pleasurable anticipation this first work by Mrs. Keyes to be published in serial story form and the second of her novels to appear in print.

WESTMORELAND AND THE LATE WILLARD BILL

By Rev. Dr. S. H. McCollester, Litt. D.

Westmoreland was properly settled in 1741, although several attempts had been made before this date to settle it, but, on account of many Indians dwelling in and around it, the white men did not dare to enter and claim it; and when they did their first work was to build forts at different points, each to be guarded by some ten men to keep watch for the approach of the wild men. As they saw signs of their coming upon them, they would hurry their women and children into the forts and so fire upon Indians through port holes, driving them away, or killing them.

This township was some seven miles east and west and six miles north and south, having great diversity of surface and decided attractions to the Indians. The Connecticut River runs through the western portions; then there are several large sand beds and many lofty hills, deep vales with flowing streams through dense woods within its limits. Game was plentiful. In this region the Red Men could hunt, fish, sport and bivouac with greatest delight. The salmon and deer were a decided luxury to them. The great meadows on the river and the forests on the hills and the terrace formations through the lowlands were very dear to them and they wanted to abide here; but they cherished spite and hatred against the white faces, therefore, they were obliged to fight them, till they were destroyed or driven far away. As they left, new settlers hastened to the town, felled trees and built log houses from the timber, cultivating cleared spots, planting corn, beans and potatoes.

Soon they erected the church and schoolhouse. They attended religious services on Sunday and schooled their children, as best they could. They early introduced cattle, sheep, horses, fowls and hogs into the settlement. They took advantage of circumstances, really building better than they knew.

Some of the names of these settlers were as follows: Benjamin Aldrich, Amos Davis, Thomas Chamberlain, Daniel Howe, Samuel Hunt, Joshua Warren, Hon. Merleck Ware, Joseph Burt, John Pierce, Jonas Butterfield, David Britton and Caleb Aldrich.

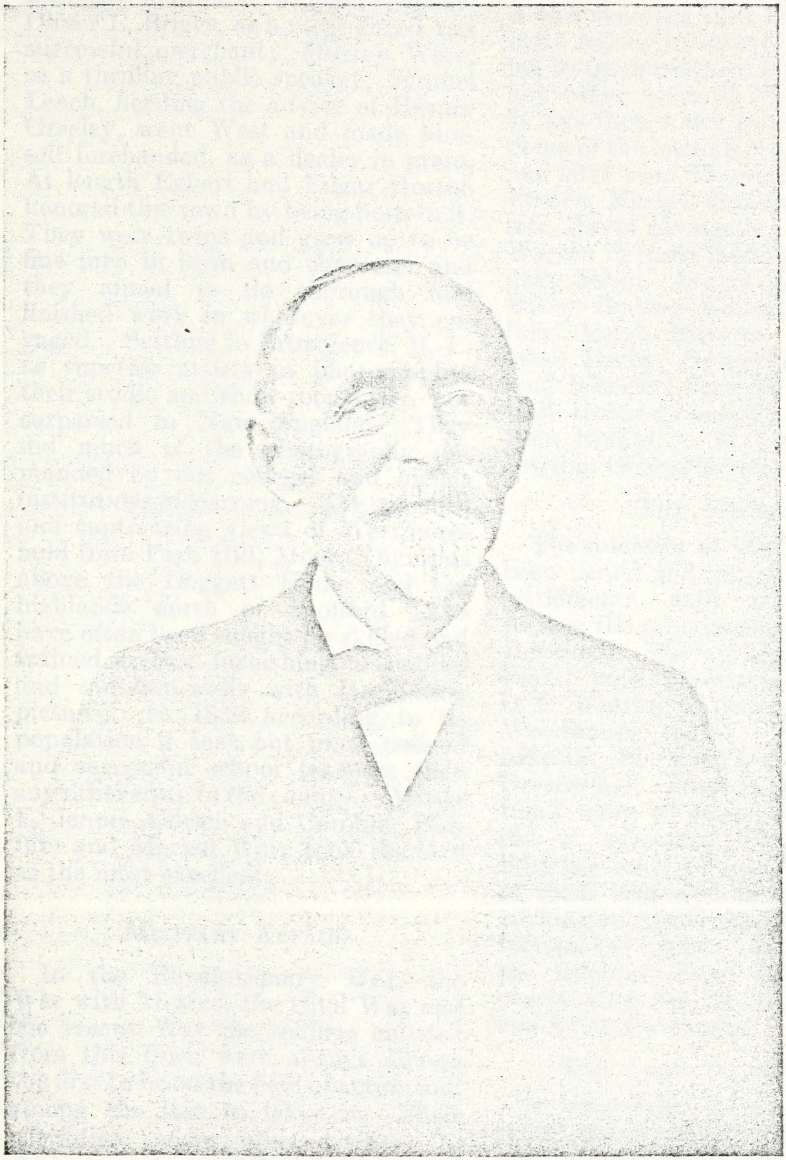
There was something about the new town that allured strangers to it, and so it was not many years before immigrants to it were numerous. The forests were removed, fields were converted into fine farms, producing rich harvests. It was not long before it was felt to be one of the most productive towns in Cheshire County.

In the development of affairs a large and imposing church-edifice was erected on Park Hill and then another edifice in the South Village, still another house of worship in East Westmoreland and yet another in the Glebe; and still another in the South Village. It is to be regretted that a Christian spirit did not always prevail in these religious communities.

The public schools kept multiplying as the town increased in population, till there were thirteen different districts and a Valley Seminary in domains of the town. The latter was especially, to fit young men and women for teachers and higher institutions of learning. In its balmy days Westmoreland was visited with teachers' institutes which were in session for weeks.

Noted for Good Scholars

At one time Westmoreland became somewhat noted for the good scholars sent out to their life-work: Charles and William Burt, Alexander Bennett and Joseph Buffum, as successful lawyers; Jotham Paine, as a highly



THE LATE WILLARD BILL

educated preacher; Charles Hall, as an eminent superintendent of public schools; Willard Bill, as an excellent business man and a good scholar; Oliver L. Briggs, as a most gifted and successful merchant; Murrey Ware, as a thrilling public speaker; Samuel Leach, heeding the advice of Horace Greeley, went West and made himself forehanded, as a dealer in grain. At length Egbert and Edgar Horton honored this town by being born in it. They were twins and grew up to be fine men in form and character and they aimed to do thorough and finished work in whatever they engaged. Settling in Providence, R. I., as superior artists in photography, their studio and show-rooms were not surpassed in New England. They did much of the photography demanded by our colleges and higher institutions of learning. The splendid and captivating views of Westmoreland from Park Hill, Mount Olympus above the Daggett Home and the highlands north of Spofford Lake have often been sought by skilled and trained artists, furnishing magazines and museum-walls with fascinating pictures. In 1859 according to its population it sent out more trained and successful school teachers than any other town in the county. Misses E. Jennie Aldrich and Caroline Buffum and Marion Ware took the lead as the most excellent.

Military Affairs

In the Revolutionary War, the War with Mexico, the Civil War and the recent War the soldiers enlisted from this town were always among the first to be on the field of action and among the last to leave it. Their patriotism never allowed them to shirk any duty of loyalty to their country. Tileston Barker and his son Frank were always with the vanguard and could say to comrades, "Come on, fight the good fight and gain the victory."

Savings in the Bank

When Westmoreland was at her best, near the time of the Civil War, it was reported that her citizens had more money in savings banks according to the number of inhabitants than any other town in New Hampshire. It was then a live farming township. Some of the leading men of this period and later were Theodore Cole, Abijah French, Haskell Buffum, Capt. Gleason, David Livingston, C. F. Brooks, Warren Pattern, Addison Ware, Jedadiah Sabin, Arvine Aldrich, Judge Baker, Reuben Kendall, Jewett Buffum, Josiah Bennett, Fred Barker, Isaac Derby, George Barrows, Holland Wheeler, Prescott Albee, Forest Hall, Holland Bennett, William Reed, John Knight, L. W. Leonard, Calvin Britton, George Bennett.

The Ministry

The ministry of Westmoreland has been varied and not of long terms of settlements with few exceptions. Among the prominent ones have been Reverends William Goddard, Allen Pratt, both graduates of Harvard; O. C. Whiston of Dartmouth, Charles Woodhouse, A. M., M. D., Josiah Marvin, E. H. Lake and Charles Greenwood. Some of them seemed to think more of popularity than they did of spreading Christianity and bringing souls to know God. Some of them appeared to think more of sticking to creeds than walking in the footsteps of Christ. But in later years the ministers have been earnest in proclaiming the brotherhood of men and living the Gospel.

The Late Willard Bill

In these later days, yes, for many years, the prominent business of the town seemed to fall into the hands of Willard Bill, who settled with his father, after he reached his majority, on a fine Connecticut River farm. In due time he married a wise and gifted woman who at length brought into his home two most promising daughters.

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As they grew into womanhood, being well educated, the older married W. G. Hutchins of Fitchburg, Mass., who passed up higher some years ago; the younger married Dr. J. A. Craig and they settled in Westmoreland, doing, now right in the prime of life, an immense amount of good. He is a skilled physician.

March 11, 1909, Mr. Bill was married again, to a most noble woman, Mrs. Luella Stackpole Houghton of Putney, Vermont, who survives him.

Mr. Bill was taken sick with the prevailing influenza the last of June, a year since. He recovered somewhat from it, but in December it renewed its poisoning grip, so that in spite of the best medical and nursing skill, he died in his pleasant home amidst a group of truest friends, having been a kind husband, a true father and just neighbor, 79 years and 7 months old. He has sown much precious seed which will continue to yield abundant harvests of love and usefulness through the ages to come.

As I occasionally visited his home I found it a joy and delight to be in it. The spirit of God seemed to abide therein. The old farm was very dear to him and his wife, being beautifully situated on the banks of the grand old Connecticut River, where he was born and lived till some ten years ago, when he purchased an inviting and modern residence in the South Village, which he improved and converted into an elegant home.

In his boyhood he went to school in his own district making the most possible out of its advantages. As he waxed older in years he attended select schools in town, ranking high in scholarship. As he increased in years he went to the best schools out of town to complete his schooldays, but not to finish his education, for as long as he lived he was a student and learner. But few excelled him in mathematics and good English. When he was twenty years old he commenced to teach winters and soon became known, as most thorough in his instruction and government. He became noted for reforming and redeeming bad boys. He had a good physique: head was large, forehead prominent, eyes full and penetrating: hair dark: and his temperament, nervous, sanguine, bilious. The phrenologist would have pronounced him talented without hesitancy. He had not a lazy bone nor nerve in his make-up. He was fond of declaiming and had a good voice for public speaking.

As soon as he reached 21 years of age, he was put into public office by the people and has been kept there ever since, not by his seeking it. The people placed him there, because he was honest and well qualified to fill it. He practised economy and accordingly accumulated property and heired some, but this did not elate him; he was all the more interested in public enterprises. He was interested from its start in the Cheshire County Home and he has continued so. He was for a long time a trustee of the Cheshire County Savings Bank. He was also county commissioner for several terms. He was, too, a charter member and officer for years of Great Meadow and Cheshire County Pomona Granges. For years he did a large probate business, as guardian, executor, administrator, or trustee.

Through his suffering and trying sickness he uttered not one word of complaint before his body fell asleep in death Thursday night, May 23, 1919, calmly and peacefully, encircled by dear loving friends. His funeral was attended the following Sunday by his old pastor, Rev. Dr. S. H. McCollester, assisted by Rev. J. E. Heath. Throngs of loving friends viewed the placid face of the translated. Then the remains were borne to the cemetery near by, and lowered into banks of countless and most beautiful flowers and a large number of Grangers, passed round the grave, dropping immortelles upon the casket, while the benediction of God, Christ and the Holy Spirit was pronounced.

As we turned away from the grave and left the yard, we could but ask, who is the truly successful man? It is not Croesus, nor Napoleon, nor Voltaire. If man has heaped up piles of sovereigns to be a satanic pimp, instead of God's almoner, then his riches become so cumbrous an armor as to bury him altogether in the dust of the earth.

Was David, the sweet singer of Israel, because he sang psalms in the cave of Adullum and chanted praises on Mt. Zion a successful man? Not any more so, than that he was a faithful shepherd and an honest guardian of his home. Was Michel Angelo a success because he chiseled the marble and painted the canvas? No, not any more so, than he who sets out saplings that others may enjoy their shade a century hence. Was Jesus a success because he entered Jerusalem amid banners and waving palms? Nay, but because he went about doing his Father's will.

Success is an attainment, but who attains? Only he who lives true to God and man. Such never have occasion to speak, as did Horace Walpole, saying, "Life is a comedy to those who think and a tragedy to those who feel," or more literally "Life is a farce and its last scene should not be mournful."

The truly successful never send forth the sad refrain of Solomon, "Vanity of vanities," but the cheerful canticle of Paul, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

Was not this true of Willard Bill? Let memory like a pensive Ruth go about the fields of his life, gleaning the scattered wheat and the souls of widow, daughter, granddaughter and all friends will be nourished with sweetest comfort and brightest hopes.

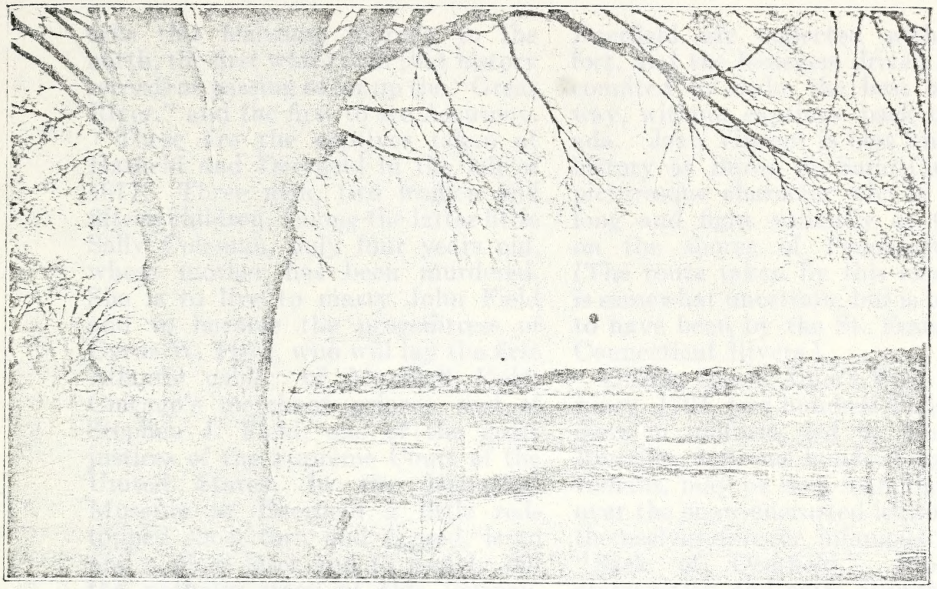
THE CROSSES

By Charles Poole Cleaves

Above the flashing of the brook,
Or hid in some secluded nook;
Along the roadside where they reeled,
Or clustered on some uptorn field.
No eyelid's stir, no pulse's beat;
No thrill of song, no wakened feet;
Only, beneath the quiet sky,
So many thousand victors lie
Asleep. Far as the eye has sped
The low, rude crosses mark their bed.

Across the sea, a city street
Living pulses, slow and fleet,
In the ceaseless long parade
Of human task and toil and trade.
No roughened mound, no sculptured tree.
Yet the quickened glance may see
Behind the smile or silent lip,
Or greeting eye or finger-tip,
Or passing word or tears that start
The low, rude cross hid in the heart.

Hudson, N. H.



The Connecticut River at Claremont

THE CONNECTICUT RIVER A GREAT HIGHWAY

By George B. Upham

As today we motor across the Connecticut River bridge from Claremont to Ascutneyville, how few of us think of the scenes that might have been witnessed there in times past! For a century or more the "Great River" was the highway between the sparsely settled towns of middle Massachusetts and those on the St. Lawrence. It was the only approach for the early settlers to the Upper Connecticut Valley, where for more than half a century heavy freight was transported almost wholly by the river.

These river scenes, some savage, some tragic, some pathetic, some merely industrial, are firmly woven into the web of life as it exists in northern New England today.

Let us linger on the river-bank, set back the hand of time three centuries, shift the scenes rapidly, and from our waiting place catch such glimpses as we can of some of these fading pictures of the past.

In May, 1610, some dozens of birch-bark canoes may be seen passing down the river to the "Great Falls" a few miles below. The salmon fishing is good there in the spring; the shad come no further up the stream. If we could hear the voices and understand the language some loquacious warrior might be telling his companions of the great canoe with white wings (Champlain) that had sailed up the great river of Canada only a year or two before, and of the strange contrivances which belched fire, made noise like thunder and blew away their enemies, the Mohawks, like chaff before the wind.

Late in October, 1677, a strange procession is seen approaching, some in canoes, some walking wearily along the banks, some women and children on two or three jaded horses stolen from the settlers below. We count twenty-six Indians and twenty whites, the latter the first of many captives to

take this fearsome journey to the north, the first white men that history records as passing so far up the "Great River," and the first to see Ascutney.

These are the captives taken at Hatfield and Deerfield in the fall of 1677. Three men, two women and fifteen children, among the latter little Sally Coleman, only four years old, whose mother has been murdered. She is to live to marry John Field and to become the progenitress of Cyrus W. Field, who will lay the first Atlantic cable; of Marshall Field, Chicago's merchant prince; and of Stephen J. Field, one of the great justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. In the Historical Museum at Deerfield a little red-topped shoe, torn and ragged, is to find a place later and to mutely tell the pathetic story of this journey, more impressively than any words.

One of these ill-fated captives is destined to be burned at the stake in Canada, one boy and one little girl to be finished by a blow of the tomahawk, the rest to be rescued by perhaps the bravest effort the early annals of New England record.*

During King William's War in September, 1694, a formidable array passes, a small "army" of French and Indians in canoes, led by the impetuous young Jean Vincent, who had come out with the first regiment of regular troops sent from France to Canada. They paddle swiftly on their way, disappearing in the autumn haze down the river. This time the settlers are prepared for them, their approach discovered, the people of Deerfield are collected within the fort, and the besiegers driven off discomfited to make the best of their way, without captives, back to Canada. Jean Vincent is best known to history as Baron de Saint-Castin, a picturesque character who is to live long and fight valiantly at Castine on the shores of Penobscot Bay. (The route taken by this expedition is somewhat uncertain, but is believed to have been by the St. Francis and Connecticut Rivers.)

During Queen Anne's War, in February, 1704, two hundred French soldiers in uniform, led by Hertel de Rouville, with one hundred and forty Indians, may be seen marching down over the snow-encrusted ice to render themselves forever infamous by the "Sack of Deerfield." Provisions, ammunition and extra snowshoes for the captives are on the "sleighs," some drawn by dogs, some by Indians.

A week or two later, on March 6 or 7, we see their return up the river bringing with them more than a hundred English captives, forty of them not over twelve years of age. Ten or twelve women and children who were ill and loitered by the way have already been killed. At least one of them, Mary Brooks, aged thirty-eight or forty, is killed on the river-bank in Claremont or Weathersfield. It is a sad procession, straggling far apart and plodding wearily northward on this "tempestuous day," cold, hungry, in momentary fear of death by tomahawk or torture. The wounded Indians and the smaller children are in the "sleighs"; the dogs

*All that is known of the journey of these captives to Canada is contained in the narration of Quentin Stockwell. This was originally published by Dr. Increase Mather, president of Harvard College, in 1684. Again in Blome's "Present State of His Majestie's Isles and Territories in America," London, 1687. The best account of the capture, journey, rescue, and return, via Lake Champlain, Lake George and Albany, is in "Bradford Club, Series No. 1," New York, 1859. This contains much information, especially concerning the rescue, derived from the New York colonial archives.

The captives were taken up the Connecticut as far as the "Sauvo-Maug" River, probably Wells River, where the Indians divided, some, with several of the captives, going north probably by way of Lake Memphremagog and the St. Francis River. Stockwell was one of those taken up the "Sauvo-Maug" and over the Green Mountains to Lake Champlain, thence by the Richelieu to Sorel on the St. Lawrence.

It is interesting to note that towards the ransom of these captives the Isles of Shoals, employing fifteen hundred men in the great fisheries there, gave more than Salem, then one of the wealthiest towns in New England.

harnessed to them pull hard as their Indian drivers urge and lash them on.

Among the captives is the Rev. John Williams who had preached on March 5, 1704, where they rested over Sunday (a tablet now marks the spot) by the stream still called Williams River, which flows into the Connecticut opposite South Charlestown. On the evening of Monday, March 6, they camp half way between Williams and White rivers, which would be near the mouth of Sugar River. An incident which occurred on this day's march is related by Williams:

"Soon after we marched, we had an alarm; on which many of the English were bound. I was then near the front, and my masters not with me, so I was not bound. This alarm was occasioned by some Indians shooting at geese that flew over them, that put them into a considerable consternation and fright; but after they came to understand they were not pursued by the English, they boasted that the English would not come out after them, as they had boasted before we began our journey in the morning. They killed this day two women, who were so faint they could not travel."

Williams gives no description of the camp near the mouth of Sugar River, but we may surmise what it was like from his brief description of the camp the first night out from Deerfield.

"When we came to our lodging place the first night, they dug away the snow, made some wigwams, cut down some of the small branches of spruce trees to lie down on, and gave the prisoners somewhat to eat; but we had but little appetite. I was pinioned and bound down that night, and so I was every night whilst I was with the army."

The French officers and soldiers apparently constitute a rear guard, for they pass up the river a few days later.

Of these hundred and more captives only sixty are destined to return to their homes in the settlements.*

The eleven long years of Queen Anne's War, 1702–1713, witness many passings of French, Indians and Colonials. Of the latter we will mention only one of the several scouting parties led northward by Captain Benjamin Wright whose name will always have an honored place in the history of the river valley. In February, 1708, he passes up the river with a carefully selected company to the Cowass (Cohos, Coos) meadows, now Haverhill and Newbury, where the St. Francis Indians were wont to congregate and there to prepare for rapine and murder in the settlements below. We see them passing in single file, their deer-skin garments, long, slanting flint-lock muskets on shoulder ready for instant use, powder horns at their sides; a lightly built sled loaded with provisions, their "snapsacks," ammunition and supplies, drawn by three or four of the scouts, brings up the rear. Perhaps a driving snow storm swirls about them as they pass by.

Father Rale's War, 1723–1726, is ostensibly a struggle between the provinces of New Hampshire and Massachusetts on one side and the Indians living east of the Merrimack River, led by a Jesuit priest, on the other. But the real power with which these colonies are at war is the

*Mr. Williams wrote an account of these misfortunes and of his nearly three years' detention in Canada, published in a famous little book, entitled "The Redeemed Captive." The first edition was issued at "Boston in N. E." by "Samuel Phillips, at the Brick Shop, 1707." It has since passed through more than a dozen editions, six or seven of them in the eighteenth century. Williams had little conception of his great opportunities from an historical point of view; but considering the many pages devoted wholly to theological reflections it is surprising to find so much that is historically valuable. It may be, therefore, truly said that this book has no counterpart in the literature of the period; and that it is considered justly a New England classic of its time. Williams' son, Stephen, a boy of only eleven years when captured, wrote a journal of the march and of his captivity. This has been published as an appendix in several editions of "The Redeemed Captive."

Governor-General of Canada backed by Louis XV, the King of France. In this war the famous Indian chief, Gray Lock, takes a leading part. Phineas Stevens, the hero of the attack on Number Four (Charlestown), in the next war, is captured with his younger brother and taken to Canada. Various English scouting parties are sent up the river, some with specific orders to "go up to ye mountain tops and there to lodge and view morning and evening for smoaks." (There is little doubt that this was done from Barber's mountain and the slopes of Ascutney.)

In this war Captain Wright again appears on the scene, according to his journal, passing our reach of the river on August 1, 1725, with fifty-nine men. This time they are in canoes, and, hugging the shore to avoid the current, the little fleet passes by. After searching the valley as far as Wells River and crossing the mountains to Lake Champlain they will return, just a month later, without having seen any Indians, except a few who fled at their approach.

During the interval of eighteen years of peace after this war many Indian trading parties may be seen paddling down the river to barter their furs at the "Truck House" at Fort Dummer (Brattleboro).

In the "Old French and Indian War"—1744–1749—the Canadian records of "military movements" chronicle an astonishing number of Indian war parties sent south, frequently led by French officers. Many of these pass the mouth of Sugar River and return with captives as they have done so many times before.

The Fort at Number Four had been built just before the outbreak of this war. A force led by "General Debeline" as some histories have it, really by Ensign Boucher de Niverville, consisting, according to their commander's statement, of seven hundred French and Indians, pass down the river early in April, 1747. This is the war party against which Captain Phineas Stevens, with about thirty men, so valiantly defends the fort at Number Four on April 7 and 8.

Frequent scouting parties pass up and down the river, going from or returning to their headquarters at Number Four. One party of sixty-nine men led by Captain Stevens had joined Captain Melvin's ill-fated party from Fort Dummer, gone up the "Indian Road" beside Black River, crossed to Otter Creek, there separated from Captain Melvin's party and returned to the Connecticut by the valley of the "Quarter-queeche." On May 30, 1748, they pass down the river on rafts and in canoes.

During the last French and Indian War—1754–1760—Number Four is attacked repeatedly. It appears in a petition for aid made to the provincial authorities of Massachusetts, in September, 1755, that ten different attacks had been made there within two years. These attacks continue but with decreasing frequency.

Towards evening on April 20, 1757, unusual activity enlivens the vicinity of the mouth of Sugar River. About seventy French and Indians may be seen journeying northward with three captives taken that morning at Number Four. At the mouth of the Sugar they meet with two white men. These prove to be George Robbins and Asa Spafford, who having been out to shoot wild fowl are returning to Number Four. Both are immediately captured and taken along to Canada. Spafford is to die of smallpox in Quebec; Robbins to be exchanged, fight in the Revolutionary War, and finally to be killed by the Indians on the banks of Otter Creek at Brandon, in November, 1780.

On the morning of a bleak November day, November 4, 1759, we see slowly approaching, now drifting with the current, now urged forward with the flashing strokes of paddles, a low dark object sunk almost to the level of the wind-swept water. As it comes nearer we see that it is a log raft, the logs burnt and blackened at the ends,

for by burning was the only way that weakened men could fell them. On the raft are two men and a child; from their fur caps and leathern jackets we take them to be rangers. The child is seen to be an Indian boy. The men are Major Robert Rogers and Captain Ogden, the latter badly wounded, on the return from that memorable expedition to punish the St. Francis Indians, so promptly ordered by Sir Jeffrey Amherst, so wonderfully executed by the most accomplished scout and woodsman that American history records.

Without food for many days, except a few nuts and red squirrels, Rogers is hurrying to Number Four to send succor to his men, left starving at the mouth of the Ammonusuc seventy miles above. On the afternoon of the same day we see a large birchbark canoe skirting the shore, skilfully taking advantage of every eddy, while it is urged swiftly northward by the powerful strokes of paddles fore and aft. They are men from Number Four carrying the food that Rogers had promised to his surviving rangers in ten days after he left them. It arrived on time to the very hour. Rogers, after two nights' rest, and a day for writing his dispatches, hastens up the river with two canoes carrying more food and supplies.

In the fall of 1760 we see many men on rafts and in canoes coming down the river. They are soldiers of the last French and Indian war. Many have been discharged; some are deserters, Quebec and Montreal taken, the fighting over, military life has lost its interest for them. All are on the way back to their homes in southern New England; but they have seen the fine, fertile, unoccupied meadows of the beautiful river, hence the beginnings of the settlements northward in 1761 and 1762.

(This article will be continued with some accounts of the settlement of the valley, also of early industry and transportation on the upper reaches of the "Great River.")

SONG

By Carolyn Hillman

Joy goes on a starry way
While hope treads one that's blind,
And sorrow can but stumble.
All ways join one that's kind.

Whether by star, or in the dark
We all go home at last;
That swift way of the singing lark,
Nor pause by ways time past.

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETIES IN NEW HAMPSHIRE TOWNS AND ACADEMIES*

By Asa Currier Tilton

Among the measures which are fostered, today, in the movement for the betterment of life in our farming communities is the development of the school as the social center of its neighborhood. The pupils in the school, in addition to the fundamental branches of the older education, are taught to regard themselves as fellow-citizens—economic, political, and social—and are trained in the means of making life more successful and pleasant for themselves and their neighbors. They are shown how they may profit by reading and study concerning their life and work on the farm; by debates they are led to inform themselves on current, economic and social problems, and are given practical training in making their views effective in influencing others; and, finally, they are taught to unite in recreations and amusements—such as athletics, plays, and music, which furnish sane and uplifting relaxation from their daily routine. This education of the young for coöperation in work and play is supplemented by making the schoolhouse a center to which those above school age are encouraged to come for interchange of ideas through papers and discussions, and for recreation and amusement. The schoolhouse thus becomes the instrument by which the morbidity and mental stagnation, bred by isolation and unrelieved tedium, which have too often characterized farm life, especially in the frontier regions of our country, may be banished.

The history of this farm life on its economic side has been written, not completely, yet thoroughly enough to to make it familiar. Of our educational system—our schools, our libraries, and our colleges—we are justly proud; and its story has been well told. But the school social center impresses us as new, as the product of the imagination of our educational and social-welfare experts. We do not suspect that the ends, which it seeks, were sought long ago in our country towns—in other words, that it has a history. Most of us know the Lyceum, at least by name and as a system for providing lecture courses; but we do not, most of us, know its earlier function of providing a social center, where the people met for debate, singing, and the giving of plays. And very few of us realize that the Lyceum, in this earlier and more vigorous stage, was but a general name for a still earlier, and perhaps more vigorous, successful, and useful institution, the literary, or debating society—the terms are used indiscriminately.

These societies existed in the colleges, the academies, the schools; and also in the towns among those above the school age of today, though not so entirely above that of the times when young men went to school in winter long after they had become voters. Those in the colleges are famous, individually; but are not clearly recognized to be a national institution. Those in the academies, schools, and towns are little known, individually, and not at all as a national institution. Scattered here and there through school and town histories, biographies, and similar works there is abundant information on them, which needs only to be brought together to show what they were and what they accomplished. From such sources the following sketch is written.

*This article is written from material collected for a work on the same subject, covering the whole country.

The oldest incorporated academy in New Hampshire—as well as the most famous—is the Phillips Academy at Exeter, which was chartered in 1781 and opened in 1783. Here a Rhetorical Society was in existence as early as 1812, and probably earlier. In 1818 the Golden Branch Society was founded; and the Rhetorical soon ceased to exist. The Golden Branch celebrated, a year ago, the completion of a full century of uninterrupted activity. Since 1881 it has had a companion in healthy rivalry, the Gideon L. Soule Society. Unusual material is available for the history of these societies; and they will not be further referred to in this paper from the hope that they may be used in a later article to portray in detail what is here sketched in general lines.

The second to be incorporated was the New Ipswich Academy (since 1853 the Appleton Academy) which was chartered in 1789. It possessed a literary society, the Demosthenian, which was very successful from as early as 1791 to 1810, when it ceased activity. Some ten years later a new society, the Social Fraternity, was started. The date of the beginning of a society is more often given than the date of its ending; and it is frequently impossible to state when it discontinued its work, or disbanded, or whether it still exists. In the prosperous days of the Salisbury Academy, which was incorporated in 1795, a society existed there, the Literary Adelphi, which was organized in 1813. The Hampton Academy, which dates from 1810, had two societies, the Ciceronian and the Olive Branch (the name suggests Exeter influence in its foundation), which were organized in 1827. The latter was incorporated in 1832. This was an unusual proceeding for an academy society, but not for those in the colleges. It was thought to give added dignity; and sometimes was claimed to free the organization from faculty control—something which the members found to be easier to claim than to enforce. The Hampton Academy was typical in its possession of two coexistent societies. It was the customary, though not invariable, number in colleges; but in the academies lack of numbers very often prevented the establishment of more than one. Two societies gave the stimulus of rivalry—usually healthy and beneficial, but occasionally so intense as to be harmful. At the Wolfeboro Academy, chartered in 1820, there was for many years a successful society, which is referred to as a "lyceum."

The history of the New Hampton Academy and its societies is more than ordinarily complicated. It opened in 1821; and, a few years later, was taken over by the Calvin Baptist Church and renamed the Academical and Theological Institution—the latter department starting in 1829. In 1852 both were moved to Fairfield, Vt.; but, the next year, the New Hampton Literary and Biblical Institution was incorporated by Free-Will Baptists, and took the plant of the older school. The Biblical School —brought from New York state— moved to Lewiston, Me., in 1870, and left the Institution in its original status. The societies were the following: the Literary Adelphi, founded in 1827; the Social Fraternity, in 1830; and the Ladies' Literary Association, in 1833. The library of the last was taken to Fairfax; but the others remained at New Hampton by vote of the members, and the societies continued in the new school. This incident, doubtless, lies at the bottom of the provision in their constitutions, that they cannot be moved from New Hampton, either by vote of the members, or of the trustees.

There was a debating society of students and graduates at the Hopkinton Academy, which began in 1827. This, or perhaps a new one, was called Sanborn Adelphi during the principalship of Dyer H. Sanborn. The Woodman Academy at Sanbornton had, in 1840, two societies—the Literary Panoplean

and the Mercurian Loquendi. They are certainly names difficult to live up to; but are very characteristic in their classical derivation. The New Hampshire Conference Seminary at Tilton (opened in 1845) had, in 1898, two men's societies—the V. A. S. and the United Panoplean, and two girls' societies—the Ladies' Literary Society and the Sapphonian. When the Appleton Academy at Mount Vernon (now the McCullom Institute) occupied its new building in 1853, a room was given to the Philorhetorian Society. Finally, the Dow Academy at Franconia, founded in 1885, had a society, called the Automathian. Doubtless similar organizations have existed in most, if not all, of the other academies, which have furnished, and, in some cases, still furnish, educational opportunities—higher than those of the common schools—to the boys and girls of the state; but enough have been mentioned to show that the literary society is coexistent with the academy, or, at least, was in their early and vigorous days.

Turning from the academies to the towns, the distribution of the societies may best be surveyed geographically. In Portsmouth a Forensic Society was founded sometime before 1826. Another society, of somewhat religious aspect, began at about the same time —the South Parish Society for Mutual Improvement; and also a third—the Foreign Society. The Forensic and South Parish were superseded by a Lyceum, apparently in the early thirties, which was in existence in the forties. The House of Delegates, a society with the legislative, or parliamentary, type of organization and procedure, was founded in Exeter in 1848. Another Exeter organization, also representative of a widely distributed type, was the Coke Club. It was a small and informally organized group of young men, who were studying law in the office of Hon. Amos Tuck, and who met as a club to read and discuss the classics of legal education of that day. Other societies in Exeter were the Shakespeare Reading Circle and the Nulla Mora, a debating club; both date from 1849. Many of the young men of the town, whose interests would naturally prompt them to be leaders in the foundation and support of a literary society, were members of the Golden Branch at the Academy and sometimes prolonged their membership after graduation. This would militate against the formation of a strong town society—a phenomenon which repeatedly shows itself at the seats of colleges and academies. North Hampton had a literary and debating society which began about 1848. At Candia the young men and women conducted a successful Literary Club for some years before a Lyceum was started in 1832. In the same decades there was, also, a Juvenile Club, of which the members were boys from eleven to fifteen years of age.

In the Merrimack valley and up the slope of the divide to the west, we find the societies distributed through the towns. At Amherst the Franklin Society was in existence in 1817. The society in Hopkinton Academy included graduates—that is, young people of the town. Hopkinton was also the seat of a club, which has had an unusual, though not unique, history. This was the Philomathic Club, founded in 1850, which became the New Hampshire Antiquarian Society in 1873. In Lyndeborough there was the South Lyndeborough Lyceum, which was succeeded by the Second Mutual Improvement Society in 1839, which united in 1854 with the Franklin Debating Club (organized in 1851) to form the Lyceum. In New Ipswich some of the young men of the town were members of the Demosthenian Society at the Academy. This gave them the advantages of a literary society much earlier than was the case in towns, where there was no academy. Sutton started a Young People's Club in 1845, which became the North Sutton Dramatic Associa-

tion, and was active for thirty years. Its name is unusual; but plays were a regular feature of the exercises of the societies and lyceums, and the Sutton association only emphasized that feature. Another phase of the varied interests of the societies is seen in the name of the Literary and Moral Society of Wilton, which was organized between 1803 and 1813.

In the Connecticut valley, also, the societies appear. Dublin had a Literary Society, which was established in 1824 and reorganized in 1836 as a Lyceum. It continued until 1844, or later. Gilsum possessed a Moral and Literary Society, which was established by young men in 1812; and a Literary Society, which began in 1833. In 1842 a Lyceum was organized and, two years later, was reorganized and called the Young People's Lyceum. This continued until 1849; and was the first to admit women. In Claremont there was the Literary Friendly Society with a membership of six, which existed from 1791 to 1796; and the United Fraternity of Young Men (a name borrowed, doubtless, from the near-by Dartmouth society), which was in existence from 1848 to 1864, as well as others which lasted for brief periods. Newport had two Lyceums, one organized in 1830 and one about 1850, which continued into the seventies; and a Reading Circle, which was brought together in 1833 for the reading of original and selected pieces.

Northfield possessed a society, which was imposing in title, if in nothing else: the Northfield Improving Society for the Promotion of Useful Knowledge. It was incorporated in 1818 with power to make by-laws, levy fines up to five dollars, and disfranchise members. Formal applications and recommendations were prescribed for candidates for membership. It was a literary and debating society, and sought to build up a library. In 1820 it had eight active members, twenty-four volumes in its library, and one dollar and fifty cents in its treasury. This seems to be as prosperous as it ever was. It continued in name, at least, until 1842. Across Winnipesaukee the Wolfeboro Lyceum, which began in 1820, had both student and town members. But one mention of societies, or lyceums, from the northern portion of the state has been noted in the sources of information which have been available for this paper. Others must, certainly, have existed in the upper Connecticut valley and in other centers of population. But, for the most part, in the period when the institution was vital and influential, the settlements were small and scattered; as a consequence a society would have to draw from a wide area to make its numbers strong; but even then the difficulties of winter travel would interfere with its success. The societies, which did exist, must have been small, and, for this reason, have escaped mention in local history.

Before going more closely into the organization and activities of the literary societies, it will be well to mention some societies of special character, which existed in this state, as in many others. First among these are the musical societies. The Handelian Musical Society at Amherst is described as "long established" in 1810, when it joined with the Handel Society of Dartmouth, the Middlesex Society of Townsend, Mass., and a musical society of Concord, in a campaign to improve church music. The following year they held a musical exhibition at Amherst; the program consisted of a prayer, an oration, an anthem, a chorus, and several hymns. At Newport an Instrumental Musical Society was incorporated in 1815. There was also a Sullivan County musical convention, which was held annually for a considerable number of years. The Gilmanton Theological Seminary started a Sacred Music Society shortly after its opening in 1836. These musical societies are at one with the literary societies in that their object was to bring the people

together for mutual improvement and mutual enjoyment. The Gilmanton Seminary also had a Society of Inquiry respecting Missions. These were frequent in the colleges in the early days of the missionary movement, and spread outside to some extent. An attempt was made, without noteworthy success, to bring farmers together for lectures and discussions in the hope of improving methods of farming. This was done through agricultural societies, like the Rockingham Farmers' Club at Exeter. Among the literary societies, which have been mentioned, the names not infrequently indicate special attention to certain activities—the Sutton Dramatic Associations, the Portsmouth Foreign Society, the Wilton Literary and Moral Society. Moral societies were widespread in the years after 1800, and labored to better the low moral conditions which then prevailed.

Important in the eyes of every society were its constitution and by-laws. These furnished the basis of its organization, and guided it in all its activities. The American belief in the supreme efficacy of a written constitution is nowhere more clearly seen than here. They were the bill of rights of the individual member to protect him against the over-zealous authority of the officers and the tyranny of the majority; and, as such, were constantly appealed to. If interest in the meetings lagged, or the activities of the society seemed to any member, or group of members, to be stagnating, the remedy was usually sought in an amendment to the constitution or by-laws. The ceaseless recurrence of these attempts make them seem puerile, as they really were; nevertheless, they furnished valuable instruction and practice in dealing with problems of organization and legislation in business or in public life. The constitutions, too, show the influence of the eighteenth century political philosophy with its unbounded confidence in the value of abstract statements of rights—best illustrated by the Declaration of Independence. They invariably begin with a declaration of objects and purposes, written in a formal and stilted style, so much at variance with our present-day simplicity and realism, that it is amusing—not impressive, as it was to its authors.

The members of the Claremont Literary Friendly Society "solemnly engage, like a little band of Brothers, to support and assist each other in ascending the grades of literature." At South Lyndeborough the founders declare their wish to organize a lyceum "to prepare ourselves more fully to perform our duties as American citizens." The preamble to the constitution of the Literary Adelphi of Salisbury Academy declares its purpose to be: Social intercourse, friendship, interchange of ideas and opinions, literary improvement, and the promotion of morality and virtue. The latter objects are specifically inculcated in the constitution of the Gilsum Moral and Literary Society by the provision that members abstain from drunkenness and profanity. Friendship is always, or almost always, emphasized.

The constitutions also made provision for the preservation of secrecy, when the societies were secret, as was usually the case in the colleges and academies, and sometimes in the towns. Where a society had but six or nine members, as in the first Claremont society, regulations were hardly necessary to guard its exercises and its business from outside knowledge. In larger societies they were; and we have secret mottoes—hidden under initials, as in college fraternities today,—solemn pledges, and other instrumentalities for preserving the mysteries. Sometimes expedients were carried to amusing extremes. The Demosthenian Society at New Ipswich Academy wrote its constitution and records in a cipher, known to but three persons. Finally, but one of the three re-

mained, and he was made permanent secretary, rather—we are left to assume—than admit others to a knowledge of the key. Love of the mysterious, and the interest which it arouses in the uninitiated, were, doubtless, motives which prompted the provision for secrecy in society affairs. The real and practical reason, however, was the desire to remove that fear of ridicule for failures, which so often deters the inexperienced from attempting, unabashed, to utter their thoughts on the platform, and thus from training themselves for any life-work which requires public speaking. Perhaps, too, in the midst of the rather strict conformity of a century ago, secrecy prompted young men to think more unrestrainedly and to express their thoughts, or questionings, more boldly than they would have dared to do had publicity laid them liable to disapproval or condemnation; and thus broadened their ideas as individuals, and, in the mass, liberalized public opinion. Almost without exception the secret societies gave up their mysteries and secret mottoes and the terrifying rites which they were sometimes believed to indulge in, when the Anti-Masonic wave swept over the country in the thirties. But many preserved the secrecy of their business meetings—especially in the election or rejection of members.

Of the officers little need be said. They were the customary functionaries: President, Vice-President, Secretary (who usually added the treasurership to his duties), Librarian (when the society had, or hoped to have, a library), and Editors (when the society conducted and read at its meetings a manuscript paper). Committees and other officers were elected to care for business not within the province of those enumerated, or for matters which would make undue demands on their time. Most frequent of these special officers is the Critic—indeed, he might well be added to the list of those regularly chosen. His function was to watch the proceedings, and make note of errors in pronunciation and the use of words, of oratorical defects and mannerisms in the performers; and of deportment and courtesy in the audient members. At the close of the meeting he delivered a critique, based on his observations, and supplemented, if he chose, with general suggestions concerning the condition and welfare of the society in general. The critique offered an excellent opportunity for the display of humor, or of sarcasm.

Membership in a society was obtained through election. There was, with a few exceptions, a single class of members; but, now and then, a society had a qualified membership, preparatory to full membership; and most added honorary members to their roll. The admission of women came with their admission to the same educational privileges which men enjoyed. Sometimes they had separate societies; and sometimes the existing men's societies amended their constitutions by removing sex restrictions and thus admitting them on an equal footing. Societies of special form of organization might have corresponding membership qualifications. Thus the Exeter House of Delegates had one member for each state in the Union; and these were divided into parties—twelve Democrats, twelve Whigs, and six Free Soilers.

The meetings were held at regular intervals of a week, a fortnight, a month, or a longer period. They were limited to the cool (or cold) months in the town societies; in the academies they were limited by the school terms. Once a year, sometimes oftener, there was a public meeting, or exhibition. To the regular meetings—if the society were not secret—visitors were often invited. In them a constitutional order of exercises was followed, which varied from society to society in detail, but which followed the same general lines. The business portion of the meeting occupied considerable

time, especially when an election of officers occurred at which factions, or the supporters of rival leaders, struggled for control of the society or for the election of their favorites. The terms of office were rarely a year in length in the college and academy societies. Short terms enabled more members to gain experience and to share the honors of office. Much time was consumed, again, when members took opportunity to extend their knowledge of parliamentary procedure by raising points of order and supporting them strenuously. But this time was not wasted, even when part of the literary program had to be postponed in consequence.

The leading feature of the program was the debate, usually led by two disputants on the affirmative and two on the negative. Volunteers were permitted, in fact encouraged, to speak from the floor. Sometimes the roll was called and each member must then speak or decline to say anything. The debate was decided by vote, either on the merits of the debate, of the question, or of both in turn. Declamations, readings, essays, and occasionally dialogues, mock trials, and music completed the program. Frequently a manuscript paper was edited, composed of contributions in prose or verse by members, and read before the society by the editor. Its aim was to amuse as well as to instruct; and this was often accomplished at the expense of fellow-members, or, in the academies, of instructors. The Preceptor of New Ipswich Academy, who was also a member of the Demosthenian Society, was held up to scorn in its paper of 1801, *The New Year's Gift*, for asking pay,

> "Because he heard the brethren speak
> Their pieces, once or twice a week."

The Candia Literary Club had a weekly, called the *Flying Battle-Axe*, the reading of which caused much excitement and merriment; and the Gilsum Lyceum one, called the *People's Organ*, and, later, the *Gilsum Pioneer*. The North Hampton Society had a monthly, the *Star of Social Reform*. The founder of the society was a Unitarian minister and Frank B. Sanborn was a prominent member. Evidently the spirit of reform was abroad in it—as was often the case. Similar publications—if we may call them that—were edited in many other places.

The subjects of the essays and debates ranged over the whole field of public affairs and the scholarly, literary, moral, and religious as well. Slavery, the great national question in the half-century when the societies flourished, furnished many subjects. The Bunker Hill monument was partly built; but work stopped and it was a question whether it would ever be completed. This, the Candia Literary Club found of sufficient interest to debate: "Ought the Bunker Hill monument to be finished at once?" The Nulla Mora at Exeter debated on the influences, whether good or bad, which factories had on their operatives. At Portsmouth the South Parish Society listened to addresses on the "Necessity of a Positive Revelation, and Love of God"; the Lyceum to an address on "National Standards of Costume," and the Foreign Society to one (in 1823) on the "Duty of the United States and the European Powers to Aid the Greeks against the Turks."

Societies in the academies religiously attempted to build up libraries—attempts which were sometimes successful in a degree, and sometimes were utter failures. The various societies at the Gilmanton Seminary had libraries, as did the two at Hampton Academy. The Adelphi at Hopkinton Academy had a small library; and when Professor Sanborn took some of the pupils to his school at Contoocook a dispute arose over the division thereof which ended in a fight in which the books were divided between the factions in proportion to their fighting abilities, the stronger

winning the more plunder. The academies at Mont Vernon and New Ipswich had good libraries, thanks to gifts from Hon. Nathan Appleton. At the latter the library was finally united with the school library, a very usual procedure. Some of our colleges have founded their libraries on the books of their literary societies. The town societies, on the other hand, did little in accumulating libraries—for this function was performed by another institution.

The life of the societies, as an institution, coincides very nearly with the life of the "Social Libraries." These were owned by associations which were ordinarily incorporated. We find them at Dover in 1792, at Derryfield in 1795, at Northfield in 1801, and at many other places at the same period. The proprietors of these libraries were drawn from the same circles as the members of the literary societies; but there was no formal connection between them. A town might have a Social Library, and, at the same time, a literary society which had its own library. This was true at Dublin, where the Social Library was founded in 1793 and the society in 1824. The two libraries were united in 1835 as the Dublin Union Library. These early libraries sometimes preserved their collections intact until the public library movement appeared, when their books went to start public libraries—as did those of the societies in the academies and colleges to start academy and college libraries; but the great majority of them failed to keep up their organization and allowed their books to be dispersed. Their book plates are frequently met with on the bookshelves of our colonial houses. It might occur, however, that the founders and members of a society were collectors of books and museum objects, as well as disciples of oratory and literature. They started libraries and collections which have, in some cases, developed into important institutions. In New Hampshire the leading, if not the only, instance of this activity is found in the Philomathic Club at Hopkinton. Its three original members, subsequently increased to seven, were enthusiastic collectors, and brought together books and objects of interest whenever they could obtain them. This continued, and in due time the club became the New Hampshire Antiquarian Society. In 1889 the Society received the gift of a worthy building—a Memorial to William H. Long—in which to house its library and museum. Its success is due to the life-long interest and endeavors of Rev. Silas Ketchum, one of the three founders.

Every movement in political and social life has its basis in the people, who respond—unconsciously, it may be—to new ideas and influences, react on each other, and thus bring forth new policies, codes, and institutions. The literary and debating societies were built on such a foundation in the ambitious days of our national youth. But these movements require leaders—men who have the gift of clearly and consciously embodying in themselves the aspirations of the people, and the power of leadership to bring them to realization. The literary societies were founded and sustained by such a process; and a minor cause of their decline and disappearance in the older states is to be found in the departure of so many of the ablest and most energetic young men to other states—the frontier states, especially—where opportunities for advancement and success were greater, and in the temporary or utter loss of such men through the Civil War.

The academy societies were often founded by, or through the efforts of, the teachers—notably those who had been members of college societies. The Demosthenian Society at New Ipswich Academy was started with the aid, and under the inspiration, of John Hubbard, the versatile and influential first Preceptor (1789–1795), a graduate of Dartmouth and later a

professor there. He was, as we have seen, a member of the society, and was not averse to adding to his meagre salary by fees for aiding his brethren. Alumni, also, helped the societies in various ways—especially when they had been members. But the leaders among the students, themselves, occupy a higher place in the history of the society than do either teachers or alumni. This is preëminently true of the sustaining of interest after they were started. The knowledge and experience of teachers was invaluable at the outset. Most of the boys would have only very vague ideas of such societies, and would be utterly lacking in knowledge of the machinery by which their purposes were carried out; for we must remember that the societies were secret in the decades when the institution was in full vitality, and in many cases in the decades of its decline. When they had determined to found a society, they needed the aid of a teacher, or alumnus, to help them put their project into working form and start it on its way. This once done, success depended upon the leaders in their own ranks.

At the New Hampton Institution, the Social Fraternity was founded by John Wentworth, a student from 1828 to 1832. He afterwards graduated from Dartmouth, became a lawyer, and went to Chicago; there he was influential in establishing municipal government, was mayor, a member of Congress, and in other ways an active citizen. He was known, the country over, as "Long John Wentworth." Rev. Samuel Worcester, a prominent Congregational minister and an early officer of its foreign mission board, was one of the founders of the Demosthenian Society at New Ipswich; and extracts from an oration before the Society, delivered October 11, 1791, are printed in his *Life* as his earliest literary production to be preserved. In the early days of the society at the Wolfeboro Academy, Henry Wilson was a member and (we are told) by his ability as a speaker and debater aroused great interest in its meetings. Such men did much to make a society successful; and, on the other hand, many of them trained themselves in these societies for their public life. Their tributes to the value of this training is the best proof that we have of the reality of the education which these societies furnished.

In the days of our parents and grandparents the intelligent country family did not, as now, disperse itself over a well-warmed house, each member reading in silence by his own lamp, or electric light; they met, as a united group, around the fireplace for warmth and to save candles. There was not a book, or magazine, or newspaper for each one; but only one for all—a newspaper, perhaps, which one of the boys had travelled many miles to obtain. This was read aloud, and its contents discussed. And thus it is, as we go from the home to the larger gatherings—the circle around the stove of the country store (dear to the cartoonist of today, whose humor has a point which he does not suspect), the local political gatherings, and the state and national assemblages for discussion, deliberation, and enactment. It was the permeation of the nation with these modes of expression (the vocal) which produced the literary and debating societies, as well as the great preachers and advocates and orators of our earlier history. In the biographies—notably the campaign biographies—of the political leaders of Vice-President Wilson's generation, we find repeated reference to their careers in the societies and lyceums, and to the political and administrative ability which they there displayed. We must guard ourselves against accepting the fulsome praise which is bestowed upon their boyhood efforts for political effect; but we may accept—with necessary reservation—the fact of their leadership and their success (often hard won) as speakers; and, as we follow their public careers, we may realize how dominant in those

generations were the vocal forms of expression.

What has been said of leadership in academy societies may be accepted as true of the town societies; but the material for tracing its manifestations is less accessible, and the task is unnecessary in view of the close relationship between the two. This relationship, as well as what has been said of the societies as one of the organs of popular education, is well illustrated in the great festal days, which, up to a quarter or half-century ago, were celebrated by our colleges, academies, and literary societies; their commencements, exhibitions, and anniversaries; for in content of program the three were practically identical. Present day commencements have, in most institutions, changed into ceremonial functions.

The older type of commencement and the exhibition go back to the earliest days of our colleges. The schools and academies adopted them, as a matter of course. They were held annually in the academy conducted by Rev. Simon Williams at Windham from 1768 to 1790—a famous school which drew pupils, some of whom became famous, from as far away as Boston. Nathan Appleton, the noted merchant and philanthropist, who was born at New Ipswich in 1779, records that his first public appearance was in the town school, and, also, that he then wore for the first time a jacket and trousers (the latter of red calamanco). Before 1800 the exhibitions were in full swing, and they maintained their vigor down to the middle of the nineteenth century.

They were sometimes held in the schoolroom, or in a hall. But in 1800, and in most towns for a half-century after, very few halls existed; and the exhibitions—unless quite unpretentious—were held (as were the college commencements, the town-meetings, and other assemblages whether secular or religious) in the meeting-house. We have already noted that the idea of community enlightenment and entertainment was the motive behind the activities of the literary societies; and we may now note the use of the church as a community center—a use which savors, at once, of the school social center and of the institutional church. This use is centuries old; its present vogue is a revival, not an innovation.

The Windham Academy exhibitions were sometimes held in the Presbyterian Church of which Mr. Williams was minister. For the Chesterfield Academy exhibitions a stage floor was built in front of the pulpit on timbers laid over the pews. The whole was enclosed in curtains, and a carpet was borrowed when they had come into use. (In 1830, so a student of that time writes, there were not over half a dozen in town.) Black-coated trustees, sitting in a row at the rear of the stage, served with the pulpit as a background. At the Lancaster and Salisbury Academies and at the Baptist New Hampton Institution we find like use of the church. The same was the case at Sutton where one of the Dramatic Associations sometimes transformed the tall pulpit into an orchestra for the musicians.

In one respect, at least, the old meeting-house did not feel strange, when used as a theatre—in the length of the performance. Our forefathers took their pleasures, as they did their religion, in large doses. The time required to walk, or drive, in from their farms compelled this. They devoted the Sabbath, both forenoon and afternoon, to the latter, and likewise they usually devoted the whole day and sometimes the evening as well to an exhibition. One at Chesterfield Academy in 1846 began at nine in the morning; there were seven numbers in this session, the same in the afternoon, and nine in the evening session, which must have held the audience until well towards midnight. A Lancaster Academy exhibition in 1844 began at five in the afternoon, and consisted of nine parts

and five pieces of music. A student at New Hampton in 1840–43 mentions exhibitions of sixty to seventy parts; but they were probably graduation exercises. Dinner and supper were served in the intermissions between sessions, and formed no unimportant part of the day's festivities.

The exercises began with prayer; and continued with selected or original orations (sometimes in other languages than English), essays, dialogues, farces, comedies, tragedies, and music. The program of the Lancaster exhibition of 1844 was as follows: Prayer; Salutatory Oration; Dialogue, *The Archers*, from Ivanhoe; Original Oration, *Our School;* Drama, *Richelieu;* Original Oration; Farce, *The Omnibus;* Tragedy, *The Revenge;* Comedy, *College Life;* the whole interspersed with five pieces of music. The plays were usually selected; but occasionally were written by a teacher or student for the occasion.

How popular and important the exhibitions were, may be seen from various rules and statements concerning them which have come down to us. The by-laws of Chesterfield Academy enjoined students to prepare carefully for exhibitions so as "to preserve the reputation of the Academy." And we are told—what is no doubt true—that, "Few theatres were probably ever more popular with the dwellers in a large city, than were these exhibitions with the inhabitants of Chesterfield and the neighboring towns." In 1819 the trustees abolished them, because they encroached too heavily on time required for study—a common complaint in all academies; but they were compelled to restore them in answer to popular demand. Sometimes the church was so crowded at these Chesterfield functions that additional supports had to be placed under the galleries to keep them from falling. The New Hampton anniversary was a holiday for that and the surrounding towns; and the people came in crowds from far and near. It was a veritable country fair; for lemonade, confectionery, soap and other articles were sold by the numerous booth-keepers who assembled to ply their trade.

It is interesting, as well as amusing, to see what were some of the parts which were taken in these exhibitions by men who afterwards became famous. Nathan Appleton, while at New Ipswich Academy before 1794, played "Belcour" in the *West Indian* and "Marplot" in the *Busy-Body*. In 1801 Edward Payson, later the famous pastor of the Second Congregational Church in Portland, Me. (who was most retiring and absorbed in thought in his later years but fond of social pleasures in his younger), took part in an exhibition in his native town of Rindge. He played the rôle, in a drama, of a profligate and dissembler; and we are told that he played it with life and energy. General John A. Dix in his boyhood days at Boscawen attended Salisbury Academy—of which Stephen H. Long of Hopkinton, the distinguished army and railroad engineer and famous western explorer, was then Preceptor—early in the second decade of the nineteenth century. While there he participated in an exhibition; and has left in his *Memoirs* an account of the event, which is worth quoting in full, in closing this paper, both from its personal interest and because it is an unsurpassed description of an institution, which held such a prominent and vital position in the education and social life of his generation:

"I also made good progress as a speaker. A few years later an eminent tragedian, who had given me a series of lessons in elocution, said to my father, then in command of a regiment in the army of the United States, 'Colonel, your son has great constitutional facilities for becoming an orator.' I believe this was the judgment—though it would have been expressed in less sounding phrase—of the preceptor, the pupils, and the people of the surrounding country, for it was not long before I appeared

before them as a public speaker. The occasion to which I refer was the semi-annual exhibition, or rather the exhibition, as it was appropriately termed. To be more accurate, the examination of the students, which took place at the academy, was followed by an exhibition at the meeting-house of the oratorical and dramatic powers of the pupils.

"It was got up with the most studied preparation and all the scenic effect of a country theatre. The pews, occupying about one-third of the area of the building, were boarded over and converted into a stage, reserving a small space in the rear for robing. It was an era in the lives of those of us who had never witnessed a dramatic performance. I had read all of Goldsmith's and most of Shakespeare's plays, but had not the faintest conception of the mode in which they were represented. One of the older pupils, who had a knack at painting, got up some sketches of trees and foliage for the sides and background of the stage. We had no shifting scenes; and as we came to the performances, which were quite varied, it occurred to me that the actors, when they should, according to the book, have been conversing in drawing-rooms or streets, were always holding communion with each other in umbrageous solitudes. The drop-curtain was unexceptionable. It was muslin of a fiery red; and to my sight the effect, as it rose or fell, concealing or displaying the green trees behind it, was gorgeous beyond anything I had conceived. I think it made the same impression on the spectators, who were, at least nine out of ten, inhabitants of the neighboring country, and as ignorant as myself of dramatic representations. Ours commenced in the morning about ten o'clock, and lasted till one. After that we had an intermission of an hour for dinner. At two they recommenced, and continued till eight in the evening.

"It was midsummer, and in that northern latitude the twilight ran far into the night. We played 'The Taming of the Shrew' with unbounded applause. The genteel portions of the comedy were, as I thought, glorious; but the drunken tinker filled the measure of my conception in regard to the power of imitation. I was, in fact, so convulsed with laughter that the performance which was to follow, and in which I was to bear the most distinguished part, was at one time in imminent peril of miscarriage. It was a dialogue between David and Goliath, taken from one of Hannah More's sacred dramas. I need not say which part was assigned to me. When the preceptor proposed it I shrunk from it, as far exceeding my powers. I was only familiar with the history of the giant and his youthful antagonist through the seventeenth chapter of the First Book of Samuel. I knew I was to be armed with a sling, and I was somewhat familiar with its use, but I did not think myself sufficiently expert to hit my adversary in the forehead in good faith and actually bring him to the ground, as I took it for granted the spectators would expect—at least with a reasonable resemblance to the reality. But when I read Miss More's poetical version of the meeting, which the preceptor put into my hands, and found that after the challenge had been given and accepted the parties, by virtue of the *Exeunt* (that ingenious device of the play-writers), were to retire, leaving the audience to learn the particulars of the combat from Abner, the captain of the host—in a word, when I found that the impossibilities of the drama were to be enacted behind the scenes, I entered upon my task with the utmost enthusiasm. I may truly say, in modern phrase, that my performance was 'a great success'—I do not think the drunken tinker carried away as many laurels as myself. My adversary was an overgrown youth of some twenty-two years of age, who had just left the plough and commenced his classical education with a

view to the ministry. He was full six feet in height, and his frame was dilated and hardened by field labor. When he stood before me and waved his enormous wooden spear over my head, with these terrific words—

'Around my spear I'll twist thy shining locks,
And toss in air thy head all gashed with wounds'—

(a feat to which he was quite equal), the intrepedity with which I withstood and defied the giant was rapturously applauded. But when I, a mere stripling, bade my colossal adversary follow me out, and pronounced the concluding lines—

'The God of battle stimulates my arm,
And fires my soul with ardor not its own,'

the enthusiasm of the audience was boundless. I was called back upon the stage to receive the congratulations of the admiring spectators. The meeting-house was crowded. Hundreds of bright eyes looked down upon me from the galleries. Tumultuous applause greeted my reappearance. I did not know that this was a common occurrence in theatrical life. It seemed to me a new-born distinction, the off-spring of an unexampled success. My triumph was complete. It was the greatest day of my life. I felt that I had done a noble deed. I do not think that David himself could have been better satisfied with his own performance in the original drama. . . . My triumph was not a mere ephemeral achievement of the day. For a long time I saw myself noticed by the country people as they passed me in their wagons; and on one occasion a red-cheeked girl driving by pointed me out to her companion as blooming as herself, and I heard her say, 'There's the fine little fellow that acted David.' "

HOSPITALITY

By Frances Crosby Hamlet

Outside the storm beats on the pane,
Our hearthfire's glow is bright;
Our thoughts enfold the many guests
We've welcomed here at night.

So many lives have touched our own
Around the cheery flame,
And deeper pleasures have we known
Since, passing, here they came.

Then be they near, or be they far,
Or quick or even dead,
God bless all those, where'er they are,
This roof hath sheltered.

THROUGH THE YEAR IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

No. 5

By Rev. Roland D. Sawyer

July

"I am never long in the woods before I am possessed by a spirit like what the Greeks imagined Pan to have. A fearful pleasure. The low winds whisper to me, the branches wave above me, they flutter as does my heart. In such a time I sit in awe, joy and tears. And the awe deepens, and joy quickens—and I feel like the child Samuel in the temple waiting for the Lord to speak."—*William Mountford.*

As a New Hampshire child and boy I liked to play in the cool inviting woods on a hot July day, and since I reached the perfect adult age (thirty-three), I have each summer camped in my little cleared grove of pines in an old New Hampshire pasture. In July I each year take to the woods. And I soon encounter that mystic experience of joy that Mountford celebrates in the words I quote above. July is the vacation month of a lot of people, but only those who spend it tenting out in a New Hampshire pine grove really know the deepest joys. And if one has the good fortune like myself, to pitch that tent on the spot hallowed by memories of boyhood and with parents still living, then does he indeed find a joy that no other experience in life can give its equal. What a great joy comes to me today!

The Sublime Joys of a July Day

I am lying on the breast of Mother-Earth, the rich brown of a carpet of pine-needles beneath me. It is cool and restful here, a gentle breeze is swaying the pines. The trees about the pines are arrayed in the richest, fullest leafage of the year, and out yonder in the fields the green is varied by the golden hues of the buttercups, daisies and dandelions. The air is alive with the sounds from tiny beating wings and insects chants. Rays from the great hot summer sun pry through the pine branches to seek my hiding place, and through other rifts I watch the clouds chasing across the blue sky. The hillsides vibrate with heat, the streams are drying and the mud beginning to crack. The long grass is falling before the scythes of the mowers or before the keen blade of the merrily singing machines, and the friendly breezes bring me whiffs of the sweet-smelling fresh-cut hay. I have broken all fetters, my soul is free, and I am as happy and complacent as God himself as I look upon the great, green world in its beauty. Some men think that fame, money, travel, etc., are needed in order to be happy, but I know better. How much wiser was

The Sweet Sanity of Jefferies

In his "Pageant of Summer," where he shows us "It is quite enuf to lie in the shadow of green boughs and listen to the songs of summer, drink in the sunlight, the air, flowers, the sky, the beauty of all." Thoreau, Whitman, Jefferies, Burroughs are the men who in modern times have known, above all others, the worth of all this; but back farther St. Francis, Jesus, Theocritus knew it full well.

The Sweetness of the July Night

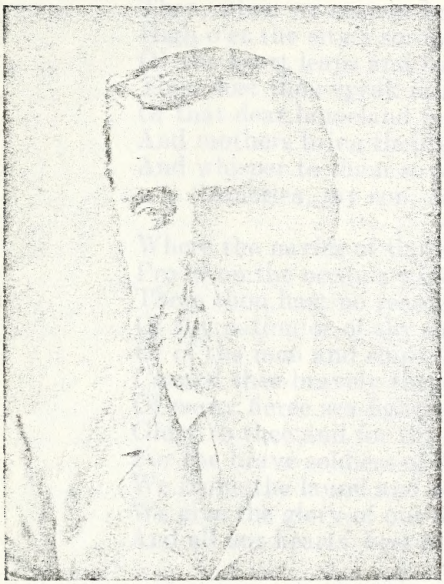
Follows the July day—the warm, balmy night in the woods, when all is dark, the noises of the day hushed in the glorious sunset. And this night brings its own peculiar sweetness in the shape of a different set of odors, sounds, and thrills. The joys of the July day are thus twenty-four hours long, and to the appreciative heart that touches a July day at any point of time there is a feeling of ecstasy.

And so I am lying here, drunken with the joys of a July day in a New Hampshire bit of pine woodland. The world is ablaze with the life of the big July sun, everything quivers, thrills, with joy. At other times Nature makes us feel complacent and happy in a restful sort of way, but today she makes us hilarious in our joy—one catches the spirit of the birds that flit about the pines, and his happy heart cannot keep still a single minute.

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A GRANITE STATE AUTHOR

A New Hampshire author and composer who is becoming known to the public is James T. Weston, author of "The Pine and the Palm," a stirring



James T. Weston

patriotic exercise for children, and composer of a companion song of the same title.

Mr. Weston was born in Stoddard, the son of William and Sarah A. (Wilder) Weston. His present home is in Hancock. As a boy Mr. Weston showed a tendency for literary effort and from youth has contributed to various periodicals.

Recently he has established a publishing plant to aid his work and as a result his patriotic compositions were presented in many towns on Memorial Day.

Mr. Weston is now at work on a noteworthy composition, "The New England Anthem," which will be published in time for Old Home Week use. The score is well suited to the words, which beautifully portray the charm of mountains, woods, and lakes and the New Englander's love of home.

Mr. Weston's works are not all of serious mood, however, for he has written an extremely funny farce, "The Tin Teacup," and several mirth-provoking songs, and has now in preparation a series of "Mountain Stories" which, while describing the early pioneer days of New Hampshire in a faithful way, present a continuity of unexpected, humorous situations. These stories are essentially for lovers of the great outdoors.

The products of Mr. Weston's genius are sure to attract more and more the attention of the public.

Mr. Weston's wife, Emma Coolidge Weston, has written stories for children's magazines in spite of her blindness, and was one of the first to assist in forming a New Hampshire Association for the Blind.

THE EULOGY OF THE FLAG

By James T. Weston

O flag, our flag, in some land distant far
From those we love and long the most to see,
Where stranger tides flow on to stranger ports
And foreign scenes have tired our weary eyes,
Then, when we see our banner floating free
High o'er the city's sordid streets and ways
O! the heart leaps and happy tears will flow;
Then dost thou speak in accents beautiful
Of that dear homeland far beyond the seas;
And mothers bring their eldest sons to thee
And whisper to them so that none can hear,
"America, my son, America."

Where the navies of the world are floating,
Proud on the ocean's widely swelling tides,
There thou hast no reason to be ashamed
Of thy nation or of thy men and ships,
Or of the men and ships that have so often
Carried thee bravely through the fire and flame
Of many fierce sea-fights to victory.
Glory to thee and for thy heroes praise.
For the brave soldiers of the Grand Army
We twine the laurel and we wreath the bay.
We give the glory of our flag to thee,
And all our hearts' best love and sympathy.

To all those who sacrificed their lives for their Country and their Flag, and who are resting now beneath the elms and maples of the North and the magnolias of the South, and especially for those who sleep in unknown graves, we sing our sweetest songs and strew our choicest flowers, and promise them that no stain shall ever come upon our precious banner of the Stars and Stripes.

O Flag, our Flag, all hail to thee!
In the far islands of the sea
Thou art the emblem of the free.
Thy stripes are bleached by widow's sighs,
From martyrs' blood thy crimson dyes,
Thy stars from rocky summits hewed.
Thy silken folds are oft bedewed
With tears from orphaned eyes.
The beacon fires of Freedom burned
To give thee to the world,
And Innocence can rest secure
Where'er thou art unfurled.
In ev'ry land thy name shall be
The Goddess, pure, of Liberty.

Hancock, N. H.

EDITORIAL

Good citizenship, which means, among other things, intelligent citizenship, is among the aims and ideals of every right-minded man and woman. Whether or no our nation has this sort of citizenship in the same high degree of which it could boast a few generations ago is a serious and much-debated question. It is one of the problems which our new school law is intended to help to solve. It is a matter in which the coöperation of every helpful influence in our community life should be sought earnestly and given freely. One of the factors which was effective in this direction years ago is described with readable interest and historical value by one of the contributors to this issue, Mr. Asa Currier Tilton, in his article on New Hampshire town and academy debating societies. All of his readers, we think, will be convinced of the good work which those societies did in imparting knowledge, arousing interest, stimulating thought and increasing the power of articulate expression. In what way and form this influence for good can be restored to our community life is a matter well worth considering.

The "open forum" is an attempt at it, which has been measurably successful in many cases and which has failed, where it has failed, because the meetings have been devoted to oratorical solos rather than to the free debates which are necessary if the real object aimed at is to be attained. The lecture, address, sermon, oration, no matter how able, eloquent, informing and entertaining, does not give the same exercise to the mental faculties of the community as does the sharpening of wits and mobilization of minds in a general discussion of a timely topic of true importance. The possibilities for state leadership on this line of our General Court have furnished the one good argument for retaining the House of Representatives in its present unwieldy bulk, but when debate is as lacking as was the case at the session of 1919 even this advantage is lost.

We certainly need a more general dissemination of interest in and information about the great problems of today, state and national, among our people. There ought to be some better way than now exists for making audible the popular demand for such reforms as the abolition of the liquor traffic, the extension of suffrage to women, a league for international justice and safety, more efficiency and less politics in all our government units and operations, the conservation of our resources, material and spiritual. There ought to be some way in which our colleges, academies and public schools could lead in this good work as they did in the days of which Mr. Tilton writes. The churches could aid—are aiding, by the "open forums" which have been mentioned. The Village Improvement Societies, the Parent-Teachers Associations, the Woman's Clubs, the Granges and Farmers' Clubs, all forms of human association and social intercourse, are capable of helpful influence on these lines.

In the days now passing of restricted suffrage too many votes have been cast without any worthy mental process accompanying the act. The extension of the suffrage to women will not eliminate this regrettable tendency, although it may decrease its comparative extent. The ignorant vote, the careless vote, the venal vote, the evil vote are the greatest dangers which exist in our country today. They must be outbalanced by intelligent votes, thoughtful votes, honest votes, votes which stand for militant morality and sincere patriotism. Let us all do what we can to get more of these latter votes in New Hampshire and in the nation.

BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

DAWN. By Eleanor H. Porter. Illustrated. Pp. 339. Cloth, $1.50. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

No other native of New Hampshire has written books of such wide circulation as those of Mrs. Eleanor Hodgman Porter, born in Littleton, December 19, 1868, daughter of Francis Fletcher and Llewella (Woolson) Hodgman. How her aggregate of sales compares with that of our leading resident author, Mr. Winston Churchill, we do not know, but both are flatteringly stupendous in their totals. Mrs. Hodgman's apparent method of work is as simple as it is successful. She takes some sterling principle of life and conduct, brings it into personal contact with her readers and gives it appealing form by embodying it in the attractive personality of some youthful hero or heroine, Pollyanna, David, or, in the case of her present volume, Keith Burton.

How Keith lost his sight and how he felt after he lost it is described with rather harrowing detail, which, however, forms a background of suitably deep contrast for the happiness which comes to him, still blind, when he realizes that much of the best which the world has to give, useful work for others, true love for himself, is still within his grasp. Mrs. Porter does not plan complicated plots for her stories and does not need to do so. Character drawing is her forte and her command of that art makes her great success deserved. Such a type as Susan Betts, the *dea ex machina* of the story, immortalizes the New England "hired girl," whose virtues, as we look back upon them now, seem almost incredible and certainly worthy of being placed in the gallery of noted characters of fiction. Susan, as Mrs. Porter draws her, is a modern combination of Mrs. Malaprop and Silas Wegg, but she is also a loyal woman whose golden heart it is good to know.

Some of the best books for girls—and boys and older people also find them good reading—which have been written in recent years in this country are the work of a lady resident in Hinsdale, N. H., who has taken the pen name of Joslyn Gray. Issued serially in the *Youth's Companion* and afterwards published in attractive book form by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, at $1.35 net, they have delighted thousands of readers who hope for their continuance in years to come. "Rusty Miller," the most recent in the series, takes its name from one of its principal characters, a red-haired girl, with the equipment of brains and temperament that usually accompanies such hirsute adornment. Familiar types of the country side, the village rich man, the country pastor, the benevolent maiden lady, the "girl who goes to the city," and so forth, are drawn with truth, and the story is quietly and pleasantly interesting, and "good" without being "preachy."

A new volume of New Hampshire poetry is by Clark B. Cochrane of Antrim under the title, "Songs from the Granite Hills" (Boston: The Gorham Press. $1.50 net). "Love Lives Forever," the first, longest and most ambitious poem in the collection, serves to introduce more than a score of other ventures in verse, religious, philosophic, pastoral, patriotic; sonnets and songs, ballads and hymns. We like best "Noon by Lake Sunapee":

'Neath groves of maple and the tall plumed pine
By Sunapee's fair shore we linger long;
The low waves shimmer in the noonday shine
And on the shingle lip a plaintive song.
About their nests the crooning robins throng
In leafy coverts under branches cool;
The plodding farmer, waiting for the gong,
Bathes his swart forehead in the shaded pool;
Fair as the blue depths of the quiet sky
The glistening waters spread before the eye,
While small white clouds, slow sailing from the west,
Are mirrored in their bosom lovingly,
Below where new-born lilies lie at rest
Like affluent pearls on some fair lady's breast.

From the same publishers comes an equally neat and somewhat thicker volume of New Hampshire verse, being 150 "Chips from a Busy Workshop," that of the genial and versatile head of Holderness School, Rev. Dr. Loren Webster. Mr. Webster divides his verse into Songs of Freedom, Songs of Loyalty, Sacred Songs, The Web of Life, Love Lyrics, Songs of Childhood, In Remembrance and In Lighter Vein. Each section abounds in quotable bits, some of them particularly enjoyable to those who have the pleasure of the Doctor's personal acquaintance, but most of them as general as genuine in their appeal. We quote only the first stanza of "New Hampshire":

All hail, ye people of the Granite State,
In acres small, in manhood's power great!
All hail! Ye sturdy sons of noble sires!
Ye daughters fair, whose hearthstones glow with fires
Of patriotic love! Upon the shrine
Of Fatherland no gift excelleth thine.
All hail! brave hearts, and let the welkin ring!
Dear old New Hampshire's paeans let us sing!

AFTER THE WAR

(This War is a War Against Selfishness)

By Sumner F. Claflin

When the hog in human nature
Gets its final knockout blow,
And the best that we have in us
Gets a fair and equal show.

Black and white and brown and yellow,
Belonging to the race of man,
Rise to grace God's earthly temples;
If we will we know we can.

Hate and fear cast out forever,
Faith and hope and love abide,
Bringing all the world together
In His temples purified.

All the dross purged as by fire,
We God's wisdom then may know,
When the hog in human nature
Gets its final knockout blow.

Manchester, N. H.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

DR. HENRY C. HOLBROOK

Henry Carroll Holbrook, M.D., died at his home in Penacook, May 3. The following tribute to his memory is paid by Prof. George W. Sumner:

To many of us in Penacook and the neighboring towns the news of the death of Doctor Holbrook brings a deep sense of personal bereavement.

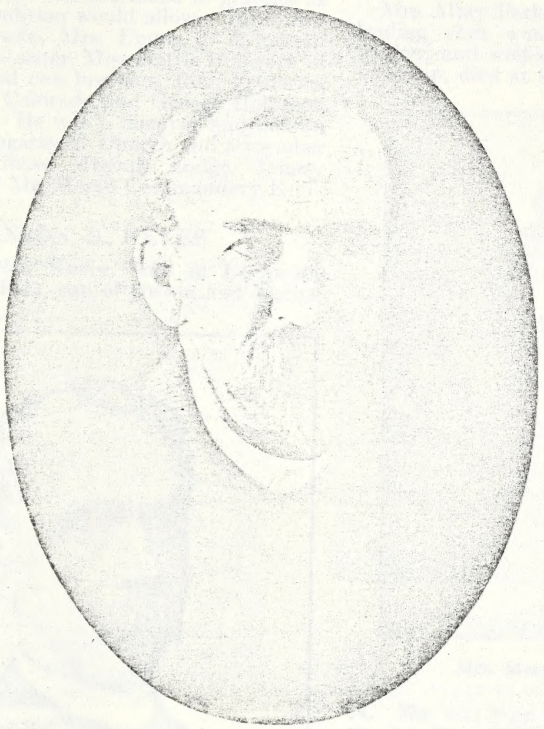
He was a lover of his kind and to him love meant service without stint. For several years past, handicapped by ill health, his friends have urged him to husband his energies but over and over again the dire need of some fellow man has seemed to him the call to duty, and he has entirely forgotten himself in the need of his patient.

Not a few of us are walking the streets of Penacook in health, today, because he has devoted to us more of his energy and his sympathy than he could afford to give.

The epidemic of influenza last winter inspired him to long continued exertions, inducing a physical collapse from which he never recovered.

He was interested in everything tending toward the welfare of the community. With sympathies too broad for a narrow partisanship, he never shirked any of his responsibilities as a citizen.

He himself felt that, outside his professional work, the thing most worth while was the effort he devoted to the schools. In his long term of service on the board of education he labored for the interests of the children of every class and especially for the children of the poor and the ignorant.



The Late Dr. Henry C. Holbrook

To him, more than to any other one man, is due the establishment of Penacook High School. He believed that every child should have a chance to get all the education he could be persuaded to secure.

For himself, his thirst for knowledge was never satisfied. His college course was only an introduction to the years of reading and study which he engaged in up to the very last.

A leader in the church, he was an eager student of all that is best in modern thought. His changing theological beliefs left unchanged his loyalty to the church and his faith in its mission in the world.

In his death the medical profession, the schools, the church, and the community have met with a serious loss.

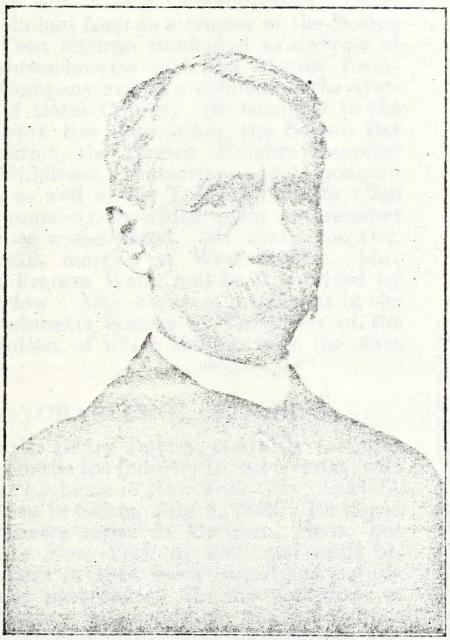
To those of us who were privileged to be

intimately associated with him his life will continue to be an inspiration.

He was the son of Calvin M. and Mary J. (Southworth) Holbrook, and was born in West Fairlee, Vt., September 12, 1859. He was educated in the Thetford and St. Johnsbury academies, in Vermont, and at Dartmouth Medical College. After completing his studies he came to Penacook in 1884 and opened an office in Exchange Block, building up an extensive practice not only in Penacook but in nearby towns. He has been in failing health for several years but continued to practice as far as his condition would allow. He is survived by a wife, Mrs. Emma J. (Kimball) Holbrook, one sister, Miss Hattie Holbrook of Penacook, and two brothers, Rev. Frederick Holbrook of Colorado and George Holbrook of Vermont. He was a member and deacon of the Congregational Church and a member of Horace Chase Masonic Lodge, Trinity Chapter, and Mt. Horeb Commandery K. T.

ANSON L. KEYES

Anson Luther Keyes, born in Lempster, February 6, 1843, son of Orison and Lucina

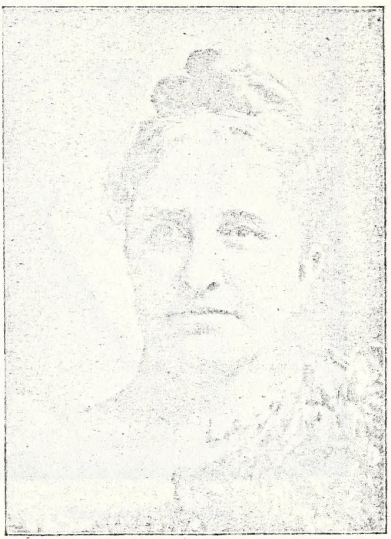


Anson L. Keyes

Ann (McClure) Keyes, died May 6 at St. Luke's Hospital in St. Paul, Minn. He was educated at Kimball Union Academy, Dartmouth College, class of 1872, and Albany Law School, class of 1873. Since 1878 he had practiced law at Faribault, Minn., where he had been city attorney, county attorney and president of the county bar association, and was a prominent member of the state bar association. He was a Mason, a deacon of the Congregationalist Church, and a Republican in politics. On June 30, 1873, Mr. Keyes married Harriet A. Lufkin of Great Falls, N. H., by whom he is survived with one daughter, Mrs. Luella K. Strong of Oconto, Wis.

MRS. MARY P. WOODWORTH

Mrs. Mary Parker Woodworth of Concord, leading club woman, social and religious worker, and well-known writer, speaker and musician, died at her home in Concord June



Mrs. Mary P. Woodworth

14. She was born at Lisbon, May 3, 1849, the daughter of Charles and Amelia (Bennett) Parker, and was educated at St. Johnsbury, (Vt.) Academy, the only girl in the class in which she graduated, and at Vassar College, the first New Hampshire girl to enter that institution, from which she graduated with the class of 1870. After teaching a few years at St. Johnsbury and Bellows Falls, Vt., she married, September 30, 1873, the late Albert B. Woodworth, afterwards mayor of Concord. She is survived by one daughter, Miss Grace Woodworth of Concord, and by two sons, Edward K. Woodworth of Concord and Charles P. Woodworth of Boston. Mrs. Woodworth was the first woman member of the Concord school board, serving nine years and until she declined reëlection. She was president of the Concord Woman's Club, 1897–99, and had been chairman, since its establishment in 1904, of the New Hampshire Federation of Woman's Clubs Scholarship



Fund for the aid of girls preparing themselves to teach. She was a member of the Vassar and Collegiate Alumnæ Associations and twice president of the Boston branch. A communicant of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Mrs. Woodworth had been president, since 1912, of the diocesan woman's auxiliary to the general board of missions.

GEORGE EDWIN SMITH

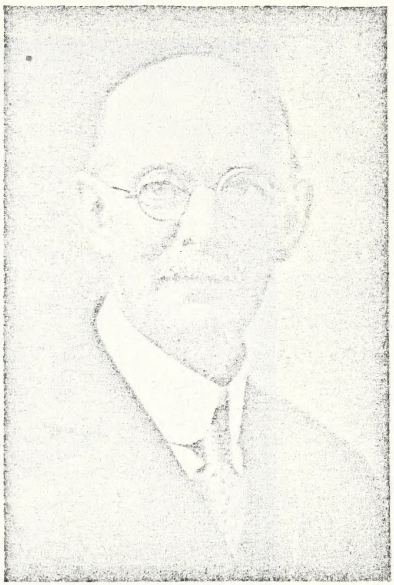
Hon. George Edwin Smith, who died in Boston, April 26, was born in New Hampton, April 5, 1849, the son of David Hebard Smith and Esther S. (Perkins) Smith. He was graduated, A. B., from Bates College in 1873, studied law in private offices in Lewiston, Me., and in 1875 was admitted to the bar in Boston. For several years he served as attorney for the town of Everett and under its city charter was its first city solicitor. Mr. Smith became a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives in 1883, serving also the following year, and in 1887 became a state senator. His service continued through four years, the last three of which he was president of the Senate. For six years, from 1906 until 1912, he was chairman of the Massachusetts Harbor and Land Commissioners. Other interests had been as a trustee of the Boston Five Cent Savings Bank and as director of the Massachusetts Fire and Marine Insurance Company and as a member of the overseers of Bates College. He belonged to the Middlesex Bar Association, the Boston Bar Association, the Masons (Knights Templar) the Middlesex, University and Algonquin clubs, as well as the Tedesco Country Club in Swampscott, in which town his summer residence was situated. Mr. Smith, on Oct. 31, 1876, married at West Buxton, Me., Sarah Frances Weld, and he is survived by his widow. Mrs. Smith is prominent in the Massachusetts Society of Daughters of the Revolution, of which she has been the state regent.

CHARLES H. TENNEY

Charles Henry Tenney, one of the foremost figures in the hat industry in this country, who died at his home in New York City, April 27, was born in Salem, July 9, 1842. He began his business career in Methuen, Mass., but went to New York in 1868 and until his retirement in 1914 was engaged successfully in many enterprises. He was a director of the Bowery Savings Bank, the Manhattan Company and many other corporations and belonged to the Metropolitan, the Union League, the Lotus, the Grolier and other clubs and the Society of Colonial Wars. He is survived by a son, Daniel G. Tenney of New York, his wife and three grand-children. Mr. Tenney had erected recently as a memorial to his mother a church for the Methodist Society at Salem Center and had been a generous benefactor of Methuen. His will, disposing of an estate of several million dollars, gave a quarter of a million to churches, hospitals and schools in New Hampshire and Massachusetts.

ERNEST C. WESCOTT

Ernest Charles Wescott, born at Blue Hill, Me., September 24, 1866, the son of Stephen B. and Mary (Folsom) Wescott, died at Rochester June 16. He was educated in the



Ernest C. Wescott

academy of his native town and in early life was engaged in business at Manchester. For fifteen years he had been in the dry goods business at Rochester and not long since opened a branch store at Dover. A Republican in politics, he was chosen delegate from Ward Two, Rochester, to the Constitutional Convention of 1918, and a member of the Legislature of 1919, in which he served on the committees on ways and means and state prison. He had also served his city as probation officer. He was a member of the various Masonic bodies, lodge, chapter, council and commandery, of the Eastern Star, the Knights of Birmingham, the Rochester Chamber of Commerce, of which he was a director and publicity manager, of the Rochester Country Club and of the Congregational Church, in which he was an officer. During the war drives he was chairman of the Red Cross membership committee in his city. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Edith M. Wescott, and by one daughter, Mrs. Mildred Newbury, of Rochester.

SILAS M. DINSMOOR, M. D.

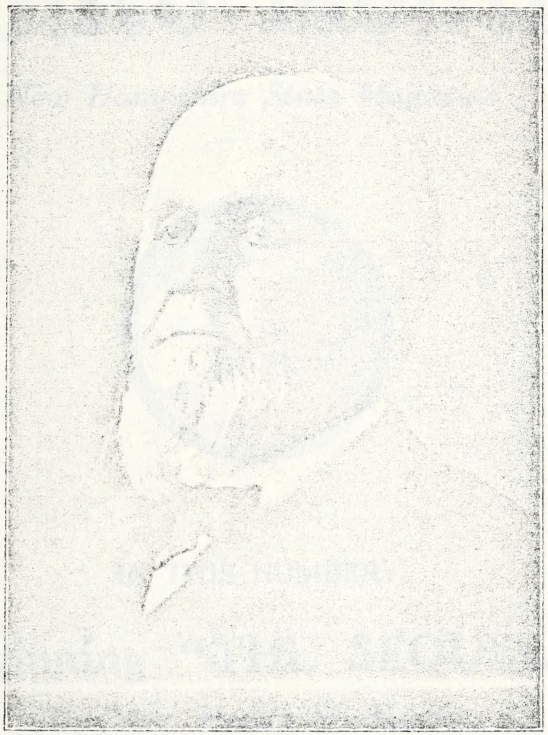
Dr. Silas Murray Dinsmoor, a well-known physician of Keene for the past thirty-nine years and, for twenty years previous a practicing physician in other towns in this state, died at his home, 21 Summer street, Keene, May 14.

He was born in Antrim, June 22, 1836, the son of Silas and Clarissa (Copeland) Dinsmoor. After attending schools and academies at Washington and Marlow he taught for two years at Sullivan. He attended the medical school at the University of Vermont, later going to Columbia Medical College at Washington, D. C., receiving his degree in 1860. He commenced practice at Antrim, his native place, and there and at East Washington and Francestown he spent twenty years. He went to Keene in 1880, and until recently had been in active practice there.

He married Georgianna Carey, September 10, 1862, at Lempster. She died in July, 1917. He was a member of Social Friends Lodge, A. F. and A. M., and Asteria Chapter, O. E. S., the Cheshire County Medical Society and the New Hampshire Medical Society since 1869. He was also a member of the American Medical Association. He was a member of the pension board for a time and a member of the Elliot Hospital Staff. For many years he served as a member of the school board of the Union School District.

He leaves one son, Dr. Frank M. Dinsmoor of Keene; and one sister, Mrs. Virgil A. Wright.

Doctor Dinsmoor's long and useful life was distinguished by a successful devotion to the ideals and the practice of his profession, which he has bequeathed in full measure to his son. At the same time he was a good citizen, solicitous for the best interests of the community of which he was for so many years a respected resident.



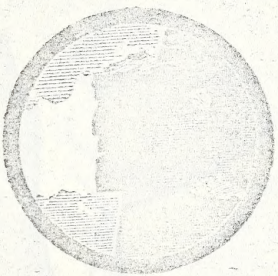
The Late Dr. S. M. Dinsmoor

Volume 51 AUGUST, 1919 Number 8

The Granite Monthly

jan 20

New Hampshire State Magazine



IN THIS NUMBER:

Beginning "THE SEQUEL"

By Mrs. Henry W. Keyes

HARLAN C. PEARSON, Publisher
CONCORD, N. H.

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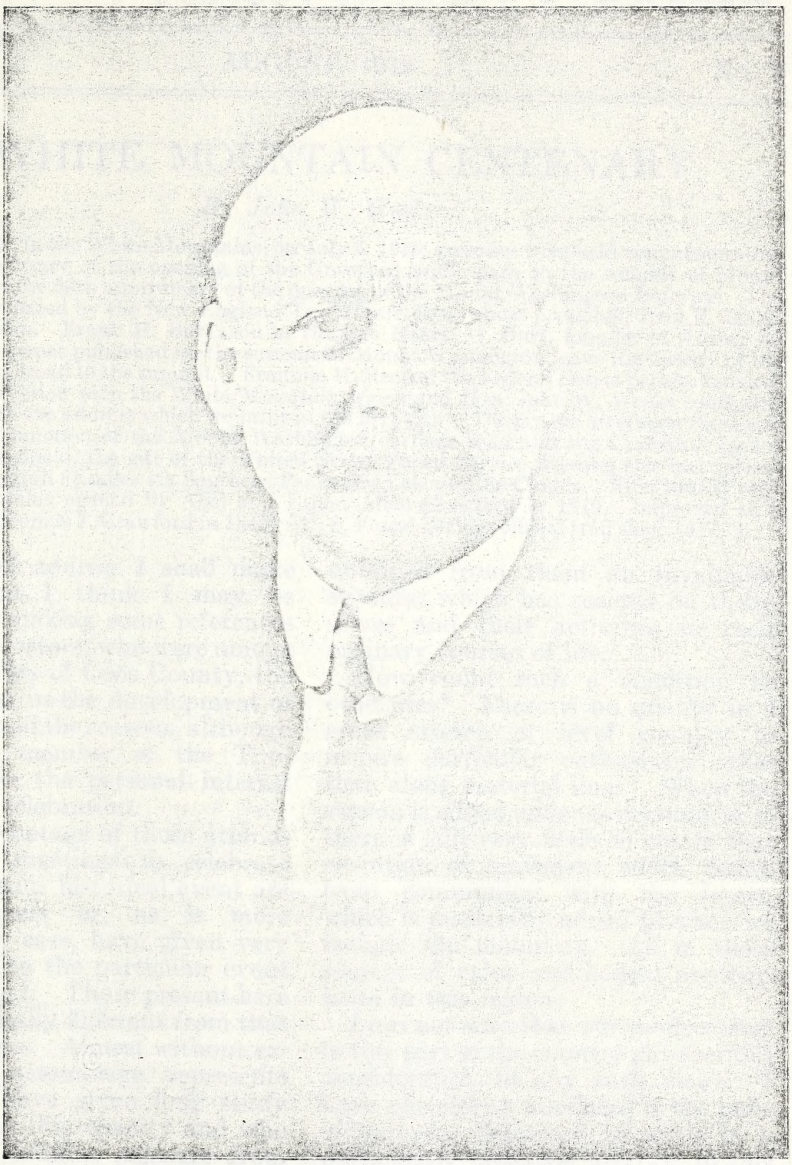
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329-330.



HON. JOHN W. WEEKS

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. LI AUGUST, 1919 No. 8

A WHITE MOUNTAIN CENTENARY

By John W. Weeks

[At Crawfords, in the White Mountains, on July 5, 1919, exercises were held commemorating the 100th anniversary of the opening of the Crawford bridle path to the summit of Mount Washington and the 50th anniversary of the opening of the Mount Washington Railway. The program was prepared by the New England Trail Conference, whose president, Paul R. Jenks, acted as chairman. Frank H. Burt, son of the late Henry M. Burt, founder of *Among the Clouds*, the newspaper published on the summit of Mount Washington, gave the history of the building of the railroad to the summit. Franklin K. Reed of the Federal Forest Service spoke of its work in connection with the White Mountain region and Hon. John W. Weeks concluded the exercises with the address which we print in full herewith. During the afternoon there was unveiled at the junction of the Mount Washington carriage road and the Crawford Trail a green and white shield, the gift of the United States Forest Service, bearing this inscription: "Mount Washington 8½ miles via Southern Peaks and Lakes of the Clouds. First tourist path in White Mountains opened by Abel and Ethan Allen Crawford in 1819. Improved as a bridle path by Thomas J. Crawford in 1840. U. S. Forest Service official trail since 1917."]

In the brief address I shall make this afternoon I think I may be pardoned for making some references to my own ancestors, who were among the early settlers of Coös County, the part they took in the development of this country, and the reasons, although I am not a member of the Trail Conference, for the personal interest I take in this celebration.

A large percentage of those attending ordinary meetings to celebrate some conspicuous historical event are curiosity seekers or, as is more frequently the case, have given very little thought to the particular event being celebrated. Those present here today are radically different from that characterization. Almost without exception this assemblage represents citizens who have given long study and thought to this vicinity and who have derived infinite pleasure from their association with mountain, forest, and stream. I say they have derived infinite pleasure; I should add benefit, for it would be the universal testimony of those who have communed with these forms of nature that they have obtained from them an invaluable stimulus which has reacted on themselves and their activities in their ordinary courses of life.

How could such a condition be otherwise? There is no quality in a great stretch of level country to inspire particular enthusiasm other than along material lines. When the stream is added under such conditions, there is still very little to create that elevation of sentiment which comes from communion with the forest, which is materially added to when we include the mountain. All of these sources of value and benefit predominate in this region.

I am not sure that our predecessors in this part of the country gave serious consideration to any such views. I have sometimes wondered if the individual who happened to settle in a particularly beautiful location in this mountain region was governed at all in so doing by the scenery or the character of the surroundings other than its material value. Certain it is that many such localities seem to have been selected because of their beauty,

for they are the sites the people of modern times have selected in which to spend their hours of leisure.

I wish to bring to your attention some of the conditions relating to the early activities in this section, for it is interesting to study the reasons which led to the settlement of this northern country. For at least a hundred years before the close of the French and Indian wars in 1760 it had been impossible for the early settlers, even the most adventuresome, to go very far beyond the coast line or the main streams and their tributaries. Therefore, we see the early New England settlements confined very largely to the coast and its inlets and to the three or four main rivers rising in this immediate section. Even in such localities any advance made into the wilderness was a hazardous undertaking, for the Indians, incited by their allies in Canada, were constantly on the alert, raiding the outlying settlements and often killing or carrying settlers into captivity.

The peace following the termination of the French and Indian wars, however, changed this condition and an immediate move was made to settle those sections of the country which had been visited by the troops during the prosecution of these wars. That particularly applied to this section of New Hampshire.

Rogers, the celebrated Partisan Ranger of that period, had led an expedition up the Connecticut Valley to attack the advanced Canadian settlements and in doing so for the first time definitely located the meadows in Lancaster, Northumberland and Strafford, which are the finest on the Connecticut River north of the Massachusetts line, with the exception of a comparatively small territory in the towns of Orford and Haverhill. This discovery was reported in Massachusetts and resulted in residents of Petersham locating at Lancaster, this being the first settlement north of Haverhill, forty miles south of this point, and the second settlement on the Connecticut River north of Charlestown, or Number Four, as it was then called, about sixty miles south of Haverhill.

The great distance from the centers of population and the difficulty in reaching this section naturally resulted in an extremely slow growth, and the first settlement made in 1764 was so soon followed by the activities incident to the Revolutionary War that no great progress was made until after the peace treaty with Great Britain was signed in 1782. Then very considerable numbers came to this locality, largely from southern New Hampshire, and among them my great grandfather, whose name I bear, who had been a soldier in the Revolutionary War and who came to the town of Lancaster in 1786, accompanied by two of his children, a girl of thirteen and a boy of six. The boy was that Major John Wingate Weeks who took an active and conspicuous part in the War of 1812, who later represented this district in Congress, and who was one of the members of the first party to make the trip to the top of Mt. Washington over the Crawford Trail.

There were three practicable routes into this region at that time: One following the Connecticut Valley; another following the general Winnipesaukee Lake region, striking the Connecticut River at Haverhill; and the third was through the White Mountain Notch. The earlier settlers, those who came in 1786, came up the Connecticut River Valley.

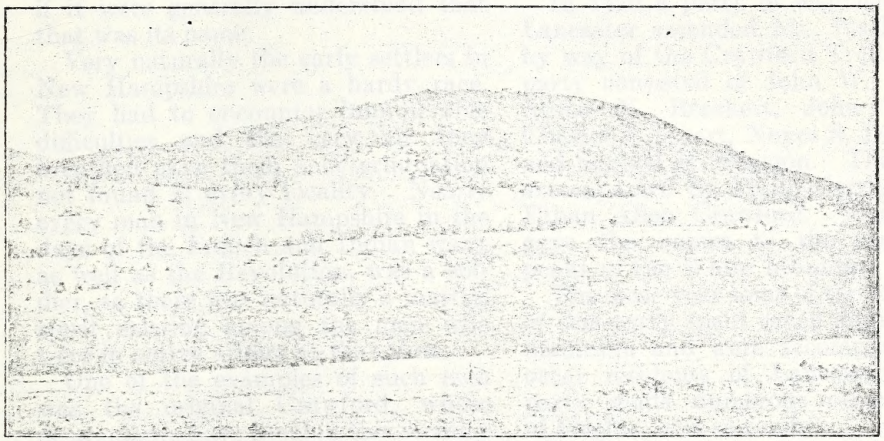
The second influx of settlers, those who came immediately after the Revolutionary War, generally speaking, came by the Lake route. Concord, then called Rumford, and Penacook had been settled, and they were the first settlements in this direction south of Haverhill.

The third influx came about the same time or a little later. They were generally from the neighborhood of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and

came by the White Mountain Notch route, a trail which had recently been opened.

My great grandmother came to Lancaster by the White Mountain Notch route, following her husband one year after he had located and established himself on the Connecticut meadows, and brought her two remaining children with her. It is not unfitting to comment that in making this trip it was necessary for her to follow a trail scarcely more than a blazed line from the town of Tamworth to her destination, a distance of about eighty miles, there being no permanent intervening settlements. I am not sure whether the women of today would have the resolution to make such a trip, spending two or three nights in the woods, accompanied only by two very small children, one a babe in arms, and the faithful horse which she rode. That baby was my grandfather. He later settled on the south slope of Mt. Prospect, in Lancaster, near my present summer home.

Previous to the settlement on the Lancaster meadows many of those who had come to this region had been the type of adventurous men who always lead in such movements, those lured by a desire to hunt and fish, and, in the earlier days, those who hoped that these mountains would yield what had been discovered in the mountains of Mexico and the Southwest large returns in precious metals. That undoubtedly was the thought which governed Gorges and those associated with him in the famous Mason-Gorges grants.



Mt. Prospect, Lancaster

Early Visitors and Settlers

Undoubtedly the first white man to visit the White Mountain region was Darby Field, of Piscataqua, an Irishman, who ascended Mt. Washington, accompanied by two Indians, in 1642 He probably followed the route up the Saco from the coast to the Ellis River and thence to its source. Very much of the report made of this trip has since been verified, and it furnished the inducement for his return the same year accompanied by Thomas Gorges and a man named Vines, who represented one of the grantees of the province—Sir Fernando Gorges.

It is reliably proven that the next visitor to Mt. Washington who made the ascent was John Josselyn, who made a careful report of his observations. He ascended the mountain in 1663. Other visits were undoubtedly made in the passing years by hunters and adventurers, a few of which have

been recorded, but not until 1784 did any party having scientific attainments or purposes reach the mountain. This party was headed by the Rev. Manasseh Cutler, of Ipswich, Mass., and he was accompanied by Colonel John Whipple, of Jefferson, one of the earliest and most prominent settlers in that part of this region. This party undoubtedly gave the name to Mt. Washington, although there is no recorded evidence that that is the case. During visits made to the mountain in the following years, it was referred to as "Washington" as if it were generally understood that that was its name.

Very naturally the early settlers in New Hampshire were a hardy race. They had to encounter innumerable difficulties and the very air they breathed gave them a determination not found in every locality. Nearly every man in New Hampshire in the days of the French and Indian wars, as well as the Revolution, was a soldier, so there was naturally a martial spirit existing among the men who were in active affairs at that time.

One of the examples of such men was the original Crawford, whose descendants have lived in this vicinity down to our own time. Doubtless many of the stories told of him and his son, Ethan Allen Crawford, are somewhat exaggerated, but there is no doubt about the latter having been a man of great stature, of unusual strength, and a courage quite unusual even for that day and locality. This is high praise, for not only did these early settlers have all the natural hardships of such a life with which to contend, but there were great numbers of animals which were a source of danger to human beings and stock. The woods were infested with bear, wolves, and lynx, all of which became very bold at certain seasons of the year, and it was necessary to use the greatest prudence and frequently much courage to contend against them. This region owes very much to the adventuresome Crawford and Rosebrooks, both of whom were of the typical colonizing type and who would not have felt in their natural element in a community which had become thoroughly established and settled.

The first women to ascend the mountain and spend a night on its summit were three sisters—the Misses Austin, of Portsmouth, N. H., who made the ascent in 1821.

The first settlement in the vicinity of the mountain was made by Eleazer Rosebrooks, in 1792, and eleven years later he built the first public house in this region.

In 1820 a party of engineers from Lancaster ascended Mt. Washington by way of the Crawford Trail. This party consisted of John W. Weeks, Adino N. Brackett, John Wilson, Charles J. Stuart, Noyes S. Dennison and Samuel H. Pearson. They were accompanied by Philip Carrigan and Ethan Allen Crawford. This party gave the names to the remaining peaks of the White Mountain Range.

The same year some of the members of this party spent seven days on the mountain and were accompanied by other residents of Lancaster. This party made numerous observations of heights, and so forth.

The peaks in the White Mountain Notch—Willard, Webster, Crawford, and Resolution—were given names later by individuals who frequently visited the mountains, among them Mr. Sidney Willard, of Boston, for whom Mt. Willard was named, and Dr. S. A. Bemis, for whom Bemis Station is named.

Public Houses

The construction of houses for public purposes indicates fairly clearly the trend of the use which the public were making of this region as a pleasure resort. Naturally the original ones were very crude affairs, probably first built for private homes and gradually enlarged to be used for public entertainment. The earlier of these houses—they could hardly be dignified by calling them hotels—

were those built by Rosebrooks and Crawford. The Willey House in the Notch was also used for hotel purposes until its destruction in 1826. What is not generally known is that the first habitation of any kind built on the mountain was originally at the summit and was erected by Crawford one hundred years ago this year, he recognizing the necessity for some protection for visitors going to the top of the mountain over his trail if they found it necessary to spend the night there.

This house, which, of course, was very crude, was destroyed in August, 1826, by the same storm that destroyed the Willey House. It was occupied that night, but the occupants becoming alarmed by the fierceness of the storm abandoned the house and reached the timberland in safety. In that respect the abandonment had the opposite effect to the result which came to the occupants of the Willey House, who would have probably been saved if they had remained in the house.

In 1852 the first Summit House was constructed by J. S. Hall and L. M. Rosebrooks. For some reason which I have not been able to learn, the Tip-Top House was built the next year, in 1853, so that there were rival hostelries on the summit of Mt. Washington for several years. The Tip-Top House was constructed by J. F. Spaulding & Co.

The earliest public house of any particular pretention on this side of the mountain for the entertainment of visitors was the Fabyan House, built on the site of the present house. This building was destroyed by fire in 1851. Its successor was also destroyed by fire some twenty-five years ago, so that the present structure is the third erected on that site.

The White Mountain House, a mile below the Fabyan, was built by one of the Rosebrooks family in 1841 and has been used continuously as a hotel ever since. I spent the night there with my father in 1866. At that time the White Mountain House was the only hotel on this side of the mountains. There had previously been a house on or near the present site of the Crawford House conducted by a man named Gibbs, but it was not standing at this time.

On the other side of the mountain the Glen House was erected as early as 1860, and in 1865 it had a capacity for nearly five hundred guests. Naturally this was the starting point for people ascending the mountain, as there was no road to the top of the mountain from the west side while the bridle paths and carriage road on the east side were in active use about the time the Glen House was originally constructed.

Early Trails, Paths and Roads

The early settlers of the entire Coös region were greatly handicapped for many years on account of poor and insufficient roads. The earlier roads were simply blazed lines through the woods and, of course, could only be traversed on foot or horseback. They were in most cases simply guide posts to show the traveler the way to his destination. The New Hampshire colony was relatively without resources and such means as the lower settlements had for road-building purposes were expended in that region where the larger part of the population had settled.

Moreover, the earlier settlements in the north country were far removed from those in the southern end of the colony, the intervening towns not being settled until later. For example, the first settlement above Penacook, the early name of Concord, was Haverhill, a distance of about eighty miles. The next settlement was at Lancaster, more than forty miles north of Haverhill.

As I have suggested, there were three possible ways of reaching the upper Coös settlements at Lancaster and Northumberland—by the Connecticut River, using canoes in the summer and traveling on the ice in

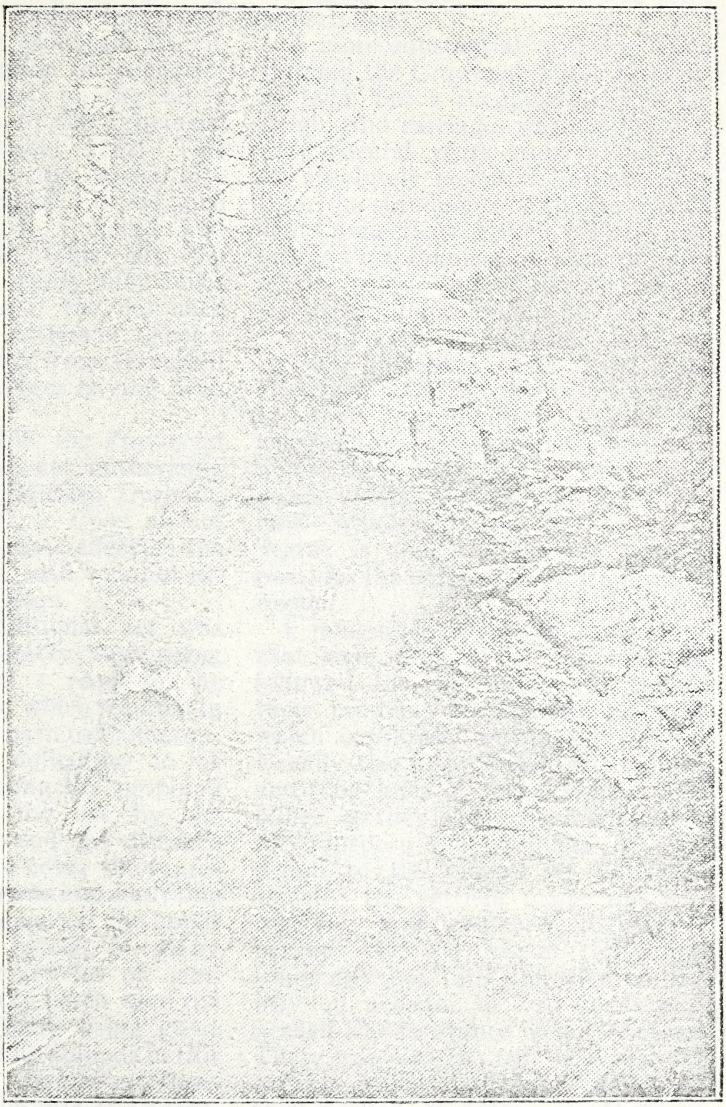
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Courtesy of the Boston Transcript

A BIT OF THE ANCIENT WAY

winter; the bridle path route from Concord and Penacook to Haverhill and thence to Lancaster, the entire distance being through a heavily wooded country; and the route through the White Mountain Notch.

The first application for a charter to construct a road to the north country was made to the Provincial Assembly in November, 1752. This charter was granted and carried into effect by the cutting of a bridle path from Portsmouth to Concord and later to Haverhill. This left the mountain country nearly fifty miles from any road, and it was not until 1770 that the first settlers of Lancaster cut a bridle path from Haverhill to that town, Lancaster having been first settled in 1764.

In November, 1763, the Provincial Assembly passed an act authorizing the opening of a road from Durham, in Strafford County, to Coös, an act which had no immediate effect as the construction of the road was not attempted for many years.

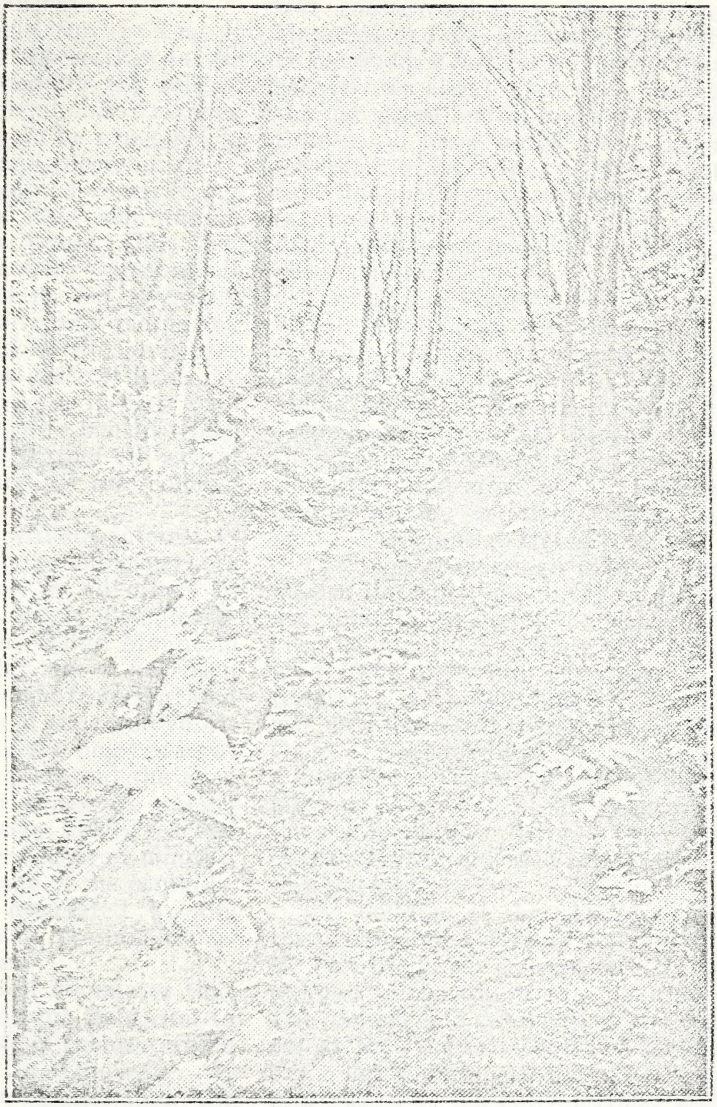
In 1768, an additional act was passed by the Assembly authorizing the construction of a road to the Upper Coös country, which resulted in the extension of the path to Lancaster. There were great difficulties to be overcome in traversing the proposed route, as well as the one by the Connecticut River, and the distance and time required to cover the routes were so great that it was impracticable to carry the few products of the upper region to market. Indeed, for many years the principal articles of commerce produced in the north were the skins of animals, there being great numbers of fur-bearing animals in this region at that time. Because of these difficulties the inhabitants of Lancaster commenced searching for a shorter route to the coast, finding one through the discovery of the White Mountain Notch by Timothy Nash in 1771.

In 1773, two years after the discovery of the White Mountain Notch, the Nash-Sawyer grant was made. One of the conditions of this grant was that a certain amount of money should be expended in the construction of a road through the notch, and the construction of a path was soon undertaken.

A more substantial trail was built through the Crawford Notch as early as 1805, but a turnpike suitable for sleighs and carriages was not finished until several years later. This was an absolutely essential improvement from the standpoint of the settlers of the Connecticut Valley. They had no road communication with the rest of the world, and while their crops were generally abundant at that time the difficulty of getting them to market prevented their being purchasers of many of the supplies needed in such communities. With the construction of the road through the notch they were able to take their goods to the nearest seaport—Portland—which became and to some degree is today a leading trading point for the northern New Hampshire region.

I remember very well the stories that were told me of the methods followed by the settlers in taking their products to market—methods which continued down to my time. Usually this was done in the winter, and long lines of sleds, sledges and pungs, as they were called, were used to transport the products of that region to the market at Portland. Usually the settlers made the trip together and returned together—perhaps for the reason that they frequently got into difficulty on the way on account of bad roads and needed the assistance of one another. There was also the fear of attack by wolves, which may have influenced this method of taking products to market.

The construction of this road, as was the practice at that time, was done by a corporation which charged tolls, and for many years it was one of the most profitable turnpikes of New Hampshire, being the tenth road in number in the state constructed in



Courtesy of the Boston Transcript

THE CRAWFORD TRAIL OF TODAY

that way. It is said that the original cost was $40,000, which was a large amount of money in that day to spend for such a purpose.

In 1786, the Legislature, as a result of the petitions of the settlers in the mountains, provided for the sale of large tracts of land, the revenue raised in this way to be expended in the construction and repair of roads. A committee appointed to carry out the provisions of this act was in existence for ten years. The net result was that a very considerable part of the lands in the mountain region were sold for road-building and the committee and its friends in this way obtained large areas of land, the public unfortunately, as in most such cases, not receiving the benefit which should have resulted from the sale of such a large part of the colonial domain.

It may not be without interest to those devoted to the prohibition cause today and, in fact, to all others to know that the first article of commerce to pass through the White Mountain Notch to Lancaster was a hogshead of rum, it being brought from Portland at a great expense of time and effort. The transporters of the hogshead put on record that they crossed the Saco River twenty-two times in making the trip and that they finally reached Lancaster with the hogshead minus a very large percentage of the contents, which had been liquidated by the builders of the road presumably to lighten their burden.

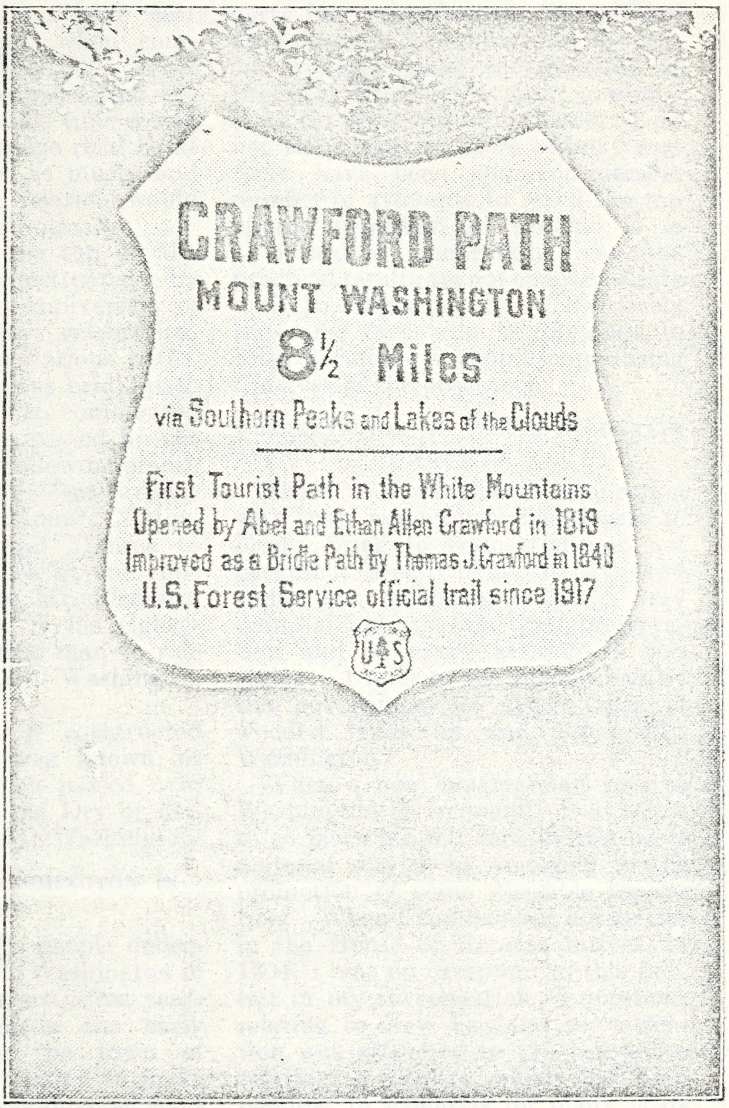
The first article of commerce that went over the road from Lancaster to Portland was a bale of tobacco which had been raised in Lancaster. It seems rather remarkable that the raising of tobacco should have been undertaken in this northern climate, but that it was successfully done is without question. The fact that tobacco is now grown in the Connecticut Valley as far north as the southern boundaries of Vermont and New Hampshire is confirmatory evidence of the truth of the report that tobacco was raised in the mountain region in these early days.

The first real turnpike or stage road was constructed from Plymouth to Haverhill in 1808, and from Haverhill to Lancaster a few years later, so that as early as about 1820 there was a through stage line from Lancaster to Boston. I have noted in a paper published in Lancaster at about that time that mails were carried to Boston in three days, indicating that the road must have been in reasonably good condition.

The carriage road on the east side of Mt. Washington was chartered in 1853, the construction commenced in 1855 and completed in 1861, offering ample reason for the excellent hotel accommodations which developed in that locality, there being at Gorham the Alpine House, a very pretentious establishment for those times, in addition to the Glen House.

The modern carriage road to the base of the mountain on the west side was undertaken in 1866. There had been before that a rough road largely used for timbering purposes. Its terminus, near the Fabyan House, was near what was well known as the Giant's Grave which I remember, a great mound of gravel undoubtedly piled up as a result of the freshets in the Ammonoosuc River. This pile of gravel was later used for construction purposes.

The building of this carriage road was considered necessary on account of the proposed construction of a railroad to the top of the mountain. The Boston and Maine Railroad did not at that time run north of Littleton. Later, as is well known, it was constructed to the Fabyan House and then to the base of the mountain. The construction of the railroad to the top of the mountain was commenced the same year as the carriage road, in 1866, and completed in 1869. One of the most illuminating examples of the increase in the cost of construction as we know it today over those periods is furnished in the reported



Courtesy of the Boston Transcript

UNVEILED ON JULY 5, 1919

cost of these two enterprises. The carriage road is at least six miles in length. It was built through a comparatively rough country, heavily wooded, and is said to have cost $10,000. The railroad, when completed, cost about $150,000. It is not out of reason to suppose that the same construction at this time would in the case of the carriage road be at least six to ten times as much, and I presume the same relation would bear in the case of the railroad.

The first path to the top of Mt. Washington was constructed by Crawford in 1819, the anniversary of which we are today celebrating. This was followed by various paths, and in 1840 a pretentious bridle path was constructed. This commenced at the Giant's Grave, passed up the Ammonoosuc Valley, following practically the route of the present carriage road, and thence over Mounts Clinton, Pleasant, Franklin, and Monroe to Washington. A branch at one time ran from this road to Mt. Pleasant. Abel Crawford, then in his eighty-sixth year, was the first man to ride to the summit of Mt. Washington over this path.

Another bridle path constructed at about this time was known as the Davis path, which passed over Mt. Crawford, along the Dry or Mt. Washington River, to Mt. Washington.

Ascending Mt. Washington in Winter

Several adventurous people undertook the ascent of Mt. Washington in winter some sixty or sixty-five years ago. Those who made the early ascents came from the town of Lancaster. The first party to make a successful ascent was directed by a Lancaster resident named Osgood, in 1858. Four years later the ascent of the mountain was made from the east side by Franklin White, Chapin C. Brooks and John H. Spaulding. All of these men were active residents of Lancaster in my boyhood days, and I knew them very well. They went to the top of the mountain during the month of February, spent two nights on the summit, and made the descent without accident as had the Osgood party four years before. Since those days others have undertaken the trip and a party under the direction of Professor Huntington spent a winter there for observation purposes. I do not think that in more recent years there have been any considerable number of attempts to reach the top of the mountain in winter. It is a hazardous undertaking and the practical results are not commensurate with the dangers involved. Relatively the same facts can be obtained in other localities without jeopardizing the lives of the observers.

Preservation of White Mountain Forests

There is a subject in connection with these mountains which I wish to briefly bring to your attention, not because it directly relates to paths and trails, but indirectly it has a very material influence on their preservation and on every activity in this region. I refer to the taking over by the government of large areas of wooded lands on and about Mt. Washington.

When a new congressman goes to Washington he frequently is at a loss to so place himself that he can be of material service by engaging in the promotion of some desirable legislation. When I commenced my service in the House of Representatives, in 1904, I was no exception to this rule, but in my investigation of questions relating to New England my attention was attracted to the legislation relating to forestry which had been pending in Congress for many years without making any progress.

After much investigation it was decided that under the Constitution the government could not take over these wooded areas unless they had a direct connection with some object over which the General Government had control. The Constitution re-

cost of these two enterprises. The carriage road is at least six miles in length. It was built through a comparatively rough country, heavily wooded, and is said to have cost $10,000. The railroad, when completed, cost about $150,000. It is not out of reason to suppose that the same construction at this time would in the case of the carriage road be at least six to ten times as much, and I presume the same relation would obtain in the case of the railroad.

The first path to the top of Mt. Washington was constructed by Crawford in 1819, the anniversary of which we are today celebrating. This was followed by various paths, and in 1840 a practicable bridle path was constructed. This commenced at the Crawford House, passed up the Ammonoosuc Valley, following pretty nearly the route of the present carriage road, and thence over Mounts Clinton, Pleasant, Franklin, and Monroe to Washington. A branch at one time ran from this road to Mt. Pleasant, called Crawford, then in its eighty-sixth year, was the first man to ride to the summit of Mt. Washington over this path.

Another bridle path constructed at about this time was known as the Davis path, which passed over Mt. Crawford, along the Davy or Mt. Washington River, to Mt. Washington.

Ascension Mr. Washington by Women

Several adventurous people undertook the ascent of Mt. Washington in winter some sixty or sixty-five years ago. Those who made the early ascents came from the town of Lancaster. The first party to make a successful ascent was directed by a Lancaster resident named Osgood, in 1858. Four years later the ascent of the mountain was made from the east side by Franklin White, Chapin C. Brooks and John H. Spaulding. All of these men were active residents of Lancaster in my boyhood days, and I knew them very well. They went

serves to the Federal Government the protection and improvement of navigable waters within the borders of the United States, and the conclusion was reached that anything relating to or affecting navigable streams would under the provisions of the Constitution come within the jurisdiction and control of the government.

There were individuals, many of them having scientific attainments, who contended that the flow of mountain streams did not in any way affect navigable waters, nor were they influenced or affected by forests. These contentions seemed utterly untenable to me, and Congress finally concluded they were unsound, passing the bill I had introduced providing for the taking over of these areas, which has since been known as the Weeks law.

Since the enactment of this law the government has acquired in the White Mountain region 360,637 acres and has examined and approved, although final acquisition has not been affected, between fifty-seven and fifty-eight thousand acres more. It has expended for this land $2,352,-185.09 and will expend for the approved purchases $434,937.55. The lands which have been approved for purchase are necessary to consolidate the government's purchases already made and furnish the best possible protection to the headwaters of streams rising in their vicinity. The chief of the Forest Bureau estimates that there should be about 800,000 acres purchased in this section to carry to completion the provisions of the Forestry law.

I have made inquiry of the Forest Service relative to the expenditures and receipts from these forests and find that the expenditures, including administration, protection, and construction of improvements, up to this time have been about fifty per cent in excess of the receipts, although the latter are increasing very rapidly, those for the first eleven months of the fiscal year 1919 being about one-half of the total amount received since the beginning of these operations in 1914 and sufficient to pay all expenses this fiscal year.

At the present time the Forest Service is maintaining 132 miles of trails in the White Mountains, of which more than forty miles have been constructed by the service during the last five years. The remainder consists of old logging roads and the individual or organization trails which have been taken over by the government. This mileage, however, does not include the trails built and maintained by the Appalachian Mountain Club and other similar organizations, although the Forest Service has taken over from the Appalachian Club the path known as the Valley way and the Crawford path. The first purpose of the trails maintained by the Forest Service is for the protection of the forests, but they are also available to the public for recreation purposes.

The importance of this service cannot in my opinion be overestimated; indeed, I doubt if there are many people in New England who quite appreciate the importance of the White Mountain group to the welfare of the New England states. Certainly the group is the most valuable asset of the state of New Hampshire, and it is of vital importance to the prosperity of all the New England states with the exception of Rhode Island.

All the rivers of any considerable importance which furnish the power for very many of the New England manufacturing industries rise in this immediate section. They include the Connecticut, the Merrimac, the Saco, the Androscoggin, and their tributaries. If the timber at the headwaters of these rivers had been removed, as would undoubtedly have been the case if it had remained in private hands, for it had become such a valuable asset that individual holders could not have afforded to keep it standing, there would have been a marked diminution in the power of these streams and an irregularity of

flow which does not now exist, an irregularity apt to be accompanied by floods of very destructive character.

If there is any question in the mind of any one about the possibilities which may result from floods, a visit to the village of Hill will very quickly remove that doubt. A comparatively small stream flows through this village, emptying into the Merrimack. The woods surrounding this stream in the hills back of the village were removed and the result was a flood which carried away bridges and did material damage to many houses in the town. Such a result might have been anticipated in many sections if the White Mountain forests had been removed at the same rate the work was being done when the Forest Act became a law.

Moreover, there is a valuable feature of this law which has not been given sufficient public attention; that is, the provision relating to fire control. I have not the figures available to demonstrate the improvements resulting from the efforts of the Forest Service to provide against fires, but as is well known the loss in the destruction of forests by fire had amounted to tens of millions of dollars annually, and it is surprising that provision for systematic protection from fire had not been adopted much earlier. It is gratifying to know that the areas burned in this region on government lands since the government assumed control and commenced its purchases have been negligible, the only exception being the destruction by fire of 1729 acres of National forest lands which had been selected but the title to which had not yet passed to the government. This forest was located on the Paugus and Swift River watersheds in Albany township, and it is hardly just to charge this fire to the Forest Service, which has taken every precaution to prevent forest fires. In addition to the force employed throughout the year in the forests on revenue producing work a force of forest guards patrol the woods during the summer months. The lookout system is a very complete one, being provided by the state in coöperation with the Federal Government under the provisions of the Forestry law.

Until the enactment of the Forestry law little or nothing had been done by the Federal Government, states, or municipalities in a concerted way to build up forested areas. The time has now come when such action will be taken through various mediums. It has come because the value of wood has so greatly increased and its uses are so numerous that it will be necessary for us not only to conserve but provide additional sources of supply. European and Asiatic countries reached this condition many years ago and the result has been that forests have been developed and maintained through various governmental mediums and many of them have become remunerative. One municipal forest in Europe has returned as high as eight per cent on the cost of the investment, and for many years in one community in Japan eighty per cent of the population have been engaged in forestry pursuits.

All of this has a direct bearing on the question in which we are mutually interested. It means that the forests of the White Mountain region will be kept intact and these historic paths and trails preserved and not effaced by the destruction of the surrounding timber. The material value of the forests will increase, and I anticipate that in a few years, if it is not so now, the investment will be a profitable one; indeed, I have no doubt the government could dispose of its holdings in this region for very much more than they cost. As time goes on the preservation and maintenance of these forests will attract many visitors to this most favored region.

Perhaps I need not repeat what I said in the beginning—how greatly interested I am in every activity relating to the movement you represent. I look forward to the years to

come with the greatest confidence in the complete use of this region for recreation purposes and at the same time its maintenance as a necessary part of the industrial life and welfare of New England. A hundred years is an almost negligible length of time in the world's history, and so much we all approve has been accomplished along these lines since Crawford cut the first trail to Mt. Washington that it does not require an unusual imagination to see this region in the not distant future substantially a great park—a park system able to maintain itself and one which will promote the welfare and add to the enjoyment of millions of our people.

GOING BACK HOME

By Martha S. Baker

'Tis the very same road over which we go,
With the same old engine for all I know;
The car is crowded with folks—but yet,
They seem to me an entirely *new* set—
The *folks* have changed.

These folks at the station—who are these?
Are they playing a joke on me just to tease?
They are strangers to me—not one I know,
Where in the world did these folks grow?
The folks have changed.

The old covered wagon—I can't find that,
There's an automobile in which I never sat—
The old driver, too, my neighbor and friend.
How queer this new young chap they should send!
The folks have changed.

But, thank the Lord, the skies don't change,
Nor fields nor flowers nor hillside range;
They are just as sweet and old-fashioned as ever,
And I pray from my heart they'll look strange to me never,
Though folks have changed.

The dear home paths, they are just the same,
Over which for many fond years I came
To the home I loved for peace and rest,
For all that is true and holy and best;
But the folks have changed.

Our life on earth is but for a day,
And some sweet time we'll go home to stay,
And there the dear home friends we'll find,
For they lived for God and humankind:
There folks don't change.

Concord, N. H.



Mrs. Henry W. Keyes and Her Sons

THE SEQUEL

A Study of Three Men and a Girl

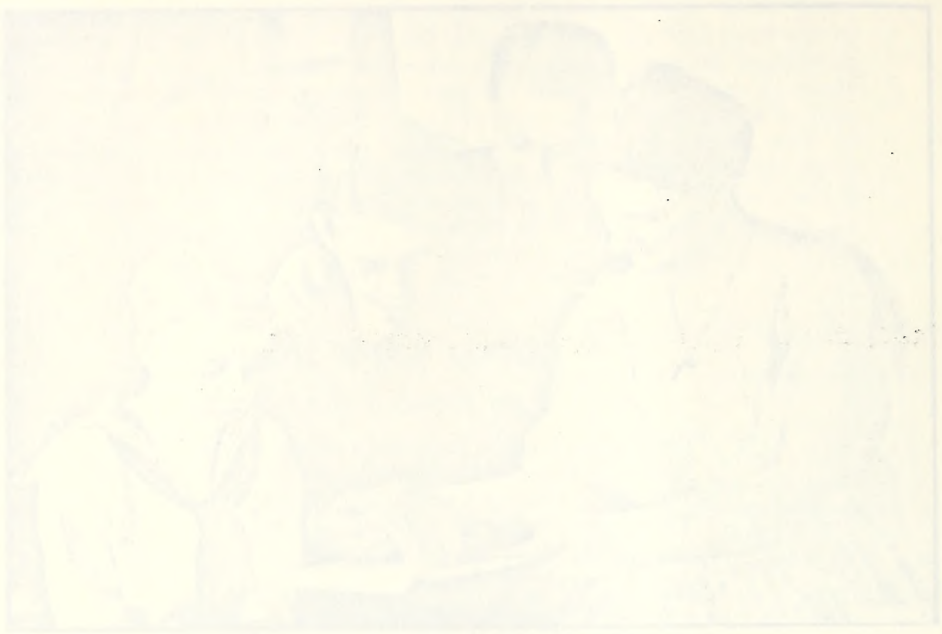
By Frances Parkinson Keyes

I

Now that everything is all over, and I have settled down to busy days—not too busy, for I am not very strong yet—and quiet evenings, it seems to me sometimes as if the whole thing had never happened. At other times, particularly when I am walking by the river alone, and the sun sets before I get home, leaving the fields and hills and sky extremely dull and cold, the trouble seems altogether too vivid and real, and I spend a good many hours wondering what I am going to do with the rest of my life. If I thought that I could do as much as mother did, I should be satisfied; but I shall never be half the woman that my mother was.

Just at present, while I am waiting to get well, there seem to be a great many empty hours; and I am going to fill some of them by writing down, as well as I can, the sequel to my mother's story—for I suppose that everything really started twenty years ago, when father fell in love with mother.

Father's people all came from Boston, and had lived on Beacon Hill ever since there was any hill there. They were as intellectual as was compatible with a social existence, and they were very orthodox Unitarians, too, for that belief does not interfere with society, as Boston understands it. They had plenty of money—they always had had plenty—but they never splurged and they never squandered. Father went to Harvard College, and then to Harvard Law School, and then abroad for a year, and when he had returned from his travels, and



had been taken into the best law-firm in Boston and several good clubs, his family felt justified in expecting that he would of course fall in love with one of the girls who had been to Papanti's dancing-school with him, marry her, and bring up a family similar to his own father's—a credit to Boston, and an example to lesser cities. But father did nothing of the sort. He didn't shine in the law, and he didn't fall in love with anybody, and one day he said he hated Boston. Then his Great-aunt Simans raised her hands, and said she had always felt that he was going to be the black sheep of the family. However, he just drifted along without doing anything very dreadful until he was thirty.

Then he met mother.

I can't make out that mother's family ever lived anywhere in particular. Her mother was a pretty chorus girl, and her father grew up in the slums of some big Western city, became a traveling salesman, and finally made a fortune in some kind of patent medicine. They were married in a rather hurried, mysterious fashion which I have never understood very well; but as neither of them had any parents to advise them, I suppose they did not realize how badly such things look, so they should not be blamed. Mother was their only child, and they adored her, and it was a very happy family. She went to a big fashionable boarding-school when she felt like it, and when she didn't, they all just packed their trunks, and went and took a perfectly delightful trip somewhere. The consequence was that mother's education was rather neglected; but her parents didn't realize that, for no one had ever educated them at all. While they were taking one of these trips—this particular one was to the White Mountains—they happened to stop at the hotel where father was staying with his parents, and it was there that father and mother met; and one night less than two weeks later, father walked into his mother's room about midnight and said he was engaged to be married.

If you could have seen my mother, even last summer, I do not think you would have wondered much that it did not take father long to make up his mind that he wanted her; and I'm sure, if you could have seen her when she was seventeen, you wouldn't have wondered at all. I have a picture of her that was taken about that time, and it is the loveliest thing I have ever seen. But father's family was furious. He was told that his wife would never be received, and that he himself would be turned off without a penny if he persisted in his wicked folly. Horrible stories were raked up about mother's parents, and told to everybody in the hotel. Queer things were insinuated about mother, too—that she did not really love him, but wanted to marry him for his money and position. This was really rather absurd, for she had a great deal more money than he did and—not having been brought up in Boston—had never even heard of position. But the Castles didn't think of that. The result of all this fuss was that father became more and more in love the more he was opposed, broke with his family entirely, married mother before he had known her two months, and took her to Boston to live.

I think perhaps if he had not done that, matters would not have turned out as badly as they did; but I suppose, if you, and your father, and Heaven only knows how many grandfathers before that have always lived in the same place, it doesn't always occur to you that it's possible to go and live somewhere else; anyway, it didn't occur to father. He found when he went to his clubs that his old friends treated him coldly; and their wives didn't call on mother. About a year after his marriage—I was a brand-new baby then—he was asked to resign his position in the law office where he had been for six years; so then he and mother left Boston, and

went to the big Western city, where mother's parents lived, to stay with them until father could see his way clear to earning his living. Of course mother was delighted to be with her own people again. Everyone was lovely to them, and they went out a great deal, and had lots of company and might have been very happy, but for one thing: father couldn't help thinking all the time how much he had given up for mother, and, what is worse, talking about it a good deal; for, though he loved her, he realized by this time that her education and refinement of mind were not equal to his, and her parents were intolerable to him, though they were as kind as possible. It made mother feel very badly to be told that her father ate like a pig, and that her mother wore her dresses cut too low, and that she herself knew no more of the King's English than she did of Greek. She bought books, and sat up late at night studying, and improved very much; but she couldn't improve her father and mother; and she loved them so much the way they were, that she didn't want to, any how.

About this time one of the big magazines stirred up a great deal of feeling against patent medicines by a series of articles telling how injurious the pretended blessings to humanity were, and what frauds the men who manufactured and sold them must be. Very soon my grandfather, who had always passed for a very worthy, kindly man in the city where he lived, began to be shunned by his neighbors and pointed out as a cheat and a defrauder of the poor; so he decided to sell out his patent medicine plant. I can't explain it very well, because I am only eighteen, and have not had a great deal of business experience yet; but when he had disposed of his property at a great loss, and invested most of his money in railroad shares, the railroad suddenly failed, and left him penniless. The shock of this, followed upon his disgrace, overcame him completely, and he grew despondent and morbid; and one night he came into his room with a loaded pistol, and shot himself before my grandmother could prevent him herself, or summon any help. Her whole life had been wrapped up in her husband, even if she only was a "cheap little chorus girl to start with" (as I heard my father say once) and she did not survive him very long—so my father and mother found themselves cast entirely on their own resources, without any money, and with three small children—for two little boys had been born since me.

I was nearly six years old by this time, and I can remember, though not very distinctly, the long journey back to the East, and the process of settling in a small town in New England, where father again began to practice law. He was a pale, tired-looking man, who rarely spoke except to complain about life in general, and mother in particular, although I'm sure he loved her dearly—for no one could help doing that. I was always well and strong, but the boys were delicate children, and father had a troublesome cough, which often kept him awake all night. It kept mother awake, too, but he did not seem to think of that, and she never mentioned it. We had no maid, and all day long, while he was in his office, a little way down the street—idle most of the time, for this is a peaceful community, without very much use for lawyers—she was taking care of us, and doing the housework and the sewing. She must have been wretchedly tired, most of the time; but I never saw her break down, even for a minute, until the day the boys were buried. There was an epidemic of diphtheria in the village, and we all caught it. Father and I had it very lightly, but my two little brothers died within a few hours of each other, after an illness of only two or three days. When the small white coffins were taken from the house, and driven slowly away towards the cemetery, mother lay down on her bed, and

burst into a torrent of weeping. I cuddled up to her, and tried to comfort her, but it was of no use; she cried for hours, and when she finally stopped, and got up again, she went about as if she was walking in her sleep, looking gray and dazed, wringing her hands and giving little moans from time to time, but never crying again. When father died, the following spring (the doctor said it was tuberculosis, but I knew better—it was just discouragement) I do not think she felt it very much. She had suffered all she could, she was numb.

II

This numbness lasted a long time—nearly a year, I think. She was kind and gentle all that time, but she spoke very little, and when her work was done at night, she used to lie down and remain motionless for hours, finally rousing herself to put me, carefully and silently, to bed, after which she would go into the next room, and sew very late. She did beautiful needlework, and sent a great deal of it to the city, where she sold it first through some industrial union; but she soon had so many private customers that this became unnecessary, but she earned quite a little money; that and the mite which had been saved from her parents' fortune was what we lived on. Father did not leave us one cent.

One day, about a year after my father's death, I found my mother waiting for me at the door of the schoolhouse when I came out, a little after four in the afternoon. It was early May, and as there had been heavy rains, the grass was looking very fresh and green, and the apple-blossoms fairly shone in the sun—and mother! there was not one stitch of black about her anywhere! She had on a white linen dress and a soft white hat, and even her shoes and stockings were white—she always had the loveliest skin and figure in the world, anyway, and rid of her gloomy crêpe, she looked about eighteen, though she was really thirty. I stopped short in the doorway, and looked at her, and the other children, pushing by, all turned and stared; but mother appeared unconscious.

"It's such a beautiful day," she said—and her voice sounded young and fresh, just like the rest of her—"that I couldn't help coming to meet you, dear. I thought we could go for a little walk together somewhere—in the woods, or along the highroad where we can see these lovely blossoms—whichever you prefer."

I chose the woods—I was too surprised to comment on this startling procedure. We walked along slowly, and mother chatted all the time, about all sorts of pleasant things—a new order for a baby's layette, a book she had been reading, a recipe which a neighbor had given her and which she meant to try for supper that night. The woods were very cool and fragrant, and still, except for the birds that were singing. Mother laughed a little and spoke of it all, and didn't seem to notice that her skirt was getting muddy around the bottom, and that her shoes and stockings were a perfect sight. At last she threw herself down under a big tree and pulled me down beside her.

"Isn't this fun?" she said, kissing me, "we must come here often, and next time we'll bring our supper with us, and stay a long time. I wonder why we never came before?"

I did not answer her, though I knew perfectly well why we had never come before, and after a few minutes mother spoke again, still in the same light tone, but this time with an extra shade of tenderness.

"I've been thinking things over a good deal lately," she said, "and I've decided that I've been a pretty poor mother"—I protested, but she only kissed me and went on—"a pretty poor mother, and I'm going to try to be a better one. Why, darling, I've never done a thing to make you happy—I've just clothed and fed you and sent you to school—and we ought to

be having the most glorious days together, you and I! The trouble's all over and done with, and we mustn't even think of it again. I had the happiest girlhood that ever was, I believe, and in spite of all that's happened since, I'll always have that to look back on. I want you to have the same inheritance, the best, I believe, that any mother can give her daughter. It's all I can give you and I ought to have remembered that sooner."

Then she told me for the first time about her own childhood; her meeting with father; her short and stormy engagement; and that part of her married life which I could not remember—all that I have told you, and a great deal more—and all without a single note of regret or complaint. "And now, dear," she said when she had finished, "we will never speak of this again—I loved your father, and he loved me; but I ruined his life, and I shall never be able to forget it; and if I did not have you, darling—what a big 'if' that is, isn't it?—mine would be ruined, too—so I want you to promise something today. You may love a man some time—some man may love you—but if he is divided from you by any gulf of money or mind or position, so that his mother feels that she cannot gladly take her son's wife as her daughter—promise me that you will never marry him, even if it seems to break your heart and his."

"Why, Mother!" I cried in amazement, "as if anyone would ever want to marry me! and as if I'd ever want to marry anyone! I'm never going to do anything except live with you always, and help you!"

Mother laughed. "I suppose that's what every daughter says to every mother—at first," she said, "and if you're so sure of it, you won't mind promising what I ask, will you?"

"Of course not," I said, "do I ever mind promising anything that you ask me?" So then she kissed me again, and after a minute she said that she could not try the new recipe that night after all, as I was going to the Stone's to supper, and we must hurry back, or I should not be ready when Harry came for me.

The Stones are a family who live in a beautiful old house just outside the village, and have the finest farm in the county. Mr. Stone used to be a butcher, until he married the rich Miss Powell; then, as she was an only child, and her parents couldn't bear to part with her, she stayed on in their house, and Mr. Stone became a sort of hired man for his father-in-law. Now the Powells are dead, and the farm belongs to Mr. and Mrs. Stone, and they have the finest cows and the fastest horses and the fattest pigs for miles around. Mr. Stone is the kindest man in the world, and I have always loved him dearly; but I hate the smell of the tobacco he chews, and I wish he would wear a collar and necktie, as his collar button looks so prominent, and his shirt so unfinished without them; however, he never will, and I suppose it really isn't very vital as long as he doesn't take cold. Mrs. Stone doesn't wear any corsets, and dresses her hair in two funny little wire screws down her forehead except at supper time, when it comes out in "crimps," but she is even kinder than Mr. Stone, and makes *such* good damson jam and angel cake! They have two children—Harry, who is about three years older than I, and Lucy, who is just my age and one of my very best friends.

Well, Harry drove over to get me that night, and I had to keep him waiting quite a while, for, though walking in the woods is exalting to the spirit, it is rather hard on the clothes. But Harry has a patient disposition, and he didn't mind waiting at all. We arrived at the Stone's just in time for supper, and it was one of the best suppers I ever ate. For even mother couldn't cook as well as Mrs. Stone, and the "hired girl" is a wonder, too. Lucy had been to Boston the Saturday before and had bought all her

new spring clothes; she had been to the theatre, too. So, between seeing the clothes, and talking about the play, it was nine o'clock in no time. Lucy teased me to stay all night, and so did Mrs. Stone, but I had promised mother that I wouldn't, so Harry went to harness the horse, and we all stood on the porch and waited for him. Mr. Stone asked me to come Saturday morning and try a new horse that he had bought and that he was sure I would like (he always says that about every horse he buys, for as he taught me to ride, he seems to take a great interest in me) and Mrs. Stone urged me to spend the rest of the day besides.

"Why, dearie," she cried, "every time you come, it's harder to let you go home. I wish you never had to."

"So do I," said Lucy, "Oh Helena! wouldn't it be lovely if you and Harry should get married when you grow up, and then you never would have to go!"

Mr. and Mrs. Stone both laughed, but Harry drove up just then, so I kissed them good-bye without saying anything, and went quickly down the walk. Harry helped me into the carriage very carefully, and I didn't know for several minutes whether he had heard or not. Then I found out that he had.

"Helena," he said, "I think it would be splendid if you would."

I suppose every girl, no matter how old she may be, is a little startled by her first proposal, and as I was only thirteen, I was very much startled indeed.

"Why, *Harry!*" I said. He was very red, and he turned away from me and looked at the carriage wheel. Harry was only sixteen himself, so I suppose he was a little startled, too; but though Harry is bashful, he is determined, too; so, as I didn't say anything more, he turned around again after a few minutes, redder than ever, and said, "Well?"

"Well," I said, and I looked back at him, too, for I never was afraid of anybody, even if it was someone proposing to me, "somehow I don't think I'd care to." Then I remembered my promise to mother that afternoon, and I said, "Anyhow, I don't think your father and mother would like it, do you?"

Harry laughed. He is not very romantic, or he would have known better than to laugh when he was making love. "Like it!" he fairly roared, "there's nothing on earth they'd like so much. Whatever put that into your head?"

"I don't know," I said, which wasn't true, of course. Then I told him that, anyhow, he was too young to propose to me, and that I would much rather talk about something else; and Harry, though he is determined, is not the nagging sort, and he didn't say any more about it—then.

Of course I told mother all about it as soon as I got home that night. She was sitting in a low chair by a big lamp, sewing, as usual. When I finished she rose quietly, gathered up her work, and turned down the light.

"Let's go to bed," she said. She put her arm around me, and we went upstairs together; when we reached the top she remarked casually,

"Don't worry about Harry, honey, I always thought he'd ask you, but he's about five years ahead of time. Lucy was rather silly, that's all, and he had to say something."

"Then shall I go and try the new horse in the morning, mother?"

"Of course; why not? Don't open your window too far, dear—there's a strong wind from the west."

III

Lucy and I were both ready for the High School that next fall, but Lucy's family decided to send her to the "Academy," twenty-five miles away, where Harry had already been going for two years, preparing for the State Agricultural College. When I came home from the Stone's bearing this important piece of news, mother made

an announcement with her customary suddenness.

"I'm rather glad of it," she said, "for you won't feel that you are going away and leaving her behind, since she is going too. I've decided to send you to school in Philadelphia."

"Send me to school in Philadelphia! Away from you?" I cried, the tears coming to my eyes before I had finished speaking.

"It's the school I went to when I was a girl," coaxed mother; "that is, when I went at all; and I was very happy there. The same principal is still in charge—Miss Mortimer—and she was very kind and cordial when I wrote to her about you. The summer vacations are long, dear, and the time is really very short from Thanksgiving to Christmas and from Christmas to Easter."

"But where," I faltered, "is the money coming from?" I devoutly hoped that my mother had not thought of that, and that when reminded of it by her more prudent daughter she might discover it impossible to carry out her plan.

"Oh, I've been putting by a little every year," she said, "and besides, I've so many orders now that I'm going to enlarge the business, and have Miss Sims for an assistant. I had an order this morning for all the lingerie for a big, big trousseau, and I've been drawing designs for the bridal petticoat. What do you think of this one?"

I never shall forget the trunkful of lovely clothes I had to take with me when I left for school, all so beautifully made, fitting so well, and so many of them. Mother went with me to Philadelphia, and for the first time I stayed overnight at a hotel, and went to the theatre. The next morning when we reached the school it was already full of girls, hurrying everywhere, trying to get settled, and I had to hurry with the rest. The parting with mother was not as hard as I had expected.

My roommate was a girl from Boston named Nancy Hutchinson. I have since found out that she is not at all a typical Bostonian, and that her family, though very wealthy, is not one of the really old ones, like father's; but I thought that next to mother, of course, she was the most attractive person I had ever seen; I think so still. Even then, her brother Robert's friends were very thoughtful about sending her violets and candy. We younger girls were only supposed to stay up a little while at the school dances, but usually when Miss Mortimer came to tell us it was time to go to bed, Nancy had every dance engaged to the very end, and Miss Mortimer let her stay. Miss Mortimer must have been as old as forty, but she still had some remnants of good looks, and I sometimes think she may have been a popular girl herself once.

I went home with Nancy for the Thanksgiving holidays. I had never visited at any house before except the Stone's, and I found this very different. Mr. Hutchinson wears the most imposing collars you ever saw, and Mrs. Hutchinson's hair is always beautifully waved, and her waist is smaller than mine; and they were the first people I had seen except mother and the girls and teachers at school, who were not the least bit uncertain as to their English. Since then I have made a great many visits, and soon got used to butlers and low-necked dresses, and all the things that go with them. But they made me dreadfully uneasy at first. Mrs. Hutchinson gave us a little dance, and I had the german with Robert. He was dreadfully cross because I was taken out so much.

"When I come down to your next school dance," he said, "you must save every waltz for me." Of course I didn't do anything of the sort; in fact, I saved just two in all, and Robert, who does not take to being thwarted as good-temperedly as Harry, was so cross during those two that I wished I hadn't saved him any.

I didn't see much of the Stones the

next four years. The Hutchinsons went abroad for two of the summer vacations, and took me with them both times; the other two summers I visited a great deal, and my school friends and their brothers came to visit me; the winter vacations were so short that I didn't always come home, and when I did, I liked being alone with mother. Besides, though Lucy grew prettier and sweeter all the time, Harry did not seem to improve very much, and I avoided being alone with him—he bored me so. However, when I got a letter from him not long before I finished school, asking me to come with his family to the graduation festivities at the State Agricultural College, I accepted, because I had a letter from mother urging me to do so. I must confess, however, that I didn't want to very much, especially as I had to give up an unusually jolly house party to do so.

I never was so glad to get home as I was early that June. I was very tired and I looked forward to three delightful weeks alone with mother. She had come to my graduation, of course, but there was no time then for "heart-to-heart" talks, and there was a good deal I wanted to say to her. Besides, I had bought all the materials for my summer dresses, and there were these to be seen and "enthused" over, and then the careful planning and making. Mother liked everything that I had bought, and listened to all that I had to say, but she finally looked up over a piece of fine batiste with a little frown.

"Haven't you planned anything for Harry's graduation?" she asked.

"Why, Mother, I'd forgotten all about it!" I said, and hesitated a minute, looking at the pile of pretty things in front of me. "I hate to use any of these—I do so want them fresh for Class Day and the Boat Races, and all my summer visits afterwards. There must be something left over from last year that would be plenty good enough."

"You seem to be forgetting," said mother, "that you were traveling hard in Europe all last summer, and came back with your clothes worn to shreds. What particular dress can you suggest 'left over from last year' that will do for Harry's ball?"

Mother spoke a trifle sarcastically, which is an unusual thing for her, and I answered a trifle sulkily, which is, I hope, an unusual thing for me.

"Well, if you think best, of course I can wear the dress we made at Easter time for the school dance—everyone said it was the prettiest one there! But it does seem too bad to waste it on Harry and his stupid farmer's party." I pushed away the ribbons I had in my lap, walked over to the window, and stood for several minutes looking out at nothing in particular, feeling nervous and irritable and tired—not an unusual condition, I have discovered, for a girl to be in after she has been having too many beaux and too little sleep. Presently I felt mother's hand on my shoulder.

"Helena," she said, drawing me gently down to the window-seat beside her, "have you ever thought that your going to his graduation may mean a great deal to Harry?"

"I don't see why I should think so," I said, still sulkily, "I've hardly seen anything of Harry these last four years; and when I have seen him his manner has certainly not been what one would call flirtatious." I giggled a little, and the corners of mother's mouth twitched, for the idea of Harry being flirtatious *is* funny.

"I think," mother said, growing grave again very quickly, "that Harry will ask you to marry him before long; and when he does, I hope that you will accept him."

"You think he'll ask me to *marry* him!" I cried, "and if he does, you hope I'll accept him. That great, awkward, stupid, red-faced, tongue-tied farmer-boy!"

"That great, whole-souled, clean-hearted, honest man!" she retorted vehemently. "What good thing in life is there that he cannot give you?

What evil thing is there that he cannot keep away? Will you ever have to feel that you are his inferior? He knows, and glories in the fact, that you are leagues ahead of him in culture and education and delicacy. Will you ever have to fight your own way, earning the very bread that you and your children put into your mouths? He will not let so much as a breath of cold wind touch you. Will he take you away from me, teach you that your mother is an inferior creature, use me in times of necessity and ignore me at all others? He will love me as my own sons, who are dead, would have done. He is rich; he is good; he is young and strong; he is in love with you. What more can you ask when you choose your husband?"

"I suppose," I answered hotly, "that I can ask to be in love with him."

All the vehemence and anger left my mother's face, as suddenly as they had come, but left it, I thought, very white.

"Is there anyone else?" she asked, quickly.

"No," I replied, "there is not. I have never seen any one yet whom I wished to marry."

"And you have reached the mature age of eighteen," said my mother. A little smile flickered across her face. She was always like that, reminding you of an April day, whose little storms and showers appear suddenly and never last long, but throw the sweetness of its sunshine in even sharper relief than if they did not occur. "I suppose you will not attempt to tell me that you have never met anyone who wished to marry you?"

"As I have already told you all about it," I answered, "you know that Robert Hutchinson has pretended to make love to me ever since I first met him—he doesn't mind being refused in the least—and Eleanor Leighton's cousin has talked more or less nonsense—and there are one or two others; I don't believe, though, that any man is losing his appetite or sleep over me."

My mother looked relieved, and returned to her subject. "Have you anything against Harry?" she asked.

I certainly did not want to tell her that I hate to see anyone so slow and so stupid, and so interested in pigs and cows and so utterly indifferent to poetry and romance, and all the really important things of life—for those are really not good reasons for hating anybody. It seemed unnecessary to mention that the way he wore his clothes, and dropped his final g's and ate his food, all jarred on me; nor did I like to drag in Mrs. Stone's "curlers" and Mr. Stone's collar button, and the fact that the "hired girl" calls me by my first name; so I simply said "no."

"Then," mother pleaded, "won't you try to like him a little better? Remember what the optimist said to the pessimist, 'Don't look at the hole—look at the doughnut.'"

"All right," I said, "Harry's very like a doughnut—tough and unsightly and—indigestible."

"Doughnuts are no more indigestible than puff paste," said my mother, "but I am afraid you prefer that."

"I certainly do," I said, "but I'll try to fall in love with Harry if you want me to." I knew I was perfectly safe in saying that, for of course I couldn't, if I lived a thousand years; and it made the conversation end pleasantly.

IV

I finally departed for Harry's graduation with Mr. and Mrs. Stone and Lucy, carrying with me an outfit which satisfied even mother, and quite surpassed that of any other girl I met. We went in the new motor Mr. Stone had recently bought—a large, cheap car which he calls his auto*mobile* and drives himself, very badly; it broke down several times on the way, with the result that we did not reach our destination until after seven o'clock in the evening. We were promptly informed at the "hotel" that supper was "all cleared up" and that we could not get any-

thing to eat there "at that late hour." So Harry, who had met us wreathed with smiles, and looking terribly hot and uncomfortable in brand new ready-made clothes, said that he would ask the landlady of his boarding house to take pity on us, and accordingly we drove there, and sat outside while he went in and pleaded for mercy. He was gone a long time, and came back looking as if he had been through a fiery ordeal, but saying that she had consented to give us something. We went in and sat down at a long, grim-looking table, laid with thick white china—the crumbs had not been brushed away since the last meal, and the clean knives and forks lay around in piles wherever it was convenient to drop them, apparently—and were served by a tired, cross-looking "hired girl" to a delicious and wholesome repast of cold baking-powder biscuit, ham, canned salmon, custard pie and green tea.

While we were eating, Harry told us that Mrs. Powers, the mother of Jim Powers, his best friend, was "giving a little party for the young people" that evening, and wanted us all to come—so we hurried back to the hotel to get ready. I was hot and dusty and tired, and longed for a good bath, but there was no such thing as a tub to be found, so I did the best I could with a basin, got into my new pale-blue muslin, and went downstairs, hoping to find more air on the piazza than in the stuffy little bedroom. Harry was walking up and down, waiting for us, and when he saw me he stopped short and grew very red, looking at me with a long, slow stare as if he had never seen me before.

"You are the loveliest girl I ever saw in my life," he said at last.

The piazza was crowded with proud parents who had come to see their sons graduate, and Harry's thick voice has a very penetrating quality. The next minute fully fifty pairs of eyes were turned upon me.

"Well," I said distinctly, "you have never seen many in a place like this."

The color died out of his face, and I knew that I had succeeded in making even him understand that I was very angry. Harry is stupid, and a delicate insinuation does not go very far with him. I walked away towards the parlor, and at that minute Lucy came down the stairs, and joined us. I was thankful. We were a little late in reaching Mrs. Powers' house, and all the other guests had already arrived. The girls were sitting on one side of the room and the men on the other; everyone looked hot and self-conscious and uncomfortable. The somewhat limited conversation was carried on in whispers, and every now and then there was a stifled giggle, which was immediately suppressed. We were taken around by Mrs. Powers, and introduced to every single person; and when we had made the rounds, and sunk gratefully into chairs, a solemn hush fell upon the assembly and lasted several minutes. Then Mrs. Powers (who had gone out of the room after the introductions were over) returned wreathed in smiles, bearing a large trayful of cards with little pencils attached; she distributed these, and then, still smiling she said:

"You have all heard the nursery rhyme,

> Pussy, where have you been today?
> Out in the meadow asleep on the hay.
> Pussy, you are a lazy cat
> If you've done no more than that.

Now I will give you five minutes in which to draw a picture of the pussy."

A series of groans was heard, which seemed to please her very much, and we all bent to our tasks; when the five minutes were up, and relief seemed at hand, she made another smiling announcement.

"Now you may draw a picture of the meadow."

When this was finally achieved, she gathered up all the cards, and took them away to consult with two

friends who had come in to help her with the party, as to which was the best. While she was gone we sat in stony silence; when she came back she was holding up a card which I recognized as mine with a feeling of sinking horror, and she announced:

"Whoever drew this must step forward and receive a prize."

I have studied about the Spanish Inquisition, and since that evening I have understood its terrors a little better, and I have sympathized more with its victims. After the "drawing contest" was over, we were all requested to "pass into the back parlor" and a "guessing contest" took place. Little tables were placed primly about, and we "progressed" from one to another. On the first table were eight little unlabelled bottles, containing flavoring extracts; on the next the same number containing spices, and so forth. I tasted and tasted and when I was through I couldn't have told almond extract from cloves. The entertainment ended with a supper consisting of vanilla ice cream, coffee served in tea-cups without any saucers, and several kinds of layer cakes.

Although the girls and men had avoided each other all the evening as if they were afraid of catching the plague, they began to leave the house in solitary couples as soon as they had said good night to their hostess. Lucy whispered to me that Jim Powers was going to "see her home," and asked if I would mind walking slowly along behind with Harry. I did mind, but I agreed, and waited patiently with him at the corner of the street until Lucy and Jim were out of sight.

"Come," I said then, as Harry did not seem to be in any particular hurry, "I suppose we can start now without any danger of interrupting a delightful tete-a-tete."

The street was very dark, and there was no one in sight and suddenly I felt Harry's arm, very tight around my waist; with his free hand he turned my face up towards his. Harry is strong as an ox (among his other bovine qualities) and it would have been absolutely useless to try to get away—but I spoke very quickly.

"Harry," I said, "no man has ever kissed me yet; no gentleman has ever presumed to attempt it. Have I given you any reason to believe that you have a right to my first kiss?"

For a moment he did not move. Then he took away his hand, and his arm dropped slowly. "I didn't mean to—to make you feel like that," he muttered, "I'm sorry. Forgive me, Helena."

"I shall never forgive you as long as I live," I answered—and in spite of all he could say, I did not speak to him again that evening, not even to bid him good night.

Lucy was already in our room when I got there, and greeted me with a radiant face.

"Oh, Helena, didn't you have a lovely time? I do think it was one of the nicest parties I ever went to," she said, "I wish we were going to stay here longer—it's too dreadful to think that every thing will be all over with day after tomorrow."

"Well, I suppose Jim can come and visit," I said crossly, "unhook my dress, will you, please?"

"Why, Helena! what's the matter?"

I hate the kind of girl who is always talking about her love affairs, so I only said that I was tired and hot, and wanted to get to bed and to sleep as quickly as possible.

"Why, I feel so excited I could talk all night," said Lucy. "By the way, there's a big box of candy and a letter here for you; they came on the evening mail. Someone must be keeping pretty close track of you. I wish Jim would send me great packages like that."

"You're welcome to the candy," I said, "I've had so much of it given to me this spring I'm sick of the sight of it." I handed her the ten-pound box of Maillard's chocolates, and opened the letter. It was from Robert. As Lucy put it, he did "keep pretty close

track of me." No matter how little I told him of my plans, or how much I traveled about, I was sure to get a letter every day from him—long, tedious, and silly. But at least, whatever he might say—and he certainly said a good deal—he kept his hands off me—in his pockets most of the time, to be quite truthful; and I thought anything that would take my mind off Harry would seem pleasant that night, so I read the letter, which was just like hundreds of others I had had from him, instead of tearing it right up and putting it into the scrap basket, as I often did. Then I undressed and lay down in the bed with Lucy, who chatted for a long time very happily, reflecting that perhaps some men were less tiresome than others, but that none of them were worth loving, much less marrying.

(To be continued.)

LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE

By Mary B. Benson

Bathed in the morning sunshine,
"The smile of the Great Spirit" lies;
Her waters dancing and sparkling
'Neath the blue of the summer skies.

Misty and soft in the distance,
Guarding her waters fair,
Silently tower the mountains;
Touched with a beauty rare.

Calm in the heat of noonday,
Like a mirror her waters clear;
Oh, beautiful Winnipesaukee,
The "Great Spirit" hovers near.

Slowly the shadows deepen
And the sunset glory falls
On mountain and lake and hillside,
While near-by—a night bird calls.

The night winds whisper gently
As over the mountains creeps
The moon in its silvery glory
To smile on the lake, as she sleeps.

Oh, lovely "Lake of the Northlands,"
Your beauty is ever new;
And life grows brighter and sweeter,
As my thoughts fly back to you.

THE WEARE PAPERS

By Otis G. Hammond

The Weare family presents a most remarkable record of public service during the Colonial and Revolutionary periods of New Hampshire history. The most eminent member of the family, Meshech Weare, was born in Hampton Falls June 13, 1713, and died there January 14, 1786, aged 72 years, not an extreme age, as measured by the standards of the present day. Had he been twenty years younger during the strenuous service of the Revolution his life might have been extended by the same period, for he was of a hardy and long-lived race. His father lived 91 years, his uncle, Peter Weare, 86, and his grandfather 87.

Meshech Weare was graduated from Harvard College in 1735, and devoted the next three years to the study of theology. In 1738 he abandoned theology for matrimony, and his public career began with his election as moderator in 1739. Passing by his public service in town offices, we find him a member of the House of Representatives in 1745, serving continuously until 1755, and again from 1762 to 1771, and in 1774, where he occupied the speaker's chair from 1752 to 1755, and the clerk's desk from 1765 to 1771; he was a delegate to the Albany Congress in 1754. Judge Weare was in effect the chief executive of New Hampshire during the whole period of the Revolutionary War, being president of the Council and chairman of the Committee of Safety from 1776 to 1784, and chief justice from 1776 to 1782. When the new constitution took effect in 1784 he was elected president of the state. At the end of his term of one year he retired from public office, being then 72 years of age and in poor health, and he died January 14, 1786. The form of government adopted by the House of Representatives January 5, 1776, which continued in effect until the constitution of 1784, did not provide for a governor or any distinct executive branch of the government, but created a council of twelve members, which bore the same relation to the House of Representatives as the present Senate, and the executive powers necessary in the carrying on of the government and the prosecution of the war were vested in the two bodies acting concurrently. The president of the council was, therefore, for eight years the chief officer of our civil government. In addition to all these honors he sat for 35 years, from 1747 to 1782, on the bench of the Superior Court, the last six years as chief justice.

His father, Nathaniel Weare, was a member of the House of Representatives from 1727 to 1732, and in 1737–1738, being speaker during his first year, and justice of the Superior Court from 1730 to 1738.

His uncle, Peter Weare, was a councillor in 1698, member of the House from 1715 to 1727 and in 1734, being speaker from 1722 to 1727, justice of the Superior Court from 1726 to 1730.

His grandfather, Nathaniel Weare, was a member of the House in 1685 and 1686, chief justice of the Superior Court from 1694 to 1696, and councillor from 1692 to 1715.

Such a notable family of public officials could not fail to accumulate a large and valuable body of correspondence and papers, both public and private, but save a few stray documents of little value their location was not known to the officers of the State or to students of its history until 1913. In that year, among the effects of Jacob B. Moore, Jr., of New York, intestate, was found a chest containing ten large volumes of ancient manuscripts labelled "Weare Papers." The administrators of the estate, Frederick C. Moore of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Mrs. David Wesson of

Montclair, N. J., nephew and niece of Mr. Moore, discovered upon examination that the papers related largely to New Hampshire, and placed the matter in the hands of H. C. Ward of New York as agent, with the purpose of negotiating a sale to the State of New Hampshire. Through other parties they were brought to the attention of Hon. George H. Moses of Concord, who was then in business in New York City. Mr. Moses later mentioned the subject to Mr. Otis G. Hammond, superintendent of the New Hampshire Historical Society, who immediately opened a correspondence with the administrators to ascertain their plans for the disposition of the papers. A request that they be sent to the society for examination was refused, not unexpectedly, but examination at the bank in Montclair where they were stored was permitted. A very brief and hasty view of the documents proved to Mr. Hammond that they were without question the genuine Weare papers which had been lost for so many years, but nothing could be accomplished at that time towards securing their return to New Hampshire by purchase or otherwise, as they had not then been appraised to the probate court. The administrators readily promised, however, to give Mr. Hammond immediate information of any progress towards their disposal. This promise, however, was evidently forgotten, for nearly a year and a half passed during which letters of inquiry brought no information until, finally, in April, 1915, a letter from Mr. Wesson stated that the papers had been placed in the hands of an auctioneer to be sold. Neither the name of the auctioneer, his residence, nor the time of sale was mentioned, in spite of the promises of the administrators to give Mr. Hammond the earliest information of any intention to dispose of the papers, and further correspondence was necessary to obtain these facts. It was finally ascertained that the auctioneer mentioned was Stan. V. Henkels of Philadelphia, one of the most distinguished dealers in the United States, and that the sale was to be held in May. The matter was then brought to the attention of Hon. Frank S. Streeter, then president of the Historical Society, who advised that no action be taken until the auctioneer's printed catalogue appeared as publicly advertising the sale.

This advice, though undoubtedly sound, made the situation somewhat more difficult on account of the short time generally allowed by auctioneers between the mailing of their catalogues and the day of sale, often not more than a week or ten days, and it did not appear safe to depend upon the receipt of a catalogue from the administrators of the estate in time to secure necessary official action. An arrangement was therefore made through other parties for the securing of a catalogue at the earliest possible moment. By this means a copy was received by Mr. Hammond on May 22, only eleven days before the sale, which was to be held in Philadelphia June 2, while the copy promised by the administrators did not appear until five days later, which would have been too late for action by the state.

A consultation was immediately held with Mr. Streeter and Chief Justice Parsons, and the matter was carried to the office of the attorney-general, where with the aid of Mr. Joseph S. Matthews, assistant attorney-general, plans were made for official action, and at a meeting held on May 28, the case was laid before Governor Spaulding and his council, who responded immediately and unanimously by directing Mr. Matthews and Mr. Hammond to proceed to Philadelphia and take any measures necessary to recover the papers, which appeared clearly to them to be a part of the archives of New Hampshire. Accordingly, aided by the kindness of Hon. Alexander Simpson, Jr., of Philadelphia, who gave up half of his Memorial Day holiday to receive his

visitors from New Hampshire, an injunction was served on Mr. Henkels and the administrators on June 1, the day before the sale was to be held, and suit for recovery was entered in the courts of Philadelphia in the name of the State of New Hampshire *vs.* Henkels *et als.*, the firm of Simpson, Brown & Williams appearing as counsel for the state.

This injunction rested for three years without the case being brought to trial, but the delay, which at times became vexatious, proved very profitable to the state. The attitude of the defendants gradually changed from belligerency to reason and compromise, and those in New Hampshire who were giving constant attention to the case were fortunate in finding evidence which effectively exploded the Moore family tradition as to their original possession of the papers, and finally induced the defendants to yield without trial. The elder Moore was a charter member of the New Hampshire Historical Society in 1823, and its first librarian. He was also the editor of the society's earliest publications, the "Collections," a true title, for these volumes are composed of a miscellany of valuable historical documents, papers, and essays collected from various sources. It was thought that possibly he might have published some of these Weare papers, and a search revealed most important evidence bearing on the case. In the second volume of the Collections, printed in 1827, of which Mr. Moore was both editor and publisher, pages 139–194 constitute a chapter entitled "Original Letters," and among these are included fifteen of the twenty-nine letters of George Washington which were found in the Weare papers under injunction in Philadelphia. At the head of this chapter Mr. Moore placed this editorial note: "The following interesting papers, relating to the War of Independence, are copied from the originals on file in the office of the secretary of state of New Hampshire." At the end of the chapter he added another note: "The remainder of Washington's letters in the secretary's office in this state, will be published by the Rev. Jared Sparks in his forthcoming edition of Washington's Works." Here we have Mr. Moore's own statement that in 1827 some of the papers afterwards found in his son's estate were in their proper place in the state archives. After the settlement of the case it was admitted by the counsel for the defendants that this evidence was final in inducing them to settle the case without trial.

In November, 1918, a conference of counsel was held in Philadelphia, attended by Mr. Matthews, Mr. Hammond, and Mr. Simpson for the state, and Judge William L. Stuart and Hon. Hampton L. Carson for the defendants, at which an agreement was reached whereby the defendants yielded to the claim of the state for all the documents of a public and official character, which were clearly a part of the New Hampshire archives, and the state agreed to purchase for $3,000 the remainder of the papers, those personal to the Weare family, and those which lacked some measure of proof of their official character. This payment was also to release the state from all claims of any nature whatsoever on the part of the defendants. The papers considered as purchased by the state include a considerable number of Revolutionary letters of great importance and value, which were, without any reasonable doubt from a layman's point of view, as much the property of the state as any of the others, but whose disposition by a court of law, deciding by positive and legal evidence, might have been uncertain because of the loss of the leaf which bore the address. The contents of these letters did not in all cases absolutely decide the question whether they were written to Meshech Weare personally or in his official capacity.

This agreement was immediately ratified by Governor Keyes and his council and by the Moore estate and Mr. Henkels, and on the 30th of

December last the Weare papers were laid before the governor and council, the clear and undisputed property of the state. On that day, in answer to the request of Mr. Hammond, they were deposited in the custody of the New Hampshire Historical Society, with authority to arrange, repair, and bind them in a suitable manner at the expense of the state, and with permission to the society to publish any or all of them at any time.

So this noted case has during the past year come to a successful conclusion, and the New Hampshire Historical Society is given the custody of the most valuable collection of documents that has come to the state since its foundation, with the possible exception of the Masonian records, plans, and papers which were received in 1891. The actual money value of the Weare papers, in case of sale at auction, has been variously estimated, but at the present time a conservative valuation would appear to be about $40,000. They consist largely of letters to President Weare from nearly all of the great leaders of the Revolutionary period, both military and civil, including 29 from George Washington, 35 from Gen. John Sullivan, 15 from Gen. John Stark, and many others from Generals Poor, Schuyler, Heath, Gates, Stephen, Lord Stirling, Reed, and Folsom, and from William Whipple, Josiah Bartlett, Stephen Hopkins, Robert Morris, Samuel Huntington, Matthew Thornton, Thomas McKean, Nathaniel Peabody, Samuel Livermore, John Hanson, John Jay, and many others, and more than 50 rare Revolutionary broadsides. The documents prior to the Revolution had not been catalogued by Mr. Henkels, being reserved for another sale. They are, however, of exceeding interest and historical value, dating back to 1647, and include the original draft of the charter of Dartmouth College, a deposition bearing the autographs of Gov. William Bradford and John Alden, minutes of town meetings at Penacook, 1726 to 1730, a plan on parchment of Gov. John Endicott's 500 acre grant at Penacook in 1664, the records of the Court of Quarter Sessions at Newcastle from 1683 to 1688, and hundreds of others of almost equal interest. The entire collection numbers about 1,500 documents.

For some reasons it is a matter of regret that this case was not tried, and an opinion obtained from the highest court of law defining a public document and establishing the title to it as property, and how such title may be legally transferred. There are many laws, circumstances, and conditions affecting private titles which do not operate against a municipality or a state. If it could be established by the courts that the title to a public document is perpetual unless transferred by act of the duly elected representatives of the people, exactly the same as the title to real estate, such as the State House, county building, or city hall, and that such documents, strayed from the custody of the public office in which they belong, whether by theft, negligence of individuals, or any other cause not legal, may be seized and restored without recourse by the party in whose possession they may be found, then the business of autograph collectors and dealers would be curtailed by the elimination of a class of documents which in the aggregate is very large, and there would be an end to the pilfering from public archives which is constantly going on. Few collectors will pay high prices for autograph letters, knowing that they may be taken from them at any time by a duly authorized public officer, and if there is no market for such papers there is no incentive for the spoiler.

This story cannot be closed without saying that the credit for the restoration of this remarkable collection of papers to the state belongs very largely to Hon. Frank S. Streeter and Chief Justice Parsons, who, as president and vice-president of the New Hampshire Historical Society, were so successful in starting things, often the most

difficult stage of action; to Governors Spaulding and Keyes and their councils for enthusiastic and unanimous support; to Assistant Attorney-General Matthews for all the hard work, patience, and good judgment which such a case necessarily involves, who was at all times ready for trial, and had prepared himself to carry the case to the Supreme Court of the United States if necessary; and to Judge Simpson of Philadelphia, whose ability as a lawyer and as an adjudicator has since been recognized by his election to the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, and who so generously gave his services to the state of New Hampshire.

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S OLD HOME WEEK

August 16–23, 1919

REUNION ODE (Tune, "Old Oaken Bucket")

By Charles Henry Chapin

NEW HAMPSHIRE bids welcome to all sons and daughters
Returning from stations our fancies have sought.
We've roamed o'er her mountains and sailed o'er her waters;—
We note many changes the swift years have wrought.
We miss from our ranks many dear, loving faces
That greeted our view in the earlier years.
We see on each other Old Time's cruel traces,
That speak of privation and sorrow and tears.

CHORUS:

Our old home reunion, our precious reunion,
Our joyous reunion with old long ago!

We're thinking again of our lads over yonder
Who may not return; but their spirits, we know,
Are hovering near; could there anything sunder
Their matchless devotion that conquered the foe?
Our sturdy New Hampshire, as firm as her granite,
Has furnished her quota at Liberty's call.
Our old "ship of state" has the heroes to man it—
Victorious Heroes! she welcomes you all.

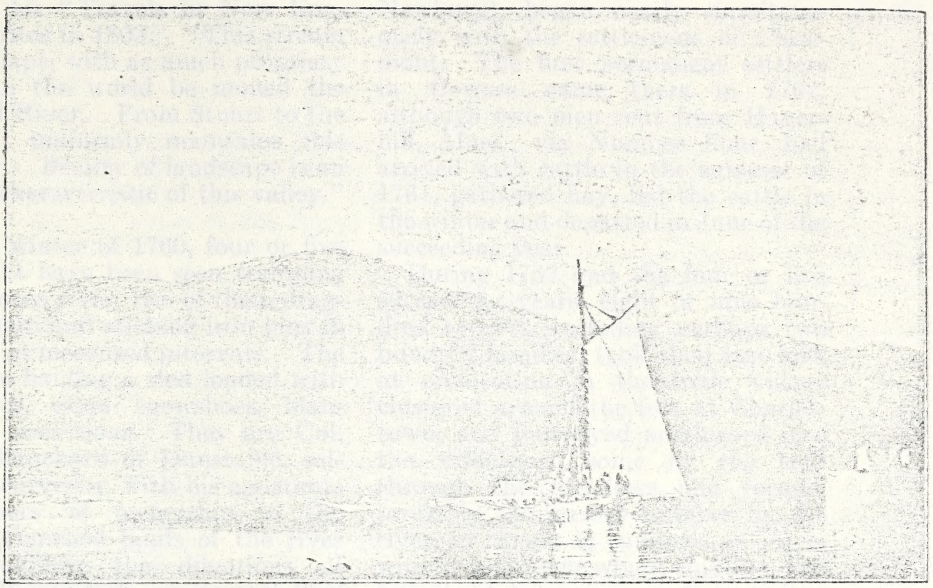
CHORUS:

Our soldiers and sailors, our loyal defenders,
Invincible heroes! she welcomes you all.

Our boys from the front leave a record behind them—
A record New Hampshire regards justly proud.
The hundreds who fell bade her never to mind them:
With courage unflinching she had them endowed.
And when, over yonder, we meet them triumphant,
Where rest is eternal and striving shall cease,
We're sure there can nothing afford us more comfort
Than dwelling together in infinite peace.

CHORUS:

Our joyous reunion, our sweet home reunion,
Our blessed reunion in infinite peace!



[The above is taken from a painting on wood in the possession of Mr. William Evarts Beaman of Cornish. On the back is a pencil memorandum in the handwriting of the late Charles C. Beaman of the famous law firm, Evarts, Choate & Beaman, as follows: "Painted by ———— Ruggles, a 'Ruggles Gem.' Picture from New Hampshire side of Connecticut River, showing Mt. Ascutney and flat-boats on the river. This was before any railroad. Church steeple in Ascutneyville. C. C. Beaman."

Dr. Edward Ruggles, born in Fall River, Mass., 1817, died in Brooklyn, N.Y., 1867, appears a member of the American Art Union in a list published in 1847. He studied medicine and painting in Paris, acquired a large practice, amusing himself on vacations at his easel. He painted small landscapes with astonishing rapidity. They became widely known as "Ruggles Gems." It is doubtful whether the artist ever really saw the flat-boats here depicted. The church steeple was built at Ascutneyville in 1846, after the last of the flat-boats are believed to have disappeared. The large boat is probably as inexactly described by some old resident. No record exists of any fore-and-aft sails having been used by flat-boats on the upper-river. All described were square sails, like the two seen in the distance. A hinged gangway, the whole width of the boat, such as is shown in the painting, may still be seen in use at Ashleys Ferry, between Claremont and Weathersfield Bow.]

EARLY NAVIGATION ON THE CONNECTICUT

By George B. Upham

Preliminary to further pictures of life on the upper Connecticut, let us quote some contemporary writers:

Jedidiah Morse, clergyman in New Haven, Conn., and Charlestown, Mass., father of the inventor of the telegraph, was the author of the first American geography, published in 1784. In an abridgement of this, called "Geography Made Easy," Morse says of the Connecticut, "This beautiful river, in its whole length, is lined on each side with a great many of the most flourishing towns in the United States."

A footnote quotes these lines by Joel Barlow, one of the then celebrated "Hartford wits":

> No watery gleams through happier valleys shine,
> Nor drinks the sea a lovelier wave than thine.

Timothy Dwight, president of Yale, in his "Travels in New England," writes in 1803: "This stream may perhaps, with as much propriety as any in the world be named the Beautiful River. From Stuart to the Sound, it uniformly maintains this character. Beauty of landscape is an eminent characteristic of this valley."

In the winter of 1760, four or five men might have been seen tramping up the frozen river, two of them dragging a chain and sticking iron pins in the snow at measured intervals. The others are hauling a sled loaded with axes, guns, extra snowshoes, blankets and provisions. They are Col. Joseph Blanchard of Dunstable, soldier and surveyor, with his assistants —precursors of ownership in the hitherto unowned lands of the river valley—fulfilling the directions of Benning Wentworth, governor of New Hampshire. He has ordered them to survey and fix the north and south boundaries of the unnamed townships on both sides of the river from Charlestown to Haverhill. Driven stakes or trees marked with numbers, exactly opposite each other on the east and west banks indicate the corners of the townships, planned to be six miles square.

If all other records of the New Hampshire Grants had been destroyed if all other knowledge of the former jurisdiction of New Hampshire over the territory now Vermont had been lost, the story would be saved, at least in part, by these still existing town boundary lines. A brief examination of the most recent map of the two states, showing the straight lines extending from New Hampshire into Vermont, will be sufficient to inform even a casual observer that no such continuity could possibly exist by mere coincidence. The boundaries south of Claremont and Weathersfield were, in many instances, originally fixed by Massachusetts Grants, and there the lines are more irregular.

The settlements on the meadows as far north as Cowass (Haverhill and Newbury), began nearly simultaneously with the settlement of Claremont. The first permanent settlers in Cowass came there in 1762, although two men sent from Haverhill, Mass., via Number Four, had arrived with cattle in the summer of 1761, gathered hay, fed the cattle in the winter and departed in June of the succeeding year.

During 1762 and the four or five succeeding years, eight or nine hundred settlers, including perhaps two hundred families, took their last look at civilization in the little village clustered around the fort at Charlestown, and journeyed northward into the wilderness, some by the trail through the meadows and forests, probably the greater number by the river, in canoes in summer, on ice in winter, with their wives, children, few household belongings and provisions on "slays" or sleds, drawn sometimes by oxen or horses, perhaps more often by man power. All heavy articles, such as "mill-cranks," iron for the blacksmiths, molasses, sugar, salt, flour, rum, etc., necessarily were sent up by the river. Trips by water for such necessities were frequent, and often delayed by floating ice in spring or fall. At one time the celebration of Thanksgiving at Haverhill was deferred for a week owing to the expected arrival of molasses from Number Four. On its failure to arrive, the festival was postponed for another week, and finally celebrated without molasses.

We have records of misfortunes attending these journeys, of drownings and of immersions, not of a ceremonial character. In one case of a break through the ice occurring a few miles north of Claremont, the dripping, shivering victim after rescue used language deemed unbiblical. When this came to the knowledge of the minister he felt obliged to remonstrate. But the delinquent protested that the Lord himself had cursed that place, and he could prove it.

"Doesn't the Bible say the Lord cursed the earth for man's sins? Well, when He did, do you s'pose He made an exception of that particular devilish hole in the Connecticut River?"

The earliest industry of the upper valley was the felling of the giant pines, especially reserved for the masts and spars of the Royal Navy. This industry is of earlier date than the coming of the first settlers. Gangs of sailors and woodcutters paddled up the river in canoes with a naval officer in charge, bringing with them tools, provisions and supplies. The peeled tree trunks were floated down the river to Hartford, thence shipped to England. Just when this work was begun is not known, but probably before or soon after the fall of Quebec in 1759. The first settlers in Cornish found a "Mast Camp" there, near the mouth of Blow-Me-Down Brook.

Mr. Charles C. Beaman offered a reward of $50 to anyone who could satisfactorily explain the origin of the name of this brook. The name was given in 1763 or earlier, for it appears on the plan drawn on the back of the original charter of Cornish dated June 21, 1763. A possible explanation is that the surveyor who made the plan visited the "Mast Camp," heard the sailors singing a chantey in which these words occurred repeatedly, and named the brook then and there if the sailors had not done so before. The name certainly has a sailor-like sound.

The upper Connecticut River Valley was long the principal source of supply for the Royal Navy, so it is not unlikely that the masts of the British fleet that lay at anchor in Boston Harbor on the day of the battle of Bunker Hill, had floated down past the mouth of Sugar River.

One of the early industries of the upper-river which survived for many years, was the making of potash. Until the great potash deposits of Stassfurt, Germany, were developed a century later, woodashes were the chief commercial source of supply. With wood and nothing else to burn, with huge fire-places in almost every room, with forests which the settlers, hardened and skillful in swinging the axe, were desirous of quickly clearing, with the great river to carry it down to ships at tide-water, it is little wonder that the upper-valley remained for a period of forty or fifty years, the principal source of potash for the world.

The process of making was simple. The wood-ashes were leached with water, the lye boiled down and evaporated in great iron kettles, and the residue finally fused at red heat. The ashes of the wood fires which heated the kettles, furnished material with which to begin the process anew. "Potash houses" were everywhere. Old deeds and road surveys make frequent mention of them in Claremont, as in all the valley towns. Some were near the mouth of Sugar River.

But the "Great River" is as ever, flowing on. Had we been at our post of observation on a bright May morning in 1773, we should have seen a strangely shaped object drifting slowly with the current. Coming nearer, it proves to be a long, rough-hewn, pine-log canoe, with a woven willow canopy erected near the stern. In it a young man is seated, with a bear skin thrown over his shoulders. It is John Ledyard, who about a year before, had travelled north in a rickety sulky over the "Great Road." A single year at Dartmouth was enough for his restless spirit. Indeed, during three months of the winter he had been recorded absent, pursuing his studies with the Indians near the Canadian border. In the absence of the college president, who was a friend of John's father and in especial charge of this youth, he had, by prodigious toil, fashioned this canoe from the trunk of a giant pine.

With a copy of Ovid and a Greek testament for intellectual refreshment,

he is now drifting toward his home in Hartford, and thence out into the great world, to sail the south seas with Captain Cook, to be present at Cook's murder by the natives in Hawaii, to travel in Europe, Asia and Africa, to see the world by land and sea more widely, in his short thirty-seven years, than it had ever been seen by anyone before. Jared Sparks, historian and president of Harvard College, is to do honor to himself by writing Ledyard's Life and Travels. We wish you good luck, John Ledyard, as you drift by.

In the last days of July, 1777, an unusual number of boats and canoes are seen hurrying down the river. They are the New Hampshire upper-valley men on their way to join John Stark at the designated rendezvous, Charlestown, Number Four. Perhaps never before was such an aggregation of effective, home-made soldiers —about 1,500 men—brought together in so short a time as those who met there and marched over the Green Mountains to fight the battle of Bennington.

Some years before the Revolution, the first flat-boats passed up the river, and later there was a whole fleet of them between Bellows Falls and Sumners Falls, opposite Plainfield. Until canals and locks were built, the boats were unloaded and their freight hauled by oxen past the falls, then reloaded on other boats to go further up or down. The deep-shaded forests and decaying vegetation held back the water as a sponge, so there were neither such floods nor periods of low water, as in later years. The flat-boats on the upper river averaged about fifty feet in length, ten feet in beam, and a little less than two feet in draft. They carried about fifteen to twenty tons of freight on the down voyage, less coming up. They were generally built of oak. Some of the larger had a small cabin at the stern, in which the crew slept when the boat was tied up at night. The crews of the smaller boats slept in the meadows or occasionally at inns or farm houses along the shore.

The boats were provided with a mast about twenty-five feet high, sometimes with a topmast, also, and were rigged to carry a large square sail. Some of the larger boats carried a main and topsail. Sails were set only when the wind was fair, experience having demonstrated that the wind, if any, is so deflected by the hills and terraces, as to be always up or down this river, never for any length of time across.

Bacon describes the larger boats, some of which may have come above Bellows Falls, as "averaging seventy feet in length, twelve or thirteen in width at the bow, ten at the stern, and fifteen at the mast, which stood about twenty-five feet from the bow. In the stern was a snug cabin. The mast was high, rigged with shifting shroud and forestays, a topmast to be run up when needed, the mainsail about thirty by eighteen feet, and the topsail twenty-four by twelve feet. The capacity of this class of boat was from thirty to forty tons." With both sails set, ninety-two square yards of canvas drawing, where the current was moderate and in a good breeze these shallow draft boats must have moved up the river at quite a lively rate of speed.

In light or head winds, the boats were propelled by "setting poles" of white ash twelve to twenty feet long, with a socket spike at the lower end. The "spike pole men" worked one on each side of the smaller boats, two or three on each side of the larger ones. Placing the spiked end of the pole on the river bottom, and with the larger end against their shoulders, they walked the length of the boat on planks spiked to the sides, shoving with all their strength. The captain stood at the stern, shouting his orders and steering with a long, swiveled, wide-bladed oar. The men worked especially hard in the swift water, where, if the boat got athwart the current, it would be swept back many yards.

Sugar, molasses, flour, salt, rum, iron and heavy merchandise was the freight carried up. The down cargo was principally potash and shingles. Passengers used these freight boats, and there were "landings" in every town. Holland's map of New Hampshire (prepared for publication in 1774), shows the "Upper Landing" and the "Lower Landing" at Charlestown. The Claremont landings were at Ashley's and Sumner's Ferries, the latter a few rods north of the present bridge. The principal landing in Weathersfield was at the "Eddy," about half a mile north of the "Bow." This was much used as a mooring and landing place. The water was still in the "Eddy." There were extensive potash works near. The "landings" were favorite places of resort for people of leisure, as the railroad stations at train time are today. Records of the locks at Bellows Falls show, in some years, the passage of more rafts than flat-boats. These rafts, built of boards, logs and other lumber, were often sixty feet long by twelve feet wide, and were called "boxes." Many men were employed in piloting them down the river and through the locks and canals. Great stores of potash, hand-made shingles, clapboards, and other freight, which had accumulated in the winter, were sent down in the spring, when as many as twenty-five or thirty flat-boats and "boxes" sometimes passed the mouth of Sugar River in a single day.

Had we been on the river bank of an early evening in May or June we might, perhaps, have seen a little fleet moving down the river from out the shadow of Ascutney, the full flow of the current bearing it along. The sails, set to catch the evening breeze, are golden tinted in the sunset. The boatmen, with little work to do on the down voyage, break the silence of the valley with their songs, which, learned from real sailors down at tide-water have a flavor of the sea.

It is an interesting historical fact that for many years after the Revolutionary War, navigation on the Connecticut was probably more extensive above tide-water, up and down, than on any other river in America, and certainly more so than on any other river in New England. Navigation on the Ohio in those years was practically all in one direction—down the river. The boats were broken up for lumber on arrival at their destination. This was sometimes done on the Connecticut, but was not the usual practice.

The Connecticut was the first river in America to be improved for navigation by locks and canals. The first charter for a canal in America was granted by the General Assembly of Vermont, sitting at Windsor in 1791, the same year that the state was admitted to the Union. It provided for the canal around Bellows Falls, which was completed in 1802. It was seven years later before the canal around Sumner Falls was in use.

Very large sums of money, considering the limited financial resources of the period, were expended in building the locks and canals of the Connecticut River. Those at Bellows Falls were valued in 1826 at $70,000; those at Sumners Falls at $12,500 and those at Olcotts Falls, now Wilder, at $50,000. The ruins of the masonry on the New Hampshire side at the latter place are really impressive, see Illustration in Bacon's Connecticut River, p. 314. There the descent in one mile was thirty-six feet. At Sumners Falls where the descent was only twelve feet, mostly rapids, boats could run down, but not up, in the river. The canal at Bellows Falls was three quarters of a mile long and eighteen feet wide with seven locks providing for a lift of fifty feet. Dr. William Page of Charlestown, N. H., to whom with Lewis R. Morris of Springfield, Vt., the charter was granted, executed the work as civil engineer; but the money came from England, being so invested by Hodg-

son Atkinson, a wealthy Londoner, who never saw the works for he never crossed the ocean. The property remained in the Atkinson family for seventy-five years, until long after the canal had been diverted to power purposes.

In 1822 a charter was granted for a canal from New Haven to the Massachusetts line. This canal was built, and about 1830 or shortly thereafter extended to Northampton. During the progress of construction residents in the valley became divided into two factions; one which favored the improvement of the river, was known as the "Riverites," the other, which was for abandoning the river and building canals was known as the "Canalites." The latter seem to have gone mad. In 1829 a charter was granted by Vermont for a canal the length of the state, from Vernon to Barnet, thence to Lake Memphremagog. Not to be outdone New Hampshire, in the same year, chartered a company to build a canal from the Massachusetts line, at Hinsdale, to the mouth of Israel's River, at Lancaster. The rivalry between the "Riverites" and "Canalites" was strenuous, at times bitter. It doubtless had the effect of preventing the expenditure of much larger sums than would have been spent had the factions united, and thereby greatly reduced the inevitable loss. That a railway was not considered as a serious competitor may be gathered from a report made to The Connecticut River Company, in 1826, in which it was said: "We think the subject of a railway may be safely dismissed from consideration."

The upper practicable limit of navigation was Wells River, although some boats went up to Barnet. The up-trip from tide-water at Hartford to Wells River, took about twenty days; the return trip was sometimes made in five.

The industry of boat building grew to be an important one all along the upper-valley. An unknown commentator, writing of Windsor, Vt. in 1792, states: "It is only six or seven years since the first boat was built at Windsor, and now business has increased to hundreds of tons, yearly." In Hartland, Vt., boat building was one of the principal industries. Timothy Dwight wrote: "When I was at Wells River (in October, 1812), there were fourteen boats at that landing, destined to this business," *i. e.*, loading with potash and other products of the country to be carried down to Hartford.

The most prosperous period of upper river navigation began about 1790, reached its height about 1805, and gradually declined thereafter, owing to land competition over the turnpikes built from Claremont, White River and Bellows Falls to Boston; also to the increased stage and teaming facilities in the valley itself.

The Middlesex Canal from Boston to the Merrimack River was opened for traffic in 1803. In 1815 locks on the Merrimack were completed and freight carried, in flat boats, like those on the Connecticut, up to Concord without breaking bulk. From Concord it was teamed further inland. This in some measure competed with transportation on the Connecticut; but through cost by this route to points within twenty or twenty-five miles distant from the Connecticut was higher than by that river.

A survey for a canal from the mouth of the Contoocook, near Concord, along that river, Warner and Sugar Rivers, to the mouth of the Sugar was made in 1816. Eight years later a canal survey was made from the Pemigewasset to the Connecticut, at Haverhill.

The waters of the Connecticut were the first of all the waters of the world, to be churned by a paddle wheel turned by steam. It was the steamboat invented by Captain Samuel Morey that did this, one Sunday morning in the summer of 1793, at Orford.

Early in October, 1829, a notable event might have been witnessed from the river bank in Claremont—the passing of the first steamboat to go above Bellows Falls. The "Vermont," a stern-wheeler, seventy-five feet long, fifteen feet beam, drawing only about a foot of water, on this trip carried nearly a hundred passengers. With stokers almost constantly feeding her fires with cord wood piled near the boiler, smoke streaming from her funnel, with stern wheel lifting the whitened water and sending it in billows far astern, with passengers and luggage crowded into the space otherwise unoccupied, with the stars and stripes straight out in the breeze, we see and cheer her as she passes by. She went up river as far as the locks at "Water-queeche," and for a brief season carried passengers and freight between the landings from Bellows Falls to Windsor.

In the summer of 1830, the "John Ledyard," named for our friend of earlier years, steamed from Springfield, Mass., up to Wells River, and made the return trip, but never came on the upper river again. The "David Porter," built at Hartland, Vt., and named for the naval hero of the War of 1812, plied between Bellows Falls and Sumners Falls for a season or two in the thirties, but not with financial success. Afterwards the "William Holmes," built at Bellows Falls and named for the first Englishman to sail on the river—1633—operated for one or two summers between Bellows Falls and Charlestown, with occasional trips to Windsor.

Long after the flat boats had disappeared, the railroad was built, in 1849, and put an end to all attempts at steam navigation as a commercial enterprise on the upper river.

In the eighties, four or five pleasure sail boats owned in Claremont and Weathersfield, piloted by young men, raced north to Windsor or south to Charlestown, carrying astonishing spreads of canvas for craft so small. Since then, with the exception of an occasional motor boat or canoe, the river has remained deserted, save by the log drivers and the pulp logs floating down.

Late of an evening in the springtime, before the world war, the writer pacing the deck of a Mediterranean steamer, was joined by an Englishman, who incidentally remarked that he had several times been in America, mostly at Bellows Falls. The recollection of what seemed years in the aggregate at that same place, waiting for trains—always late—led to the inquiry: "Why should an English traveler go to Bellows Falls to wait?" It developed that he bought paper and pasteboard to supply Europe and the East with cigarette boxes. "The paper of that box you bought in Egypt, and now hold in your hand, came from Bellows Falls." The box, just emptied and about to be added to the flotsam of the Mediterranean, was returned to my pocket. It seemed like something from home.

(The principal authorities on the history of the river are: "The Connecticut River," by Edwin M. Bacon. And "The Navigation of the Connecticut River," by W. DeLoss Love, printed in Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society, Vol. XV, New Series, page 385. The Bibliography accompanying Mr. Love's article is especially valuable.)

THROUGH THE YEAR IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

No. 6

By Rev. Roland D. Sawyer

August—The Lazy Spell of the Year

"Spare the arm which turns the mill, O Miller, and sleep peacefully;
Let the cock warn you in vain that the day is waking,
Let all live the life of the elderly people and rejoice in idleness."—*Antiparos.*

The early weeks in August are the lazy spell of the year, the time for the delight of indolence. It is the time to practice the virtue of indolence, for indolence is a virtue, as is seen by the etymology of the word, it coming from two Latin words meaning freed from anxiety. It is a true instinct which sends a person on the first two weeks in August for his vacation, if he can have but two weeks in the year. Even in active New Hampshire the fathers felt the spell, and each year after the haying was done, families took their outings to the beach, to camp meetings and the like. The balm of June passed into the heat of July, and now ends with a season of dreamy days in early August. No wonder that Herodotus, Plato, Aristotle and the Romans, men who lived in a climate where the August spell is long, no wonder they had a contempt for manual toil, and that Antiparos wrote the words I quote above. Josh Billings reflected the same sentiment in his homely lines in his almanac, where he said:—

"'Tis August: the roosters pant
As well as lizards,
And the oxen on the dusty roads,
Cant raise a trot to save their gizards."

Wants are few these days, needs are simple. A bowl of cool milk and crackers is enough for any of the three meals of the day, and gives more satisfaction than a many course dinner at the big hotel. These are the days when Whitman and Thoreau are the prophets for all, for both were great apostles of idleness. Thoreau was a somewhat restless soul and was active even in loafing, but still he would plant no more beans than it was a delight to hoe, "his hoe tinkling against the stones"; the rest of the day he would forget the world is a busy place and suck the sweetness from life. Whitman was a large, soft-bodied, leisurely moving man, who proceeded carelessly through life, enjoying every day and hour. These are the days when we all like to follow Whitman, to loaf and invite the soul.

In the true spirit of the season I am up here in my camp in the little pine-grove in the old Kensington pasture. I lie flat on the bed of brown pine-needles and enjoy the day-dreams that are a part of the spell of the August days. Everything is half asleep, even the trees, for the leaves hang listless; the world is half asleep in the August mid-day sun, when the warm floods of sunlight bathe everything in a hot spell. Even the mad, active chirrup of the insects gives way to the long-drawn chant of the locusts. The farmers feel the spell and we can not hear their cries from the hay-fields as we did three weeks ago; haying is nearly over and even the hard-working farmer lets down for a little in mid-day.

Summer has passed its meridian and we are on the downward slope, and Nature pauses to rest.

As evening hours come on we hear the rasp of the small New Hampshire katydid, imitating her bigger sister who lives in southern Massachusetts and Rhode Island.

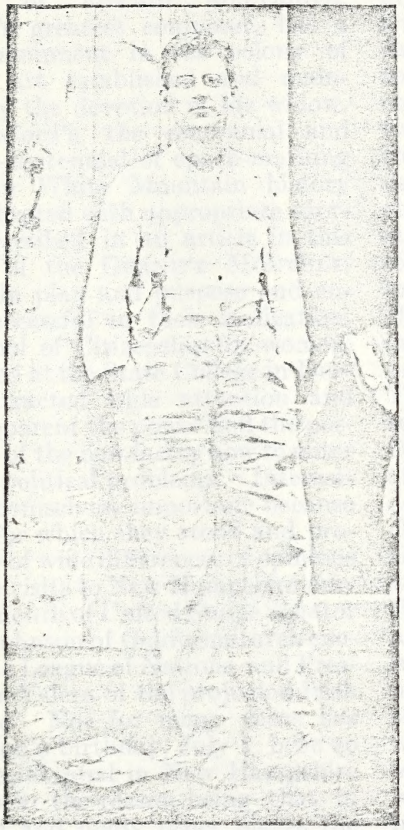
August days, we salute you. The enchantment of out-door life now reaches a dreamy haze, where half awake, the world rests a bit before we enter the beautiful vale of September and October. During these days when the world pauses, what delicious comfort the shade of the wood-land gives, and the charm of rest becomes the greatest of charms.

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A NEW HAMPSHIRE THOREAU

Probably the sage of Walden Pond has no truer disciple than Rev. Roland D. Sawyer of Ware, Mass., and Kensington, N. H.

Mr. Sawyer says, "Others admire Thoreau as a literary figure, I accept



Rev. Roland D. Sawyer

him as a prophet of a saner manner of living." Mr. Sawyer's contribution to last year's centenary celebration was the publication of a brochure, which he limited to forty-four copies, one for each year that Thoreau lived. In that booklet Mr. Sawyer hails Thoreau as a prophet of simpler living and as one of the few greater lovers of Nature. As an advocate of simpler habits and truer feeling for God's beautiful green world, Sawyer is a strong follower of Thoreau. Those who call upon Mr. Sawyer in the summer months find it hard to catch him with a pair of shoes on his feet, and in Boston where he has for six years been in the Legislature and Constitutional Convention, his garb of light clothing, low collar and sockless sandals has stamped him as at least one man who is individualistic in his dress.

Since 1907 Mr. Sawyer has spent his summers in his Mother-Earth Camp at Kensington, where he has a little clearing in the woodland, a Thoreau Cabin, a kitchen-shack, a rest-lodge for sleeping, and a group of tents. It is Mr. Sawyer's idea that those who love Nature are to be found in one or more of the three classes: viz., those who were reared in rural scenes; those of poetic temperament; those not physically robust, and in whom the love for Nature and out-door life is Nature's effort to keep them alive. In the last group he thinks most of those are to be found whose love for Nature has become a rapture, and he cites such men as Pope, Heine, Stevenson, Jefferies, Fiona McLeod, and even Thoreau himself, for he says "had it not been for his active out-door life those narrow shoulders of Thoreau would have killed him ten years sooner."

Mr. Sawyer says of himself, "I catch a bit from all three groups; I was reared among the rural scenes, I have the poetic spirit, suffered a break-down in health at 18." Mr. Sawyer is intensely in love with his native state, and is contributing to the GRANITE MONTHLY a series of papers on "Through the Year in New Hampshire."

EDITORIAL

The month of July, 1919, in New Hampshire, was filled with events of significant interest and importance, deserving consideration and comment. Our state was honored signally in having the National Association of Music Clubs meet at Peterboro, that beautiful country town where the memory of Edward MacDowell, America's greatest composer, has a living monument in the colony of creative art established and maintained by the devotion of his widow. At Crawford's, the centennial and the semi-centennial of epoch-marking events in White Mountain history was celebrated with appropriate exercises, described in an article in this number of the GRANITE MONTHLY. Unique in plan and purpose and entirely successful in their realization, the School of Citizenship for women, conducted at the State College in Durham, attracted wide attention and made apparent the power and the possibilities of the new factor now to enter into our political problems. Interesting in themselves, important because of that for which they stood and provocative of wide differences of opinions were the visits to New Hampshire during the month of United States Senator Hiram Johnson of California, arch enemy of the League of Nations, and President De Valera of the projected Irish Republic. Not for many years has the nation's birthday, July 4, been so widely celebrated in New Hampshire as in 1919; the reason being that in Concord and many other places the observance of the holiday was combined with a formal, but fervent, Welcome Home celebration for the soldiers and sailors returned from the great war. Typical of the time and a forerunner of the new day that is dawning was the return of one soldier son, Lieutenant Lester Morse, to his home town of Lancaster, flying an army airplane up the Connecticut river from Mineola, L. I. Others of the New Hampshire men who helped to save the world will be honored in connection with the exercises of the twentieth annual Old Home Week in the Granite State, beginning Saturday, August 16. Reports received at the headquarters in Concord of the state Old Home Week association indicate that the number of towns celebrating this unique festival of New Hampshire origin will be as large as usual this year and that the various programs will be full of interest. Town anniversaries which will be commemorated suitably during the Old Home month include the 225th of Kingston, the 200th of Londonderry (including Derry and Manchester), and the 150th of Brookline, Goshen and Surry. Church services will be held very generally on Old Home Sunday and family, school and neighborhood reunions are reported from several towns where there will be no general observance. New Hampshire, garbed in midsummer beauty, will have a whole-souled welcome for every returning son and daughter and will hope for their interest and counsel in the progress and the problems of their Old Home State.

BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

Allen Chamberlain, who knows and loves the mountains of this section as do few other men, has given, of his knowledge and affection, for the benefit of those who would fain follow in his footsteps, a most interesting and useful little guidebook and handbook, which he calls "Vacation Trips in New England Highlands" (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, $1.25). How to hike, where to hike and what to see are told by this expert of highway and trail in a way to tempt even the novice tramper out into the open air and up to the skyline. Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont share the author's attention and the benefit of his maps and pictures, which are new and not duplicated elsewhere. Mr. Chamberlain writes in his Foreword: "If these pages can serve as a finger-board to indicate some of the 'wildernesses' of New England that await the foot-free rover, and the ease with which they may be reached and enjoyed, their object will have been attained." That they will do this and much more the popularity already achieved by the little book amply attests.

It is an interesting coincidence that what may be called the "personality" of a New England farmhouse should make an almost simultaneous appeal to the creative instinct of two writers of fiction in neighboring states, the result being embodied by Frances Parkinson Keyes of New Hampshire in "The Old Gray Homestead" and by Zephine Humphrey of Vermont in "The Homestead." (E. P. Dutton & Company, New York, $1.90.) The latter story is subjective in mood as opposed to the objective viewpoint taken by Mrs. Keyes, so that comparative criticism of the two novels would hardly be possible, if it were desirable. Miss Humphrey's heroine is dominated by her Homestead in a way which constitutes a curious and interesting study in heredity, while, as will be remembered, the central figure in Mrs. Keyes's story herself thoroughly and delightfully dominated "The Old Gray Homestead." Some of Miss Humphrey's characters are familiar New England types, but more of them are the unusual offspring which now and then flower from the Yankee stock and it is their varied reactions from their Vermont valley environment which make the complications of a pleasant love story.

Four neatly gotten up books of poetry by natives or residents of New Hampshire are published by the Cornhill Company, Boston, at $1.25 each. "Rhymes Grave and Gay," by Carolyn and Gordon Hillman, mother and son, roams the world for its subjects and sings them all with true poesy. For instance, this one of Pasquaney Lake:

The lake is molten silver,
The hills are gnomes of jet,
The moon a ball of ivory
Caught in the sky's blue net.

The trees are dimly dappled,
The roads are dusky ways,
Flares of scarlet leap on high
From an island camp-fire's blaze.

Miss E. Marie Sinclair's "Dream Dust" is largely, though not entirely, the versification of the emotions, particularly the fervent ones. The final "Song" in the book is typical:

You are so wondrous in mine eyes
All life is glad. I ne'er will tire
Of all my dreams that fold you close
And keep my heart a singing lyre.

At twilight, dreams have power to bring
You close. I feel your lips on mine,
And hear your dear voice whispering
Till life and earth are turned divine.

You are so perfect in mine eyes
That in them you could do no wrong,
And though the world outside be sad
Within my heart you are the song.

Very different from the pleasant poems and songs of sentiment contained in these two books are the vigorous, unconventional, sometimes

mordant and always strong "Rediscoveries" of Richard D. Ware of Amherst. In a word of introduction Mr. Ware says that the world war is to be followed by "the greatest hunt for truth that ever the world saw," and his verses here collected are intended as contributions towards it. Pacifism, Prohibition, Suffragism are among his topics.

"Man o' War Rhymes" are by Dr. Burt Franklin Jenness, native of Pittsfield and retired officer of the United States Navy. The salt of the sea and the mud of the trenches, tragedy and comedy, the call of the waves and the lure of far off lands, experiences gathered in service the world around, are in Doctor Jenness's verses. Listen to this advice to "The Rookie":

When you are a rookie, an' most o' the crew
Are natcherly makin' a goat out o' you;
The ship is unsteady—an' you are too sick
To turn to an' swing up your bloomin' hammick—
Jest break out a blanket an' roll up on deck—
Don't mind if some lubber does step on your neck—
You've joined the outfit, so show 'em your grit;
Buck up an' be happy—you're doin' your bit.

THE SWING WITHIN THE GROVE

By Charles Nevers Holmes

We've dreamed of the old oaken bucket,
  Of our home dearly loved on the hill;
We've dreamed of the red little schoolhouse
  Near a murmuring, musical rill,
And sometimes mid memory's musings,
  When afar from our birthplace we rove,
We dream, fondly dream just at gloaming
  Of that swing which once swung in the grove.

Once more we are seated within it,
  And once more we fly fleet as the wind,
A moment of fear and of rapture,
  And each playmate is left far behind;
Now high and now low 'neath the branches,
  Like on pinions we rise and recede,
And earth seems to transform her nature,
  Gliding by us with wonderful speed.

Then back to the earth and her quiet,
  With our faces and hearts all aglow,
With creaking of rope high above us
  And the voices of playmates below;
The "old cat dies slowly"—we linger—
  We are loath from our seat to descend;
Alas! Like life's dreamland before us,
  Fate ordains that most pleasures must end.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

SILAS M. DINSMOOR, M. D.

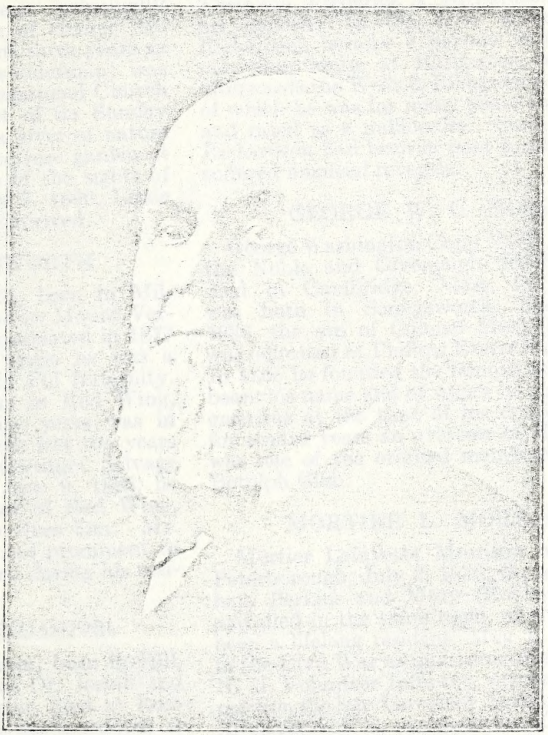
Dr. Silas Murray Dinsmoor, a well-known physician of Keene for the past thirty-nine years and, for twenty years previous a practicing physician in other towns in this state, died at his home, 21 Summer street, Keene, May 14.

He was born in Antrim, June 22, 1836, the son of Silas and Clarissa (Copeland) Dinsmoor. After attending schools and academies at Washington and Marlow he taught or two years at Sullivan. He attended the medical school at the University of Vermont, later going to Columbia Medical College at Washington, D. C., receiving his degree in 1860. He commenced practice at Antrim, his native place, and there and at East Washington and Francestown he spent twenty years. He went to Keene in 1880, and until recently had been in active practice there.

He married Georgianna Carey, September 10, 1862, at Lempster. She died in July, 1917. He was a member of Social Friends Lodge, A. F. and A. M., and Asteria Chapter, O. E. S., the Cheshire County Medical Society and the New Hampshire Medical Society since 1869. He was also a member of the American Medical Association. He was a member of the pension board for a time and a member of the Elliot Hospital Staff. For many years he served as a member of the school board of the Union School District.

He leaves one son, Dr. Frank M. Dinsmoor of Keene; and one sister, Mrs. Virgil A. Wright.

Doctor Dinsmoor's long and useful life was distinguished by a successful devotion to the ideals and the practice of his profession, which he has bequeathed in full measure to his son. At the same time he was a good citizen, solicitous for the best interests of the community of which he was for so many years a respected resident.



The Late Dr. Silas M. Dinsmoor

JOHN D. BRIDGMAN

John Downer Bridgman, born in Hanover, July 9, 1834, the son of Daniel and Harmony (Downer) Bridgman, died in Lebanon, June 21, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Carrie L. Hapgood. A son, Charles B. Bridgman, of Lake Placid, N. Y., also survives him. Mr. Bridgman graduated from Dartmouth Col-

lege in 1856 and was admitted to the New Hampshire Bar in 1859. He spent a few years in Mobile, Alabama, and Chicago, but for more than half a century had resided at Hanover, where he was a member of the Masonic Lodge and a well-known and respected citizen.

WILLIAM P. CARLETON

William P. Carleton, prominent manufacturer of Keene, died of apoplexy on June 17 while on a fishing trip in Richmond. He was born in Winchester, September 10, 1847, the son of Parmely and Hannah (Gale) Carleton, and attended the school there. At the age of 21 he came to Keene and began a successful business career, principally devoted to the manufacture of chairs. He served in the city government three years as councilman and two years as alderman; was a trustee of the First Congregational Church and formerly superintendent of its Sunday school. Mr. Carleton was a lover of nature and the out of doors and the rose garden at his home in Keene was one of the sights of the city. He married, May 7, 1896, Lizzie M. Converse, by whom he is survived.

FRED W. FARNSWORTH

Fred Winslow Farnsworth, born in Milford November 8, 1854, died in Mount Vernon, N. Y., June 24. He graduated in 1877 from Dartmouth College, where he was a member of the Alpha Delta Phi fraternity. He taught for twelve years in Red Wing, Minn., and then for twenty years was in business at Milford. For the last ten years he had been with the Underwriters' Salvage Company in New York. June 9, 1885, he married Emile H. Herschler of Red Wing, who, with five children, survives him. Mr. Farnsworth was a Mason and prominent in educational and church work during his residence in Milford.

EDWARD M. LANCASTER

Edward Moulton Lancaster, born in Hill, March 29, 1832, the son of Dr. Josiah and Martha (Leighton) Lancaster, died at Roxbury, Mass., June 13. He was a student at Dartmouth College in 1855 and 1856 and then for half a century was a successful teacher at Roxbury. He was the author of a "History of England" for school use.

JOSEPH W. BUTTERFIELD

Joseph Warren Butterfield, veteran educator, was born August 9, 1853, in Westmoreland, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Butterfield. He attended schools at Chesterfield, the New Hampshire Agricultural College, then at Hanover, and the Randolph, Vt., Normal School. His life work was that of a teacher and superintendent at Plainfield, Westminster and East Montpelier, Vt.; and at the time of his death, June 25, he was superintendent of schools for the northeast division of Washington County, Vermont. Mr. Butterfield was prominent in Good Templar work and was also a member of the Odd Fellows and of the Congregational Church. He married, in 1880, Ruth Hollister, by whom he is survived, with one daughter, Mrs. H. J. Conant of North Montpelier, Vt.

ALBERT E. RICHARDSON

Albert E. Richardson, born in Orford, May 15, 1844, the son of William M. and Lucy (Cook) Richardson, died June 17 in Burlington, Vt. December 25, 1866, he married Frances Webb, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Webb, of Lisbon, who died in 1910. Their son, Frederick A. Richardson, survives his parents. In the early seventies, Mr. Richardson became a partner in the wholesale drug house at Burlington, which was afterwards the Wells & Richardson Company, of which he was for many years the manager and rated as a millionaire. Since 1906 Mr. Richardson had been in poor health and had suffered financial reverses.

GEORGE W. C. NOBLE

George Washington Copp Noble, founder of the Noble and Greenough School, Boston, died in Cambridge, Mass, in June. He was born in Somersworth, November 1, 1836, the son of Colonel Mark Noble, and was educated at Phillips Exeter and Harvard. In 1865 he founded the famous school which bears his name and of which he was principal emeritus at the time of his death. He was for twelve years an overseer of Harvard and was one of the original members of the St. Botolph Club.

MORTIER L. MORRISON

Mortier Lafayette Morrison was born in Peterborough, July 2, 1836, the son of Abraham Perkins and Mary (Robbe) Morrison, and died in the same town, of which he had been a lifelong resident, May 1. He served in the Civil War as quartermaster of the 13th N. H. Volunteer Infantry, succeeding in that position the late Governor Person C. Cheney. After the war he managed his father's paper mill until its destruction by fire. He then became treasurer of the Peterborough Savings Bank and so continued until his death. For twenty-five years he was town moderator, three years selectman, three times a member of the Legislature, member of the Governor's council in 1885–6 and a delegate to the Constitutional Convention of 1918. He was a member of the G. A. R. and Loyal Legion, and a 32nd degree Mason, and held membership, also, in the Odd Fellows, Patrons of Husbandry, Peterborough Historical Society, Wonolancet Club of Concord, and the Unitarian Church. A daughter, Mrs. Alice Tucker, of East Jaffrey, is his sole survivor.

JAMES E. FRENCH

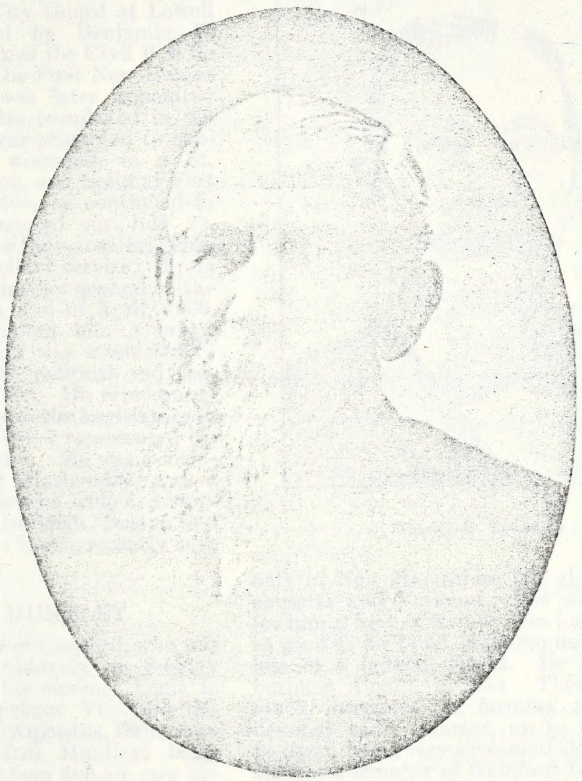
James Edward French, one of the men of longest and most potent legislative service in the political history of New Hampshire, was born at Melvin Village in the town of Tuftonboro, February 27, 1845, the son of James and Evaline A. (Moulton) French, and died at his summer home on Welch Island in Lake Winnipiseogee, Saturday, July 12, after an illness of some months.

When Mr. French was six years old, his parents removed to Moultonboro, and there he has ever since resided, being engaged in the mercantile business until 1884, when he retired. He was educated in the public schools and at Tilton Seminary.

Mr. French held the office of moderator of Moultonboro from 1879 continuously until his death and was also town treasurer for many years and postmaster. From 1879 to 1883 he was state railroad commissioner; from 1889 to 1893, United States collector of internal revenue; and in 1915–17 a member of the board of trustees of state institutions. He was a delegate to the Constitutional Conventions of 1912 and 1918 and had served in 14 Legislatures as a member of the House of Representatives and in 1887 as state senator.

He had been continuously a member of the House since 1897, holding most of that time the important committee chairmanships of Railroads, first, and then of Appropriations. In the latter capacity his ability and firmness saved the state hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Mr. French was a Republican in politics and had so far converted his fellow townsmen to the same faith that at the polls in 1918 he himself was reëlected unanimously and the vote for governor was Republican, 217, Democratic, 13.



The Late James E. French

Mr. French had the title of colonel from service on a Governor's staff. He attended the Methodist Church; was a member of the Masonic fraternity and of the Patrons of Husbandry; and was a director of the Pemigewasset Railroad. He married July 2, 1867, Martha E. Hill of Somersworth, who died May 7, 1907; and March 15, 1914, Martha A. Hersom of Somersworth, by whom he is survived, together with one brother, Hon. George B. French of Nashua, and one sister, Mrs. S. M. Estes of Meredith.

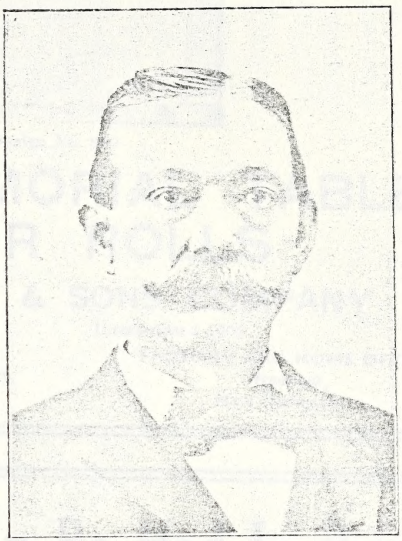


GEN. JOSEPH M. CLOUGH

Gen. Joseph Messer Clough died May 7, at his home in New London. He was born in Sunapee, June 15, 1828, the son of Hugh B., and Hannah Messer Clough. His education was secured in the common schools of that town and at Norwich University, Northfield, Vt. After residing for a few years in Enfield, Manchester and Lowell, he removed in 1857 to New London, where he had since made his home. His fondness for military life was early manifested. He was military instructor at Colby Academy, New London, and commanded the City Guard at Manchester and was a member of the City Guard at Lowell which was commanded by Benjamin F. Butler. At the outbreak of the Civil War he enlisted as a private in the First New Hampshire Volunteers and was later appointed lieutenant of Co. H. He re-enlisted in the Fourth Regiment and was promoted to captain. Although twice wounded, in a St. Petersburg mine explosion, and again at Fort Stedman, March 29, 1865, he continued in active service until mustered out July 29, 1865, after which he was brevetted brigadier general for brave and gallant service. From 1877 to 1884 he was a brigadier general in the New Hampshire militia and in April, 1909, Governor Quinby appointed him a major general. General Clough was interested in all that pertained to the political and economic welfare of his state. He represented the town of New London in the Legislature in 1866 and 1897 and in 1881–2 represented his district in the State Senate. He was a member of the Patrons of Husbandry and a Mason. The general leaves a widow, a stepdaughter, Mrs. Minnie Burleigh, Boston and one son, Dr. William P. Clough, recently with the A. E. F. in France.

GEORGE D. HUNTLEY

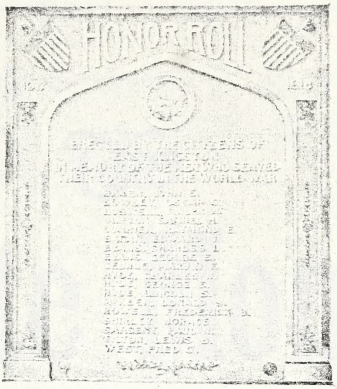
George Dana Huntley of Concord, who was called from earth so suddenly on Sunday morning, June 29, at his summer home in Bow, was born in Topsham, Vt., May 19, 1850, the oldest son of Augustus Dana, and Mehitable Jane (Perkins) Huntley, being one of ten children, of whom five are now living. His father was a native of Topsham, and his mother of Grantham, N. H. Mr. Huntley possessed a very cheerful disposition, and his boyhood days were happy ones. As he neared manhood he did whatever his hands found to do, and in March, 1871, came to Concord, to make his fortune. With thirty-five cents in his pocket, he soon found employment in handling horses, in which he excelled, and later entered the employ of the Concord Railroad, as a carpenter. But his talent was for carriage making, and without special training he engaged in that business becoming an expert in building and repairing. He was associated in business for a time with the late Curtis White, and later the firm was known as Huntley & McDonald. For more than twenty years the Huntley carriage shop, on South Main street, did a paying business and there he made a large acquaintance, not



George D. Huntley

only in New Hampshire but also in Massachusetts and Vermont. His efficiency won for him a host of friends who found his word as good as his bond, and who now mourn the loss of a faithful friend. He retired from business August 1, 1914. Then he became much interested in farming to which he devoted each summer, up to the last day he lived, being very successful along that line. He was a member of Rumford Lodge No. 46, I. O. O. F., Tahanto Encampment, and Canton Wildey No. 1, which gave him the full Canton burial on July 2. On January 1, 1879, he married Sarah J., daughter of Barauch, and Sarah Biddle of Concord. One son, and twin daughters, born to them, died in early infancy. Mrs. Huntley died December 21, 1907. January 1, 1910, Carrie M. Farmer of Bow became his wife, and survives him.

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MANCHESTER CONCORD

Volume 51 SEPTEMBER, 1919 Number 9

The Granite Monthly

New Hampshire State Magazine



IN THIS NUMBER:

CONSERVATION

MAN POWER - WATER POWER

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CONCORD, N. H.

This Number, 20 Cents $2.00 a Year

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HIGH WATER ON MERRIMACK RIVER AT SEWALLS FALLS NEAR CONCORD
Dam is 497½ feet long; water 14 feet deep on dam at flood stages

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. LI SEPTEMBER, 1919 No. 9

WATER POWER AND WATER CONSERVATION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

By George B. Leighton

Most people in New Hampshire are familiar in a general way with the number of mills and industries along the rivers of the state. These are more or less operated by water power. Our people know that at certain times of the year the streams have little water and at other times floods prevail. During flood time much water passes over the dams. It has probably occurred to many that "the water that goes over the dam does no work." This fact some years ago led me to interest myself in the general condition throughout the state of high and low rivers and the consequent economic effect. In 1917 the Legislature passed a bill (No. 256) which empowered the governor to appoint a commission to investigate the possibilities for the conservation and better utilization of water power in the state. The commission so appointed was empowered to appoint engineering assistance and enter into a coöperative agreement with the United States Geological Survey for the purpose of making this investigation. Having been largely instrumental in the framing of this bill I was honored with the appointment of commissioner by Governor Keyes. A report was rendered in accordance with the bill at the last session of the Legislature January, 1919. The editor of the GRANITE MONTHLY has requested me to tell something of this work to its readers; for the report itself is necessarily somewhat technical and provision was not made for printing sufficient copies for general circulation throughout the state.

Soon after receiving the appointment a coöperative arrangement was made with the United States Geological Survey for a joint investigation and assistance, especially in field work. This work particularly was in charge of Mr. C. H. Pierce, district engineer for the Water Resources Branch of the United States Geological Survey. Mr. Pierce having had several years experience in studying water resources in other New England states was able to plan the investigation and field work and save both time and expense.

Natural resources are not particularly abundant in New Hampshire and it is of the utmost importance that a better understanding should be had of the water power resources. We have practically no mineral resources; the other natural resource of importance being that of forestry and there is an intimate relation between forestry and water conservation.

The purpose of the act of Legislature was to study the question of water storage in addition to power development. The report submitted to the last Legislature touched upon water storage and it seemed to be wise to the Legislature to continue the work of the commission and prepare a report for the next Legislature, that of January 1, 1921, which will be more particularly on the water power

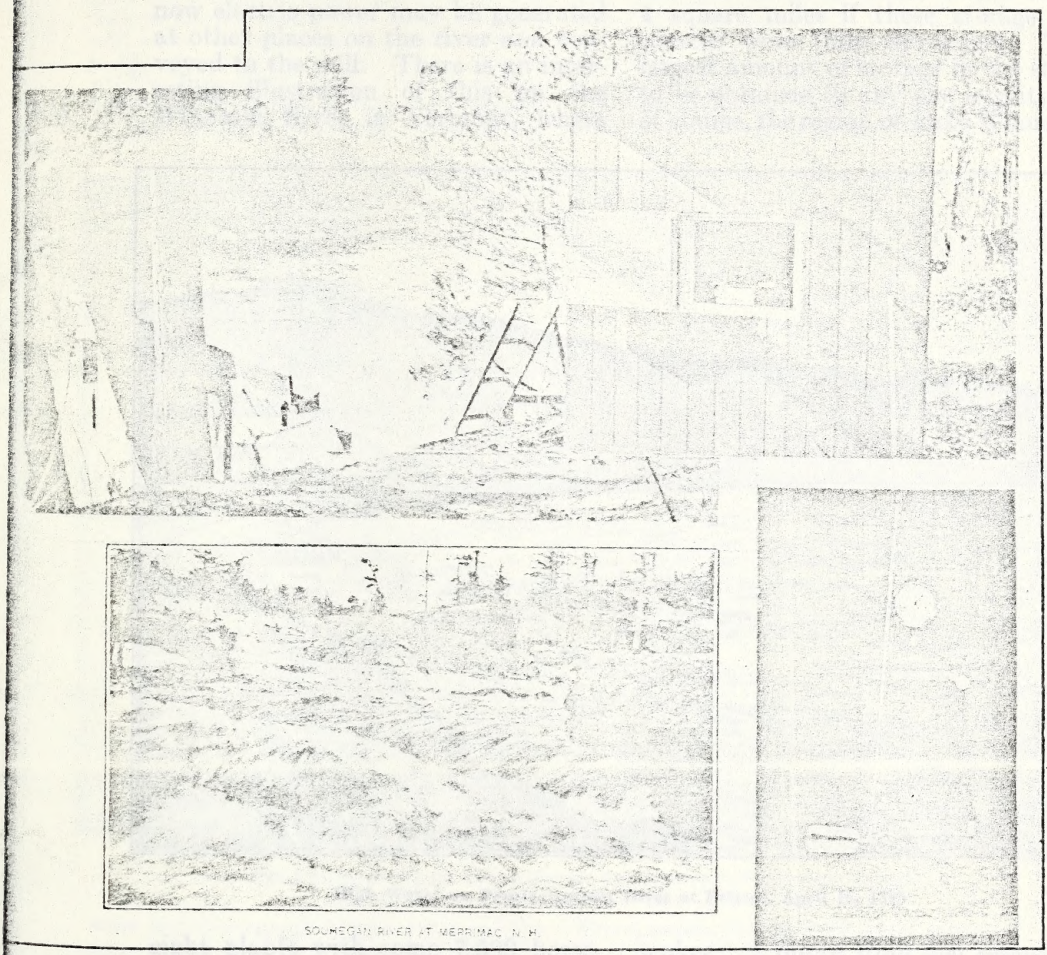
development. It was necessary to make a fairly complete examination of the topography of the state and examine valleys, ponds and lakes with a view of ascertaining the feasibility of storage reservoirs. Every town in the state with the exception of a few in the northern part whose topography was known has been visited and its streams studied. Upwards of one hundred locations in the state were found where flood water may be retained. Year by year cost of manufacturing in New Hampshire has increased and, therefore, it is of prime importance to see if some economy cannot be effected. Nearly all of the larger water powers are obliged to have auxiliary steam power at certain times of the year; that is, at the time when the rivers are low. Steam power has increased in cost owing to the increased cost of coal. From the report of the Massachusetts Commission of Water Ways for 1918 one learns in Massachusetts that mills operate on the average of 54 hours per week or 8 to 10 hours per day, which is only 32 per cent of total time. Therefore, unless storage is provided 68 per cent of the water running down stream is wasted. Much the same condition prevails in New Hampshire.

A word about the topography of the state. Those who have travelled about New Hampshire know that the northern part is quite mountainous; that lesser hills cover the central part of the state, tapering to lower hills in Rockingham County. The total area of the state is about nine thousand square miles, about one half of which is forest clad. Two rivers with their tributaries drain practically the whole state—the Connecticut on the west and the Merrimack in the central part of the state. The Androscoggin and the Saco flow into Maine in the northeast section of the state and further south smaller rivers are found, such as the Salmon Falls and Cocheco. The dividing line between the Merrimack and the Connecticut River watershed is on high hills, in several places 2,000 feet in elevation, in a general way parallel to and about thirty miles east of the Connecticut River. In the central and southern part of the state we have a considerable area of lakes and ponds in this respect New Hampshire is quite different from Vermont. The rocks in New Hampshire are largely crystalline, while those in Vermont are largely sedimentary New Hampshire rivers are, therefore, not able to cut channels in the harder rocks as the rivers do in Vermont where the valleys often take the form of what are called canyons in the west. These natural lakes and ponds were basins under the glacier which undoubtedly at one time covered the state to the depth of several miles, and many of them are at the headwaters of our rivers, so they can furnish excellent storage of water by means of inexpensive dams. The aggregate amount of storage if all are developed will be very large. The Connecticut and Merrimack leave the confines of the state before entering the sea and are of important value as power producers to industries in Massachusetts. This fact should be borne in mind as indicating the necessity of coöperation either with the state of Massachusetts directly or with its industries. Several conferences have been held with the Massachusetts Commission on Water Ways with a view of closer relation but the Massachusetts Legislature has so far been rather indisposed to follow the commission. However, several of the Massachusetts power companies are desirous themselves of coöperating.

Rivers, of course, receive their water from rain and snow fall. In New Hampshire the average rainfall is about 40 inches. It is greater near the coast and it varies from year to year. The lowest recorded rainfall in the state was that at Hanover in 1871, 22.69 inches, and the heaviest was 121.13 on Mt. Washington in 1881. There is monthly variation in rainfall and consequently in the

amount of rain that passes down the river. The melting snows of spring cause floods and the drouth of summer or absence of rainfall causes low rivers. The percentage of rain that reached the river varies materially with the river. If the headwaters of the river are forest clad the water is slower in reaching the river in comparison with the valley which is unforested. Forest cover thus retards the rainfall, so does agricultural land. On the Connecticut River, as shown by Mr. Pierce in observations in Vermont, the average percentage of rainfall passing down the Connecticut River is about 50 per cent.

In the study of water power and water storage it is necessary to know with considerable accuracy the amount of water flowing down the river. This is known as stream gaging. We have established stream gaging stations at eleven places in the state, and in a further study which we are now making we have increased this number. As it is necessary that records should be taken daily or frequently those interested in mills have in a number of cases assumed a por-



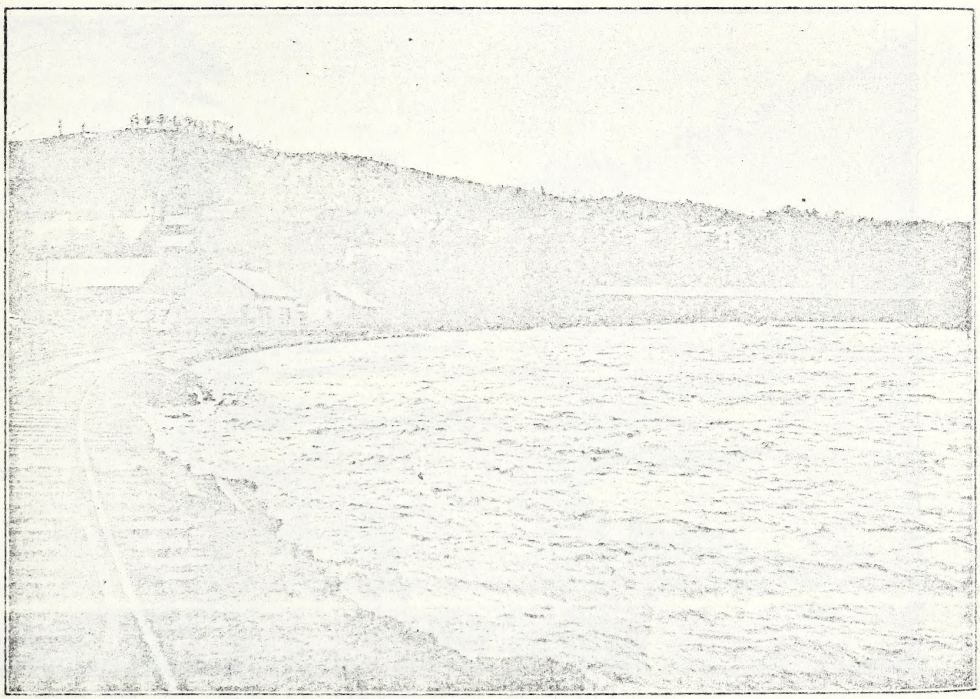
Gaging Station on Souhegan River at Merrimack



tion of the cost in making these records.

One should remember that by means of electricity water power can be utilized in a way which was not possible in the past. Formerly a mill was of necessity operated by shafting directly from the water wheel but now electric power may be generated at other places on the river and conveyed to the mill. There is an interesting illustration of this on the Winooski River in Vermont, where

Mr. Pierce, at my suggestion, made an effort to find a locality in the state where a dam could be built which would hold back a lake of several square miles in area but no such location has been found, although the Webster Basin occupies some 7 miles and the Suncook Ponds would cover 4 square miles if these storage resources were fully developed. The largest amount of storage in the state to be obtained in any one locality is, of course, the region of Lake Winnepe-



High Water on Pemigewassett River at Bristol, April 16, 1895

eight plants with some 7,500 horsepower are brought together. In the southwest portion of our state in Hinsdale there is a power plant which is connected electrically with the Readsboro plant on the Deerfield River in Vermont. These plants generate electricity for distributing power through southern New Hampshire and Massachusetts even as far as Providence, Rhode Island.

saukee. I quote from the report in regard to it:

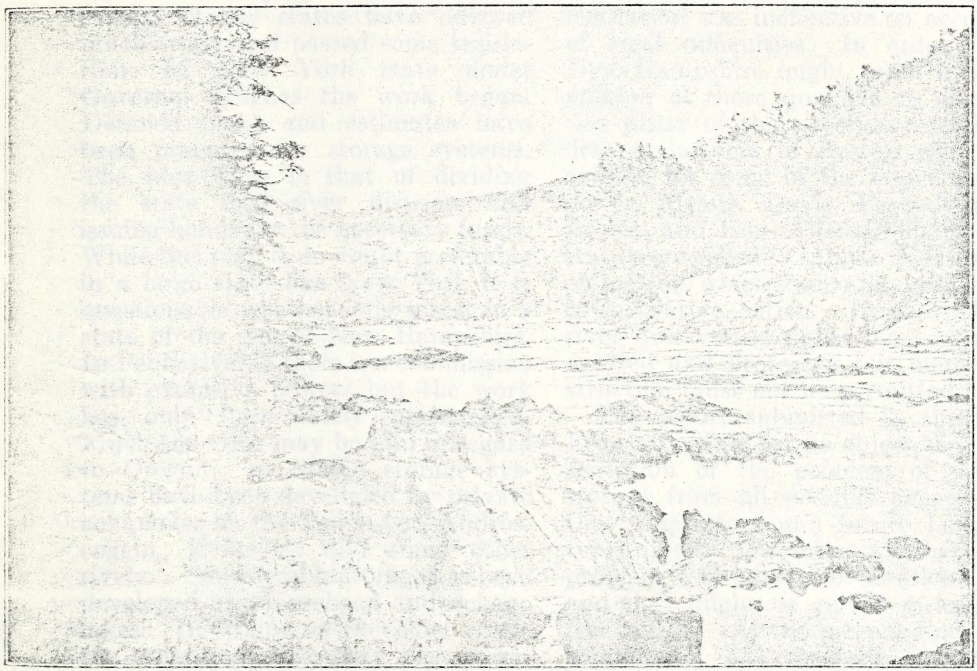
Lake Winnepesaukee, which lies in practically the geographical center of New Hampshire in Carroll and Belknap counties, is the most important storage reservoir and feeder of the Merrimack River. The gross drainage area above the dam at Lakeport is 360 square miles, and about one-fourth of this area is covered by Winnepesaukee and the numerous smaller lakes and ponds which drain into Winnepesaukee. At the dam below Sanbornton Bay, East Tilton, the gross drainage

area has increased to 418 square miles, and at the mouth of Winnepesaukee River it is 475 square miles. The net area of water surface of Lake Winnepesaukee, including the numerous bays and inlets, above the Lakeport dam, is about two billion square feet, or nearly 71.9 square miles. With the present allowable draft of 44 inches, the storage capacity is about seven billion cubic feet.

Records of lake elevation are available since 1870, and from these records it appears that the storage capacity has been inadequate and water wasted during the spring months in 33 of the 49 years. While the records are not complete enough during this whole period to permit of a definite estimate of the amount of waste obtaining in different years, yet the more complete records of later years and the gage heights of earlier years would seem to indicate that the waste has averaged two billion cubic feet, considering only those years when there was waste. If additional storage capacity were available in Lake Winnepesaukee so that storage could be carried over from a wet to a dry year, it would seem conservative to estimate that one billion cubic feet of storage could be added to the present storage every year.

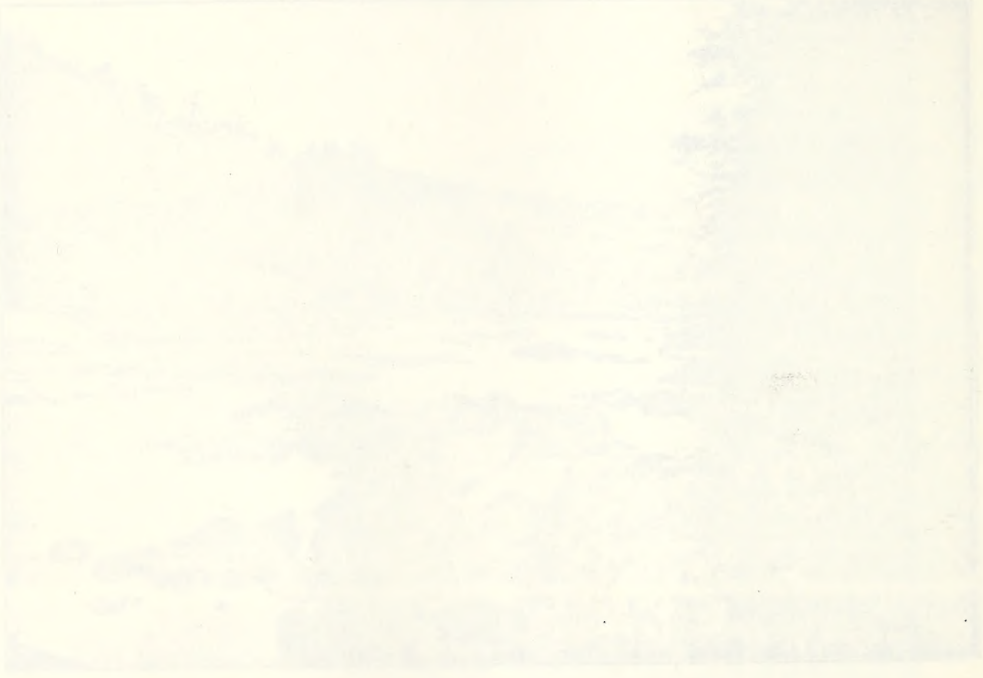
There has been developed on the Winnepesaukee River, between the Lakeport dam and its confluence with the Pemigewasset, 216 feet of head. The use of an additional one billion cubic feet of water at this head would represent an increased power of 5,433,000 horsepower-hours each year. Its use at power developments on the Merrimack River would represent an increase of 2,868,000 horsepower-hours at plants above the New Hampshire-Massachusetts line, and 1,711,000 horsepower-hours in Massachusetts, or a total of over 10 million horsepower-hours. The equivalent coal saving would be represented by 5,500 tons on the Winnepesaukee; by 2,900 tons on the Merrimack in New Hampshire; and by 1,700 tons in Massachusetts; a total of 10,100 tons a year.

To secure this additional storage it would only be necessary to raise the allowable lake level 6 inches, that is, to 50 inches instead of 44 inches, and possibly modify the restrictions in regard to amount of drawdown. The construction cost would be insignificant, as it would involve no change to existing structures, except to provide against wasting over the dam. The damages to any property around the lake would be practically negligible; the water standing 6 inches higher at some boat landings during the early spring would not be noticeable by July or August.



Low Water at Ayers Island Power Site on Pemigewasset River above Bristol

There is a storage possibility at Keene of considerable magnitude but a



majority of storage sites discussed are of moderate capacity for the aggregate storage possible for each. As to water power sites the commission will have more to say in this coming report. On the Connecticut there are three important sites from which it is estimated over 345 million horsepower-hours can be secured. On the Merrimack and its tributaries there are 9 water power sites capable of developing approximately 145 million horsepower-hours.

Water conservation or storage is not a new subject. For some years several of the states have devoted much study and passed some legislation. In New York state under Governor Hughes the work began. Detailed plans and estimates have been prepared for storage systems. The idea there is that of dividing the state into river districts and issuing bonds for the necessary funds. While this plan is no doubt preferable in a large state like New York it is questionable whether it is wisest in a state of the size of New Hampshire. In Pennsylvania there is a commission with extensive powers but the work has only been lately undertaken. Much the same may be said in regard to Oregon. In Maine storage systems have been developed by private companies on the Penobscot, Androscoggin, Kennebec and some other rivers. Considerable storage has been developed at Moosehead and Sebago lakes. In Maine at the chief rivers the conditions are that the power users are financially strong so that with coöperation among themselves through a system or company they have been able to do this work. The small users on this river have profited without participation in the expense, as no authority was given for collecting tolls or making assessments. In New Hampshire at Berlin the mills have joined in this organization. Mr. Walter H. Sawyer, who has been engineer for the Androscoggin development, very kindly submitted an account of this work which was published in the report, and he calls attention to the fact that in New Hampshire some 40,000 additional horsepower could be developed. Wisconsin has probably progressed further than any other state in developing water storage on the Wisconsin River. A company organized under the laws of the state controls but does not profit directly, but under corporate authority from the state certain rights are given which could not otherwise be secured.

It has been my observation in matters of this nature that often times legislation was ineffective on account of legal difficulties. In order that New Hampshire might profit by the opinion of those qualified to discuss this phase of the question a leading firm of lawyers in Boston who are counsel for some of the larger water power, Messrs. Davis, Peabody and Brown, and Hon. Allen Hollis of our state were asked to submit their views on matters which should be considered in legislative action. In controlling river flow vested rights must be recognized and protected but mere obstruction must not be permitted.

The report submitted to the last Legislature had for its object the presentation of the problem of water storage from all possible aspects so that Legislature and future Legislatures might determine whether the problem was worthy of development and they might be guided in legislative action. At the present time the commission has received so many indications of interest and approval of the work done that its only question seems to be that of method, development of water storage and power. It should be borne in mind that this question does not affect mill owners alone but all the people of the state through the generation of electricity. Previously I have indicated how electricity from various power plants may be brought to one mill but electricity is not alone used for power, it is now becoming of value and importance for domestic pur-

majority of streams also diverged one of moderate capacity for the separate storage possible for each. As to water power sites the commission will have more to say in this coming report. On the Connecticut they are three important sites from which it is estimated over 344 million horsepower hours can be secured. On the Androscoggin and its tributaries there are 9 water power sites capable of developing approximately 145 million horsepower hours.

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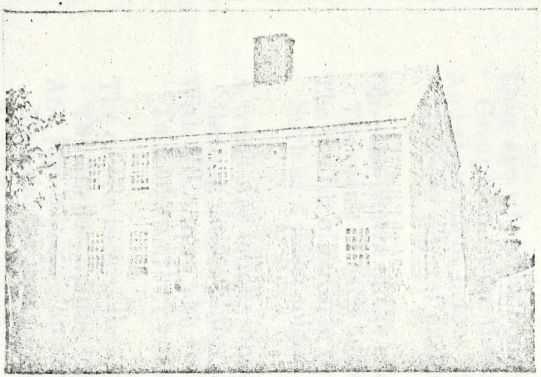
poses. Electric lighting has been general for a number of years but it is now entering the field of domestic housework, such as cooking, and for the heating of small rooms. Not only will our people have added convenience of living but if a complete storage system of water on our rivers can be accomplished it will be a means of saving approximately 200,000 tons of coal per year to mills and citizens of New Hampshire, and one half as much again to power users in Massachusetts on the Connecticut and Merrimack rivers. Recently the price of this coal has exceeded $5, but computing it on a basis of $4 at point of consumption, it may be said that there would be a saving to the people of more than one million dollars a year.

As the benefits which will be derived from developing our water power will inure to the benefit of a large portion of our citizens it is obvious that the state directly or indirectly should take a leading part in this work. Experience of other states confirms this. It may be that a mill organization on certain streams such as in Maine may be possible but this does not seem to be likely on the Merrimack or Connecticut rivers. As a whole New Hampshire being a small state with limited income is not in a position to create commissions of adequate personnel and means to carry out many kinds of work as is done in larger states. It is my recommendation that our Public Service Commission be in some way empowered to be an agency through which it may be done.

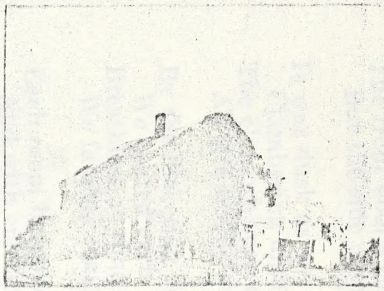
It requires money to save money; it requires money to build dams. The problem is how to find that money; how to expend it wisely and how to secure the revenue from the beneficiaries so that it will at least be self-sustained. It is not at all impractical to base the benefits of water conservation on the amount of coal saved to water power users providing that by river regulation they can reduce materially if not entirely the consumption of coal. This problem is somewhat technical but it has been very carefully worked out and believed to be practical. However, subsequent study may find a better system. As indicated in some instances, the power owners themselves may coöperate and distribute the costs and benefits among themselves. In this connection again it is only right and reasonable that Massachusetts industries should participate in the cost if they are to receive benefits by improving control of water flowing.

Several bodies and organizations within our state have manifested their great interest during the preparation of the report. Particular mention may be made of the New Hampshire Manufacturers' Association, which has a committee on water conservation, and of the various local boards of trade. The subject must now be considered by all citizens in order to produce results. The commissioner and Mr. Pierce feel very proud in having made the investigation considerably below the amount of money appropriated for the purpose, and being able to turn back into the treasury about 25 per cent. It is to be hoped that the summary of our findings which I have endeavored to express in as slightly technical language as possible will arouse added interest in this matter so important to New Hampshire. How better can we understand the importance of river control than in quoting the words of Gibbon, who in speaking of the floods of the Tiber in Rome says: "The servitude of rivers is the noblest and most important victory which man has obtained over the licentiousness of nature."

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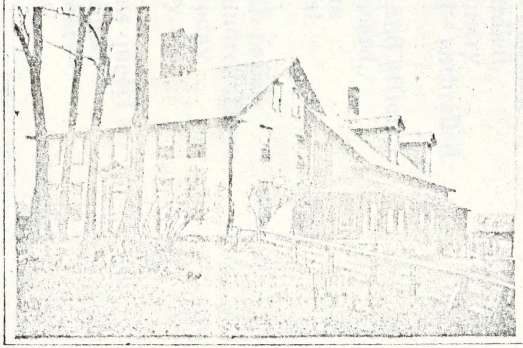


"Master" Parkinson House



Stevens-Bradley House

Home of Elder Jeremiah Clough



Residence of Herbert L. Brown—Homestead of Joseph Gerrish



HISTORIC HOMES OF CANTERBURY



A DESERTED HOMESTEAD

By Alida Cogswell True

There's a quaint old rambling homestead,
'Cross the road from an ancient mill;
The front door's closed from idle gaze,
But the side door opes at will.

It was dusk as we passed the rose hedge,
Clambering high above the sill;
The elms whispered no word of welcome,
All else beside was still.

By the flickering light of the lantern gleam
We peered each hidden charm,
Breathless at times—in "make-believe"—
We fancied some ghostly harm.

Each room bespoke some romance old,
And with emotion akin to fear
We imagined the fireplace and chimney-nook
Yet held tales we longed to hear.

Long ago when the house was building
Great looms were there installed,
And those silent beams of industry
Held our interest enchanted—enthralled.

Oh—the charm of the closets and attic!
The creak of each ancient board,
The wealth of antique treasure
Such as a miser might hoard.

A trunk was found—lined with paper
Bearing date—Eighteen Hundred Three
With S'S formed like F'S of today
To modern eyes—a mystery.

The candle molds! the lanterns queer!
The knapsack hung o'er beams!
And just beyond—an army coat—
Material for many dreams.

Dreams of that desperate conflict—
O what tales that garment could tell,
Of joy, perhaps—of hopes unfulfilled,
For we read that the soldier fell.

Perchance he returned to the homestead
To hear again the brook,
To listen once more to the whippoorwill,
To take a last fond look.

And we picture a lonely maiden
With eyes so soft and brown
Looking with longing up the road,
The road that leads to town.

For has she not heard that her lover
Is being brought home to die?
Back to the scenes of his boyhood
The place where he fain would lie.

* * * * *

Rather would we think that the soldier
Returns to his lady fair—
That a bridal party assembles
Near the winding stair.

So we'll dream that we see the maiden
Pass down to meet the groom—
For the march to the northeast parlor
That charming—historic room.

Many stories have been related
Of this mansion of olden time:
We see the rose hedge—the winding stair—
But the maiden and soldier—where?

These romantic legends of days gone by
Find response in the hearts of today;
A solemnly sweet benediction comes
As our tribute we lovingly pay.

To the patriot soldier of long ago,
To the maid with sweet brown eyes,
To the home, rose-crowned; with trees bent low—
And a memory that never dies.

Penacook, N. H.

THE NEW EDUCATIONAL PROGRAM IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

By Frank S. Streeter

A joint conference or get-together meeting of all school superintendents and members of school boards, with the State Board of Education, the Commissioner and other officers of that organization, will be held at the state house in Concord during the month of October, where it is proposed to have a full and absolutely frank discussion and scrutiny of the plans and policies of the board in carrying out the high purposes of the Legislature in passing the educational bill of 1919 and of the great majority of our citizens who gave such generous and hearty support.

The act, on its face, vests very broad, general powers in the State Board, but the board believes that the greatest value and usefulness of these powers rests in the fact that they will enable the board, with its official organization and with the coöperation of our superintendents, effectively to aid and stimulate local school boards to create better schools in every town and school district in the State.

By the enactment of the law, the citizens of New Hampshire, regardless of their individual political or religious views, have emphatically expressed their desire to provide the best possible public school system for all the children of the state.

These desires can be most certainly realized only in one way and that is by the active and sympathetic working coöperation of five separate groups, viz.:

(1) The State Board of Education with its official organization.

(2) The sixty-nine superintendents and assistant superintendents.

(3) The members of the local school boards, of two hundred and fifty-six districts.

(4) The three thousand public school teachers. (Six hundred secondary, about 2,400 elementary.)

(5) The parents, guardians, and friends of the sixty-two thousand children of school age who are required to attend the public schools.

(I do not overlook the seventeen or eighteen thousand children attending the Parochial and private schools in whose educational development the state has the same interest as in those attending the public schools.)

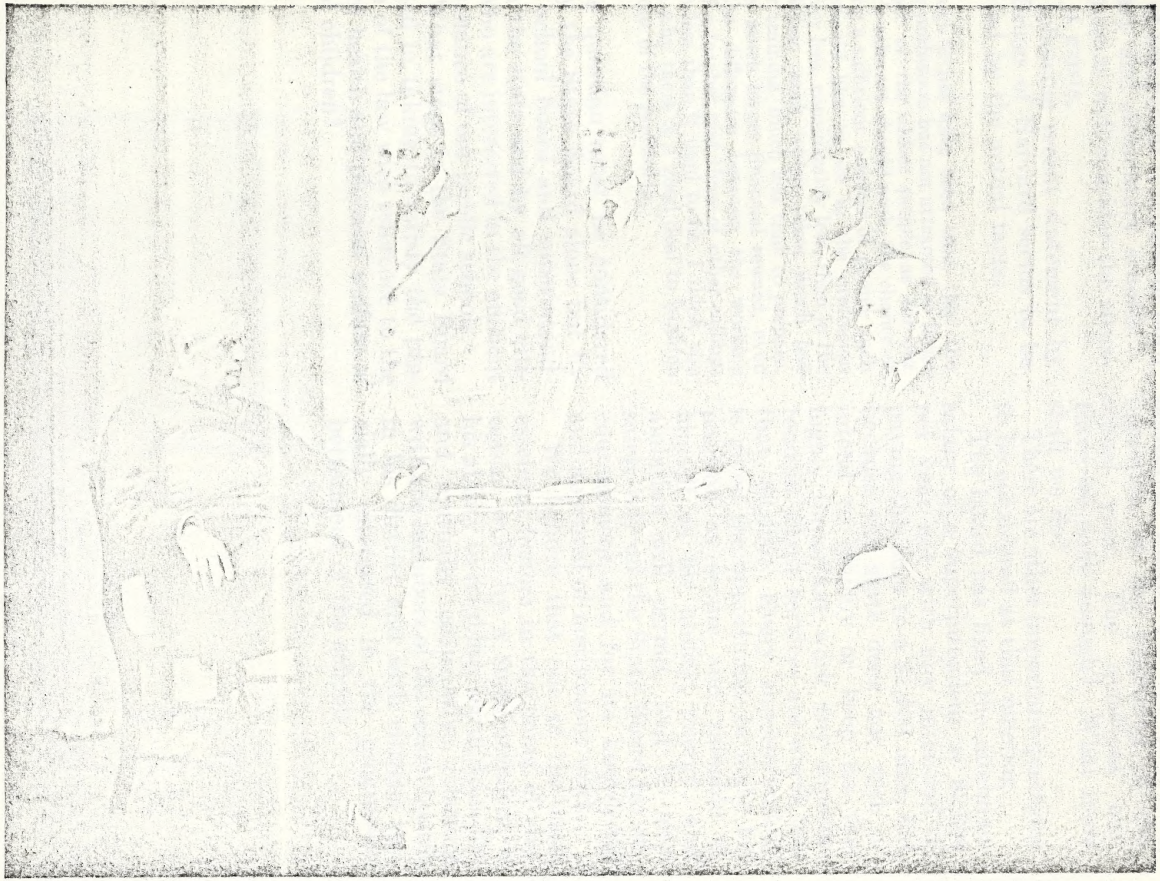
Each of these groups is chargeable with large individual responsibility for success or failure under the new law.

If each of these five groups can realize their individual responsibility, and, inspired by a common purpose, unite their efforts to better our public school system, the successful accomplishment of that purpose will be assured.

We feel that voluntary initiative and administrative efficiency of the local school boards throughout the state is of the highest importance, and this board will lend all possible encouragement to such initiative and efficiency.

We believe that the local boards should establish their own independent organization and create a standing committee consisting of one from each county (probably two from some of the larger counties) of their most efficient and public-spirited members, and that the closest and most intimate relations, for educational purposes, should be established and maintained between the State Board and such committee representing the entire body of local school boards. The details of such an organization, its purposes, and the best methods of uniting the efforts of the local school boards with those of the State Board and its official organization for the successful realization of their common purpose will be fully discussed, considered, and acted upon at the proposed October meeting in Concord.

THE NEW EDUCATIONAL PROGRAM IN NEW HAMPSHIRE



THE STATE BOARE OF EDUCATION

Left to right: Frank S. Streeter, chairman; Ralph D. Paine, Thomas W. Fry, Wilfred J. Lessard, John C. Hutchins

Among the questions which press for solution are:

1. With reference to an adequate supply of competent teachers for both secondary and elementary schools.

We may as well consider the situation as it exists.

The following recent statement by Dean Briggs of Harvard seems to be warranted by the actual facts:

> "Though it has long been true, that the teaching profession has not attracted so large a number of the ablest people as for our children's sake we should wish, the chance of attracting a sufficient number of people such as we should like to see in the profession grows ever less, considerably less, than in the past. When work which takes much less time for training, much less time to prepare, brings a much larger financial reward, even when the difference between the working hours of a teacher and those of other callings is much less than it used to be, I think you will see why there is a good deal to frighten people out of the profession."

This question must be considered not by the State Board alone but by every school board and superintendent in the state and by all good citizens who are interested in the efficient maintenance of our public schools.

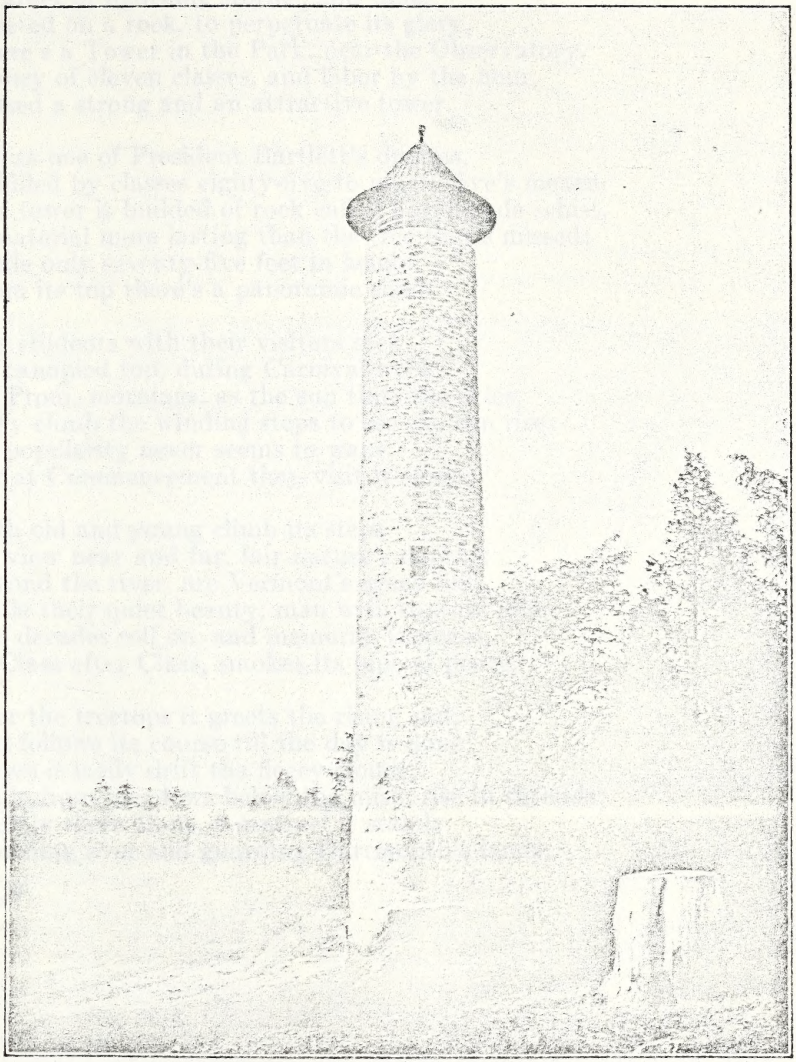
2. What steps is the State Board justified in taking to satisfy the provision of the law with reference to the care of health and physical welfare of school children?

We have taken certain steps and elected a very competent person as supervisor. Plans are now being perfected which will be put into operation at the beginning of the school year. The questions are: Have we done enough? What more shall we do?

There are other important questions to be considered at that meeting.

The board has fixed the minimum salary of a superintendent at $2,000 per year not with any intention of paying this sum to a $1,400 man, but because the state does not wish or intend to employ or keep for this highly important work any superintendent whose services are worth less than $2,000. Every superintendent is given the opportunity to make his position as secure and valuable to himself as his ability, energy, and ambition will permit, and he may safely rely on the State Board for encouragement and for its knowledge and approval of meritorious work.

We believe that one of the most essential factors in the doing of successful work by a superintendent is his ability to establish warm, friendly, and mutually coöperative relations with the members of the school boards in his district and with citizens specially interested in the progressive betterment of the schools.



THE TOWER, DARTMOUTH COLLEGE

THE TOWER

By Perley R. Bugbee

Only a stump remains of the Old Pine,
A target of lightning storms, and time.
Erected on a rock, to perpetuate its glory,
There's a Tower in the Park, near the Observatory.
Money of eleven classes, and labor by the hour,
Raised a strong and an attractive tower.

It was one of President Bartlett's dreams,
Fulfilled by classes eighty-five to ninety-five's means.
The tower is builded of rock called hornblende schist,
A material more lasting than the tree that's missed;
While only seventy-five feet in height
From its top there's a panoramic sight.

The students with their visitors seek
Its canopied top, during Carnival week;
On Prom. mornings, as the sun tints the skies,
They climb the winding steps to see the sun rise;
Its popularity never seems to wane,
For at Commencement they visit it again.

Both old and young climb its steps
To view near and far, fair nature's depths;
Beyond the river, are Vermont's green hills,
While their quiet beauty, man with rapture fills;
The decades roll on, and memories increase,
As Class after Class, smokes its pipe of peace.

Over the treetops it greets the rising sun,
And follows its course till the day is done;
Above it lazily drift the fleecy clouds,
While from meadows below the mists rise in shrouds;
Nightly there alone, a sentinel it stands
Watching over and guarding Dartmouth's lands.

Hanover, N. H.

SPOFFORD AND LAKE BEAUTIFUL

By Francis A. Corey

There is a charm about a typical New England village reposing tranquilly in its lovely green setting, that has an irresistible appeal. The spirit of peace hovers over it like a benediction. How sweet is the pure country air, how restful the brooding silence, how delicious the thought of being miles and miles away from the roar and traffic of the big, bustling city, where no faintest echo of its multitudinous sounds ever penetrates! You lift your eyes to the hills and are glad of a halting place in their embrace where tired body and brain may find rest and recuperation.



Beside the Lake

Spofford has, to the full, this indescribable charm. If mindful of first impressions, you will approach the little village from the direction of the rising sun, a long, long climb up a wooded hill leaves you in a receptive mood for what lies beyond, for every rod of the way is delightful. Up and up winds the hard, smooth road in innumerable graceful curves bordered with willowy pines, sturdy beeches and silver birches, commingling their foliage with the darker green of hemlock and spruce. But you loiter willingly along the way, rejoicing in the heavenly peace and quiet of this enchanted wood, a quiet broken only by soft summer murmurings and the melodious songs of the birds.

Once well over the hill you are drawing near the village itself. Presently there are charming glimpses of a lovely valley dotted with farmhouses and well-tilled fields; and beyond, a line of misty hills. As you journey on, Pistareen Mountain, tree-jeweled, wonderfully symmetrical of outline, lifts its green dome against the gray-blue sky. Before done wondering that this beautiful mountain should ever have been sold for a pistareen, you descend a last gentle slope, and here you are in Spofford.

It is not a pretty village. Only in patches is it even picturesque. But the glory of the hills is around and about it. After the first hour the leaven of the charm has done its work. You are so completely under its spell you no longer wonder concerning the why and wherefore of the feeling that possesses you. You are in Beulah land, and are satisfied. No jarring note disturbs your tranquility. Even

the fleecy clouds floating lazily overhead have a soft transparency in perfect keeping with the somnolent atmosphere and drowsy hush.

It is a place of winding roads. Starting from the village hall one may take either of three routes and after a short detour, return to the point of departure. There is a dearth of pillared mansions along these circuitous ways, but each has its goodly array of tidy frame-houses set down at haphazard in the lush greenery, all exhaling an atmosphere of home-comfort and content. High up on the breezy hills are other dwellings that for unnumbered years, have courageously taken the brunt of the bitter winter winds.

Turning abruptly to the right, you may go down, down into a wonderful ravine shut in on either hand by rocky, precipitous cliffs. Here a sort of semi-twilight lingers even at midday. Overhead is only a mere scrap of sky. Straggling trees border the way, which is set thick with the green growths that make beautiful all roads and by-paths of this region. A brawling stream crowds so hard upon it you half expect to find it has taken full possession at the very next bend. In the budding May-time this shadow-haunted ravine is the favored haunt of migrating birds, and rare warblers love to linger here for a brief season. Here and there along the rushing stream, is the picturesque ruin of some long-silent mill where busy wheels revolved in the days of old.

But let us retrace our steps to the quiet, sleepy street leading westward. Other unsightly ruins are here, for Spofford was a famous manufacturing village once upon a time. But the day of thriving industries is long gone by. Only a few dilapidated buildings, fast falling into decay, are now left of the old network of factories and shops. Grasses grow green, and buttercups flaunt their gold to the very brim of the stream that goes winding along at its own sweet will. In prosperous days the little settlement was dubbed Factory Village; but the name lost appropriateness when, one after another, its leading industries sought new locations where the problem of transportation was more easily solved. And then it was, perhaps, that some far-sighted summer guest, realizing the possibilities of the place, proposed calling it Spofford, after its beautiful lake.

From necessity and not from choice most of the houses crowd close upon the street. They seem strangely silent as you pass them by of a summer morning. Few faces appear at the windows, a dog seldom barks, and the hens set down their feet cautiously, as if afraid of breaking the heavenly quiet. The men are away at their daily toil, the housewives busy in kitchens at the rear. But the six o'clock supper over, and work suspended for the day, the street awakens to sudden life. Serene and contented folk gather on porches and in the shadow of old lilac bushes crowding the narrow front yards.

At the western end of the village a tiny bird's nest of a house almost rubs shoulders with a more pretentious neighbor over the way. Vines and flowering shrubs cluster lovingly about this wee dwelling. It makes a picture the eye delights to dwell upon. But the real lure of the place is its beautiful sunsets. Here it is that you get your first glimpse of the lake itself; and glorious beyond words are water and sky when the sun hangs trembling above the western horizon. A gold and crimson pathway of radiant brightness stretches for more than a mile away—even to the long line of low-lying hills that border the far-off shore.

Not so many years have gone by since vacation idlers first discovered this lovely lake hidden among the hills. The Sunday-school picnics that once gathered periodically on its shores for boating, fishing and a midday gorge, were fast losing their vogue. The time was ripe for a different order of things. And so

the fleecy clouds floating lazily overhead have a soft translucency in perfect keeping with the somnolent atmosphere and drowsy hush.

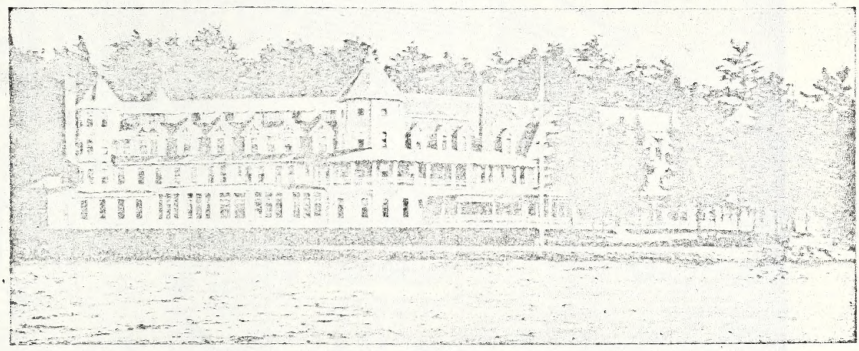
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But let us return on steps to the quiet, sleepy street leading westward. Other musingly rolling ways for Spofford was a famous meandering village once upon a time. But the day of thriving industries is long gone by. Only a few dilapidated buildings, fast falling into decay, are now left of the old network of factories and shops. Grasses grow green and buttercups flaunt their gold to the very brim of the stream that goes rambling along at its own sweet will. In prosperous days the little settlement was

the latest discoverers serenely took possession. It was as if Aladdin's lamp had wrought one of its miracles. A luxurious hotel arose almost in a night. Now summer camps and cottages dot all the shores of the lake.

One might wander far without finding a more delightful summer resort than Pine Grove Springs Hotel. Charmingly located, it looks out upon a broad expanse of water laughing and dimpling in the sunlight. A lovely green park, laid out in walks and drives, and shaded by fine old trees, stretches to a broad road highway at the rear. The New Hampshire summer is hot, but



Pine Grove Springs Hotel

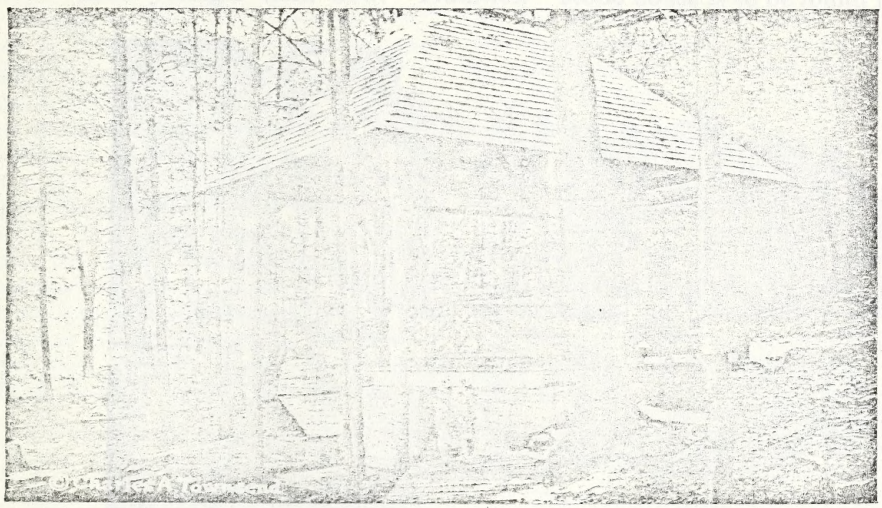
here all discomfort is forgotten. Refreshing breezes come stealing with a gentle murmur under drooping green boughs. The lure of the many-windowed building is irresistible. Its long, spacious verandas promise heavenly rest and comfort to jaded summer guests. Once having passed its portals, you are loath to believe that the nearest big city is a hundred miles away. All the appointments are so perfect—everything so up to date! Nothing has been left undone to add to the comfort and pleasure of the hotel's guests. These are largely from New York and Brooklyn. It is ever a refined and prosperous-looking company that gathers on the verandas and in the spacious parlors. On their native heath these smart vacationists may belong to exclusive coteries; but there is a happy lack of snobbishness here that puts every one at his ease. Truly democracy has come into its own!

It is quite the custom for fortune's favorites to bring their own motor cars and chauffeurs. A wise provision; for one of the greatest delights of this lovely region is its beautiful drives. Over hill and down dale, along winding, green-bordered roads, and through aromatic pine woods, where the slippery brown needles are strewn lavishly to the very ruts, one may go speeding at his own sweet will. There is boating, bathing and fishing. But Nature does not provide unaided all the diversions summer idlers crave. A comfortable launch makes hourly trips around the nine-mile lake. Fine tennis courts are close at hand; and here the confirmed golfer finds his paradise. The links are among the best in the state. The ball slips easily and gracefully over a level stretch of smooth, velvety lawn, then goes dancing coyly and coquettishly up a green hillside. On the breezy summit even the most enthusiastic golfer must fain pause a moment to admire the entrancing panorama of hill and vale and far-off misty mountains. Well has this course been called the "Scenic Golf Links of New Hampshire."

Of course mention should be made of the spring in the pine woods from which the hotel derives its name.

Entrancing is its situation, at the terminus of a lovely shaded path. You drink, and drink again, of the cool, crystal-clear water, pronouncing it a nectar fit for the gods.

The cottages in the immediate vicinity of the hotel have quite an air of distinction. As you go westward, following along the rocky shore, they are less pretentious, and set further apart. Emerging from the wood, you come suddenly upon Lakeside, a favorite family resort. Here is a little cluster of wee cottages reposing unblinkingly in the sun, which graciously tempers for them its heat. Further on are more cottages, an almost limitless number, huddled so close together one may almost lean over the rail of his veranda and shake hands with the neighbor next door. These cottages are all pretty and attractive and there is something altogether charming in the good-fellowship that prevails. One is forced to the conviction that country air and the simple life foster the virtues of kindliness and forbearance. An ideal spot in which to cultivate the graces of out-of-door summer life. How entrancing the lovely, curving shore! How deeply blue the sky, how darkly blue the water, how vivid the green of grass and shrub and tree! You are almost persuaded, as you glance about you, that the cottages set like jewels in this charming environment, were always there. What matter that the architecture, for the most part, is the happy-go-lucky sort? Such vagaries as are in evidence add immensly to the picturesqueness of these clustered summer homes. You find yourself smiling upon them approvingly almost before you are aware. New Englanders were slow to test for themselves the delights of life in the open —they did not find it easy to depart from the sacred traditions of Puritan ancestors who had scant time for frivolities in their austere lives. But once having known the sweetness of idle days under the trees and beside still waters, they became the most enthusiastic vacationists in all the world.



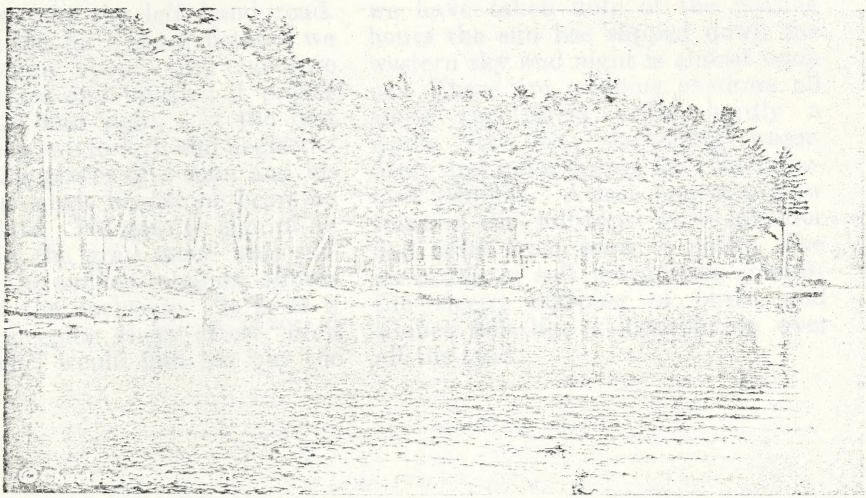
In the Pine Grove

On this delightful shore well-to-do residents of the near-by city of Keene have established summer homes. A situation more ideal could hardly be imagined. A half-hour's motor-ride, morning and evening, takes my lord to and from his place of business.

Meanwhile my lady spends a restful day under the trees. The small boys and girls, left pretty much to their own devices, splash and frolic in the shallow water to their heart's content. With the velvety twilight comes the happiest hour of the twenty-four. Father and mother gather their tired and sleepy saints and angels on the cool veranda, and friendly neighbors "run over" for an informal chat.

Just off-shore lies a lovely wooded island, a favorite camping ground of Indians when the country was only a little younger than now. Tradition has it that this island was the scene of momentous war-councils in days gone by.

An old stone mansion at the "four-corners," is, perhaps, the most interesting house in all this region. A delicious aroma of romance lingers about it. As one gazes on its grimly-picturesque walls, riotous fancies throng upon the mind. By right it should have been the scene of thrilling events. The stage is certainly set for something startling. And yet its history is only a little less common place than that of the farmhouses around and about it. The old house was a sort of "wayside inn" in its palmy days. Now, though you knocked long and loud, no one would come to bid you welcome. Vestiges of the old bar are still to be seen in one of the square front rooms. An enchanting place is the festal hall on the second floor with its arched ceiling, quaint chandeliers, raised balcony and delightful suggestions of a day gone by. The chamber in which President Pierce once slept has been left practically untouched by vandal hands. Unfortunately Washington and Lafayette never passed that way! The most amazing feature of the old stone house is to be found in the attic.



Cottages in Charming Environment

Here are several queer little wooden bunks, boxed in like miniature cells. Why any one should even attempt to woo sleep in such a bed is beyond comprehension!

A turn to the right brings one to Silverdale—beautiful for location. Just beyond is the Brattleboro "colony," a row of pretty cottages perched on a sort of terrace. They look out upon the sparkling water with only the sunlit road between. Truly a place in which to dream dreams as vacation days drift lazily by.

On the north shore of the lake is Camp Namaschaug, a flourishing summer camp for boys. Its location,

on a slope crowned with forest trees, is ideal. Here refreshing breezes have full play, the balsam-laden air is always invigorating. A long row of substantial-looking buildings close to the water's edge make the camp a conspicuous object from any point of view. A little way back many clustered tents gleam palely under the green arches of great trees. When the welcome hour for bathing rolls around, it is well worth a trip across the lake to see scores of happy boys splashing and frolicking in the clear water.

Faring back to the "four-corners," let us now take the left hand road. Following this for a short distance we come suddenly upon a tiny enclosure so mysterious and unusual it piques curiosity at first sight. At the foot of a tree are two forlorn and neglected graves—the graves of a man and his wife. The single headstone bears an old, old date. No gate or sign of an opening in the gray stone wall surrounding the sunken mounds, affords ingress to the enclosure. It is as if the two sleeping there after "life's fitful fever," would fain bar out the world—be by the world forgot. Long, long ago a broad avenue lined with trees led straight up the hill to their earthly dwelling-place. Hardly a vestige of the old home now remains. There are wide stretches of arid pasture land where once were cultivated fields. And yet Nature has done her best to make amends. Ferns cluster thickly about the lichen-covered bowlders that strew the hill-top. Everywhere along the tumbling stone walls are tangled grasses and low growths of dainty and exquisite coloring.

Ah, how quickly does the day go by in this lovely summer land! Before we have taken note of the passing hours the sun has slipped down the western sky and night is almost upon us. There are creeping shadows all along the forest aisles—hardly a ripple stirs the darkening water. More and more deeply falls the reluctant twilight. A last lingering glow touches the hill-tops with splendor and fades from peak to peak. The air is full of soft murmuring sounds, the sleepy chirping of birds; and silence falls like a benediction over all the land.

THE SEQUEL

A Study of Three Men and a Girl

By Frances Parkinson Keyes

(Synopsis of first four chapters: Helena Castle is the child of a love match between the son of an old Boston family and the daughter of a patent medicine millionaire and a chorus girl. Her father died; her mother's people lost their wealth; and her mother supported herself and her child in a small New England town by doing needlework. Harry Stone, son of the wealthiest farmer in the county, loves Helena and asks her to marry him. But she goes away to school where she meets Nancy Hutchinson, of a Boston family in a different social stratum from the Castles. Nancy's brother, Robert, becomes very devoted to Helena, but she cares no more for him than for Harry, whose graduation from the State Agricultural College she attends at the earnest desire of her mother, who would like to have her marry Harry.)

V

The next morning early we attended prayers at the college chapel, and from there walked to the Congregational Church, where the graduation exercises took place. The church was well filled with smiling parents, most of whom looked very self-conscious in their best clothes, and all of whom seemed to think that their sons were the most remarkable creatures in the world to be able to graduate from the State Agricultural College. The exercises were long and tiresome; when they were over we walked back to the hotel for dinner (spreads, and such dissipations, being unheard of at this place) and Harry, Lucy, Jim Powers and I spent the afternoon on the river in a rowboat. It was roasting hot; the boat was wet and dirty; Lucy and Jim Powers chatted nonsense every minute, and Harry and I were both extremely silent. I went back to the hotel with a raging headache, and when eight o'clock came it was all I could do to drag myself out to the "ball." The air was stifling; none of the men offered to fan me, and very few of them wore gloves—I asked one of my partners to get me a glass of water, and he came back with a cup of luke-warm lemonade. When I rose to begin my second dance with Harry, I felt the room beginning to go around, and would have fallen, if he had not caught me quickly.

"Helena, you're sick!" he exclaimed, "and no wonder! You're all tired out! How thoughtless we've all been!"

For a minute we stood near the place where I had been sitting, and Harry's arm was still around me, but I felt too sick to care. He seemed to be thinking hard.

"The river is hot in the day time," he said after what seemed an eternity, "but it's very cool in the evening, and one of the fellows has a canoe with plenty of cushions—I'm sure he's not using it, because of course he's here. It's only a short walk—and, anyway, if you'll let me, I can carry you, as soon as we leave the street. I think for the present, you'd feel better there than you would in a hot room at the hotel—though I will see that you do not sleep with Lucy tonight—she must go in with mother, and father can come to my room. Will you come with me, Helena? I promise I'll—behave."

I nodded. I realized that he half carried me out of the hall and down the street, and that when we had passed the college square he lifted me in his arms altogether; then I must have fainted, for the next thing I knew I was lying in a canoe on a mass of cushions, and Harry was kneeling beside me bathing my face with a cold wet handkerchief.

"Don't be afraid of tipping over," he said instantly, "the canoe is tied to the shore, and we're pulled up alongside—do you feel more comfortable, darling?"

"If you will keep on with that wet

handkerchief and not call me darling," I answered, "I think that in a few minutes I shall be able to sit up and enjoy the moon."

I felt better very soon—Harry rearranged the cushions and untied the canoe, and we started down the river. He did not say anything, but he looked as if he wanted to, and knowing that he would be uneasy and uninteresting until he did, I said,

"Well, Harry, what is it? Do say it and let us have it over with!"

Harry looked hurt, in that dumb, stupid way he has. He leaned forward, and I drew back a little.

"Oh *don't!*" he cried, "I promised I wouldn't touch you, didn't I? Don't you believe me? There isn't much good in my saying anything—I know that well enough; but why do you hate me so?"

"I don't exactly hate you," I said, "in fact, I know you've lots of good points, and I'm really fond of you in a way, but you just don't interest me. And when you do inexcusable things like last night, you do worse than bore me—you make me very sick."

"I know," he said, "but I don't mean to bore you—I don't mean to make you very sick; it's simply that I don't know what to do. I realize that perfectly well; if you'll only tell me what you would like, I'll try and do it."

I could not think of anything very apt to say, so I said nothing.

"I love you so much," he went on in a low voice, "I want so much to please you and to make you happy, that it hurts me very much to blunder all the time. Can't you teach me to do better? I know it's outrageous to hope that any one so far above me as you are could ever care for me and yet—I can't help hoping. There's nothing I wouldn't do for you, and I can't help feeling that perhaps in time, you might be satisfied with what I have to offer you; and you know how father and mother and Lucy love you. There's plenty of money; I'll never ask you to leave your mother if you don't want to; and God knows I will be a good husband to you if you will only give me leave to call myself that!"

Harry's big blue eyes were full of tears and his voice trembled. I was deeply touched, but I shook my head just the same.

"I'm sorry, Harry," I said, "but it's no use—I don't love you and so I haven't anything at all to offer you, and I hope I shouldn't be so selfish as to take and take and take and give you nothing at all in return. Please don't feel too badly about it. You'll fall in love with someone else someday, and fare much better."

"I never shall fall in love with anyone else as long as I live," he said quietly. He swung the canoe around, and began to paddle slowly up the river. "But you will," he added.

I did not answer; but I had a curious feeling that both of his remarks were true.

. . . . .

We reached home the following evening, and mother, all in white, stood waiting for me in the doorway. I rushed up the steps and into her arms with hardly a word of good-bye to the Stones. Never in all my life had I been so tired and so glad to be alone with her. I had a lovely bath and shampoo, and then mother brought our supper and put it on a little table by my bed—such a delicious supper, such bright silver and dainty china and snowy linen! I was too exhausted to talk much, and she did not ask any questions; and when I had finished eating I turned over with a sigh of satisfaction, kissed mother, and went straight to sleep.

The next morning, however, I told her all about the trip, when the work was done and we sat sewing together on the piazza. She did not say much.

"Mrs. Hutchinson was here yesterday," she remarked casually, "she was motoring near here and dropped in for a little call—she said she would send the car for you next Monday."

"She needn't," I replied, "Bobby

is coming for me himself in the runabout."

"Bobby's parents are very much attached to you," went on Mother.

"Yes—and so is Bobby," I replied a little pertly, "it's too bad, mother, but it's no use—these perfect matches simply won't come off. I don't care a rap more for Bobby than I do for Harry—but I do prefer the atmosphere of Harvard to that of the State Agricultural College; so I expect to enjoy myself very much after next week."

I certainly did. My round of good times began with theatre parties, Class Day, the baseball game and the boat races, and continued with a three weeks visit at the Hutchinsons' big summer place at Beverly. It was a long time before I even thought of Harry again.

VI

I had been at Beverly less than a week, when Nancy came into my room late one afternoon in a state of great excitement. I had gone out immediately after luncheon for a sail with Herbert Leighton; and as Nancy had a good many preparations to make for the dance she was giving that evening, she had not gone with us (at least that was one reason; another was that Herbert did not especially urge her to). When I got home I found that she had motored to the station for some belated express. So I peacefully undressed and took a bath, and was lying on the big window seat in my bedroom, dressed in my dotted muslin wrapper, reading a little, and snoozing a little, and looking out at the ocean a little, when Nancy burst in upon me.

"Helena," she said "*Whom* do you suppose has just arrived?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," I said, "and I don't care much; in fact, I think I'm rather sorry anyone has come; we've quite a houseful already."

"Well," she went on, "I guess you'll sit up and take notice when I tell you—it's Roger Lorraine."

I did sit up, so suddenly, that I almost cracked in two. "Roger Lorraine—the man that coached the Harvard eleven!" I gasped, "the handsomest man I ever saw in my life, whom we tried every way to meet, and couldn't! Oh, Nancy, do tell me all about it quickly, or I shall *die!*"

"It happened like this," Nancy said, and I could see that she was just as excited as I was, "a little while after you left, Robert came lounging into the dining room where I was sorting out german favors. They're perfectly lovely, Helena, I got part of them at—"

"Nancy," I groaned, "I don't care a rap about the favors; do go on about Roger Lorraine."

"Well, as I was saying, Robert came lounging in and asked where you were. I told him—'How tiresome' he said, 'Herbert is getting altogether too much in evidence. I was going to ask her to go over to the station with me to meet Roger Lorraine!"

"What!"

"Yes. I jumped about a foot, and then I managed to ask him what he meant. 'Roger Lorraine,' he repeated quite calmly, and just as slowly as usual, 'Yes, I believe I did forget to mention it, but he's coming down this afternoon to make me a little visit,' and with that he left the room and a few minutes later I heard him depart. You'd better hurry up and come down stairs. To *think* that Robert has known him all the spring, and could have introduced us to him just as well as not, and never mentioned it! Isn't that just like him? Well, I'm awfully glad you won't marry him—I'd love to have you for a sister, but it's perfectly plain that he'd make a bad husband. Mercy no! I can't possibly wait for you to dress! You can ring for Clarice to hook you up. Don't do your hair that quickest way—it isn't half so becoming. Goodbye!"

Nancy departed, and I took down

my hair again, and did it the longest way, which takes forever, and polished my nails for some time besides; but when Clarice came to do up my dress, I made her hurry. It was a pink tulle—and Mother certainly created a masterpiece when she made it. Even Clarice, who sees so many beautiful gowns that she is quite blasé, raved over it.

"Comme Mademoiselle est charmante ce soir—elle est comme une rose dane cette belle robe. Mais, oui, Mademoiselle, vous etes d'une beauté extraordinaire ce soir. Voilà, cest fait."

As I ran down the stairs I could see Nancy, Robert, and a number of men and girls who had been invited to dinner before the dance, sitting in a semi-circle around Roger Lorraine, over by the big window in the lower hall; he was laughing and talking, and all the others were simply listening; I soon found out that this was the usual state of things in his case.

"You don't need to tell me who this is," he said, springing to his feet as I came forward. "I came down here to rest, and write articles on athletics; but as soon as Robert told me you were here, I changed my plans completely. I intend to put in a considerable time in teaching you the error of your ways. I hope you have a number of dances free for this evening, so that I may lose no time in beginning."

"I haven't one," I retorted pertly, though I smiled very pleasantly as I said it, "and if I had a dozen, I wouldn't waste them on a man who thinks I'm in error—a party isn't a catechism class. I'm afraid you've mixed me up with some one else you've heard of—when and where did you hear about me?"

"When and where haven't I!" he exclaimed, "for the last year—and rumors—hints—before that. If the eleven had been beaten, I should have blamed it all to you. As it is, I blame you, because, though we won, it was a tight squeeze."

"Just how am I to blame?" I asked.

"Because all the men in training had their heads so full of you that they couldn't—and didn't—give football the proper—that is, the first place—in their consideration."

"Except," I said, "the coach, of course."

"Of course. I have lived at least five or six years longer than most of these infants, and I know that the perfect woman, like the fountain of youth or the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow, does not exist."

"Old age is made so pleasant now-a-days," I said, "that nobody wants to be young any more; and the pot of gold lurks in patent toothpicks and hair restorers and elastic suspenders. As for the perfect woman, she not only exists, and always has, but there are a dozen different types of her. You have only to take your choice. Which do you prefer—Catherine of Sienna—or Elizabeth of England—or Helen of Troy—the saint or the diplomat or the beauty?"

"On the whole," he replied, "I think I prefer someone who combines the three—Helen of Boston!" He snatched three great roses from a vase which stood near by, and handed them to me with a low bow. I shook my head, making an even lower courtesy.

"I don't really come from Boston, so I don't deserve your compliment," I said.

"I believe you! If Boston ever produced anything like you I have yet to see it!"

Everybody laughed but me, and though I tried to, something came into my throat and choked me, and I felt so hot and tingling all over that I looked down as if the buckle on my slipper were the most interesting thing in the world. I have been used to "being a belle" ever since I can remember, and all men say silly things sometimes; but this was the first time that a compliment ever left me without a retort. I was not altogether sorry that Robert lounged forward, and gave Roger Lorraine a little shove.

"Roger," he said, in his usual slow indolent drawl, "you make me very ill indeed. Why do you load Helena —who is much too vain already— with your fulsome flattery? Oh! I see that the dining room doors are being thrown open. My child, take my arm, and allow me to conduct you to an honorable seat at the feast—far distant, I promise you, from the one allotted to this honey-tongued, but worthless cajoler of little girls just out of the schoolroom."

I often wondered which of the two was worse—Harry or Robert. Harry was so serious, humble and adoring that I felt like a criminal all the time he was making love because I didn't love him—and yet there was no earthly reason why I should. Robert, on the other hand, made a farce of everything, treated me like a baby, and drawled his "undying affection," at all times, in all places, and before all people. The impulse to slap his face, which often almost overcame me, was never stronger than it was that night. Robert noticed it and made game accordingly.

"Little girls should not get angry with their fiancés," he drawled blandly between spoonfuls of soup, "Yes, I know—not yet—but soon, I am sure. Picture to yourself what an Elysium of bliss the life matrimonial with me would be, and do not reproach me if I anticipate a trifle, in terming myself your betrothed. Pink is very becoming to you, Helena; but if you are not wearing the orchids I sent you because they did not match your dress, surely, from your ample store you might have chosen another and—"

"Robert," I interrupted, "every one else has finished eating soup, and I think the man on the other side of me looks more interesting than you sound." I turned my back on him, and talked Ibsen to a bookish-looking person with spectacles and a good deal of bushy hair, for the rest of the meal; but I could hear Robert drawling on, undisturbed by the fact that no one was paying any attention to him.

Everyone left the table together, for the Hutchinsons' summer dinners are very informal—I felt cold, for some inexplicable reason, and started up stairs for a scarf; but before I reached the landing Roger Lorraine joined me.

"I have heard so much of the Hutchinson gardens," he said, "that I am perishing with the desire to see them. Is there not a marble seat somewhere among the roses, where one could sit a little while smoking an after-dinner cigarette, getting a view of the entire grounds meanwhile? It seems to me I have heard of such a place—near the water garden, and at some distance from the house?"

"I believe there is such a place," I said, lightly, "I hope you will succeed in finding it; the plan of the grounds is rather complicated, but I think if you persevere—excuse me—I am going upstairs to get a scarf."

"Let me get your scarf," he said, "and then, by way of thanks, show me the way to the seat. I have absolutely no genius about such things."

"Robert needs exercise," I said, "he is getting terribly fat and lazy. I will tell him that you want to see the rose garden, and I am sure he would love to walk down there with you."

"Where," was the unexpected reply, "did you say your scarf was, Miss Castle?"

I felt my cheeks growing red, and my hands growing cold, and I wanted to run away; and yet, I could not help looking up and meeting his eyes, for all that—He smiled—

"We shall enjoy ourselves very much," he said. "Where is—?"

"It's lying on my bed—the third room to the left," I said desperately, and when he had gone to get it, I felt tears coming into my eyes. I began to wonder if I were losing my senses. But if he noticed my disturbance, he did not show it; as we walked over the lawns, past the tennis-courts and bowling-greens, through the Italian garden and the old-fashioned Colonial flower-beds beyond it, he talked easily, continually, asking a few questions,

and insisting on direct answers, without seeming either curious or impertinent.

"Are you related to the Castles of Boston?" he asked, "you are the only good looking one I have ever seen!"

"I look like my mother, and she is a Westerner."

"But are you related?"

"Yes."

Having gained his point he did not press it.

"Are you fond of Boston?"

"Are you?"

"I think my question came first."

"I am going to 'come out' there next winter."

"I have already heard that good news; but do you like it?"

"No."

"What place would you prefer?"

"Well, there is Avalon—"

"*Avalon?*"

"Yes—in the 'Idylls of the King'—

'Where falls not hail, nor rain, nor any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly.'

Just compare that to Boston."

He laughed. "But climate isn't everything!"

"No; people count for a good deal. The people in Boston are very much like the climate."

"The Hutchinsons?"

"Of course not. You know as well as I do that they are not really old Bostonians at all—I mean the established families."

"Such as—"

"Well, such as the Lorraines."

He laughed again. "Do you know many of them?" he asked.

"I know one—slightly."

"And you find that one stormy, icy, altogether repelling?"

I realized that I was caught, but I said "yes," quite stoutly.

"What?"

"Oh, you know I do not!" I cried desperately, "or I should not have come way off here with you—there's the seat at last—Do you think when you have rested a little you can stop asking questions, and make conversation a little?"

"I am sure I can. It seems a very pleasant place, not over praised at all; and as the dance does not begin for an hour, we shall have plenty of time to discuss any subject that you select. What shall it be?"

"Do you imagine," I exclaimed dumbfounded, "that I propose to stay down here for *an hour?*"

"That is exactly what I imagine—in fact I feel sure of it. Please notice that when you ask me a question, I answer it at once—shall you object if I light a cigarette? or perhaps you will join me?"

"Do I look like the kind of girl who smokes?"

"Please sit down—I cannot until you do, and I am very tired—thank you—No; to be quite truthful, you look like a rose made human."

"That is a very pretty compliment."

"A very pretty girl inspired it."

Again I had no answer ready; I was embarrassed, angry, excited, disturbed—and overwhelmingly happy. I wanted to escape, to run back to the house and hide in my room, and yet I wanted most desperately to stay where I was. Mr. Lorraine smoked in silence for some minutes. I fidgeted.

"Are you always so restless?" he inquired at last. I sank back on the seat.

"That is much better," he said tranquilly. "I am very glad that I decided to make this visit. I see that it will be of great benefit to the world of athletics—I shall spend all my time in this garden."

"Oh, no, you won't, for you have come to visit Robert, and he hates gardens. All he cares about is athletics and stupid authors like Bret Harte and—"

"You—"

"I hate Robert as much as he hates gardens."

"Nonsense!"

"Well—perhaps not quite that. But I don't like him. He teases me, and makes fun of me—he never lets me alone—he treats me like a child."

My companion burst out laughing—"And what," he asked, "do you imagine that you are?"

I felt snubbed, but I was determined not to show it.

"Of course, I am one," I said, "I think I am glad of it, too. It must be terrible to reach the age of thirty, or thereabouts, and feel the burden of all those years resting on one's shoulders—besides, after attaining such longevity, I might be tempted to become domineering and disagreeable, and that is always unfortunate."

"Let us return to Robert," said Roger Lorraine, lighting a fresh cigarette, "I have no intention of asking Robert to join me here."

"Whom do you intend to favor with your invitation?"

"You."

"I shall not accept it. The athletic world would not benefit. I cannot even paddle my own canoe."

"You will never have to."

"But the athletic world—"

"Will profit by—my silence. There is too much written and said on the subject already."

"You should have thought of that before accepting Robert's invitation—he will be terribly disappointed—"

"Disappointing Robert is, I presume, a heinous crime in your eyes?"

"Awful!"

We both laughed; then, someway, I succeeded in getting him to talk about himself, and before the hour was over I felt as if I had known him all my life. His parents were already elderly, he told me among other things, and he was their only child; he had been to Groton, through Harvard and the Law School, then abroad for three years. We compared notes; but he had seen so much more, and learned so much more from what he had seen than I had that I was ashamed. He had been home again for a year, practising with his father's law firm; but had decided to go back to Europe in the fall.

"What's the use of my working?" he said, "I hate it anyway, and I don't need to. If I drop out, some better man will have my place. I don't want to spend the next few years grinding away on State Street. I want to go back to Italy—and lie in the sun—and look at pictures and ruins—and listen to music—and float down the grand canal by moonlight."

"Alone?" I asked.

"Not by any means," he said with a little laugh.

"I rose from the seat. "Come," I said, "we must go back to the house."

He laughed again, threw away his cigarette, and joined me. As he did so, I could not help making mental comparisons between the wonderful ease and grace of everything he said and did, and Robert's slowness and lounging, stupid ways. As we passed the water garden, he bent over and picked three or four beautiful great pink lilies.

"You are not wearing any flowers," he said, "here are some for you. You must not adorn yourself with roses, for you are one yourself; these are partially closed, as they always are at night; but I think they suit you very well."

"They are lovely," I said, and put out my hand. As he placed the flowers in it, I felt his fingers close over mine.

"If I had known you a year," he said, "or a month, or even a week, I should ask you to let me kiss that hand."

I trembled again, but I answered him looking straight into his face.

"If I had known you a year," I said, "or a month, or even a week, I might possibly say that you might."

"But since I have known you only a few hours, you could not, of course, say anything of the sort?"

The clasp of his fingers tightened—my head began to swim—A moment of silence passed that seemed like an eternity. At last I found my voice.

"I have been told," I said, "that sometimes, when privileges are asked, and have to be denied, for one good reason or another—"

"Then?"

"Then sometimes they are taken."

(*To be continued.*)

I felt troubled, but I was determined not to show it.

"Of course, I am one," I said, "I think I am glad of it, too. It must be terrible to reach the age of thirty, or thereabouts, and feel the burden of all those years resting on one's shoulders—besides, after attaining such longevity, I might be tempted to become domineering and disagreeable, and that is always unfortunate."

"Are you in return to Hoover?" said Hoover Ferrane, fighting a fresh vigorette. "I have no intention of asking Hobart to join me here."

"When do you intend to favor with your invitation?"

"Never."

"I shall not accept it. The athletic world would not benefit. I cannot even peddle my own cause."

"You will serve here to—"

"But the athletic world—"

"Will profit by—my silence. There is too much written and said on the subject already."

"You should have thought of that before accepting Hobart's invitation—he will be terribly disappointed—"

"Disappointing Hobart is, I presume, a heinous crime in your eyes?"

"Awful!"

We both laughed then, somehow, I succeeded in getting him to talk about himself, and before the hour was over I felt as if I had known him all my life. His parents were already elderly, he told me among other things, and he was their only child; he had been to Groton, through Harvard and the Law School, then abroad for three years. We compared notes, but he had seen so much more, and learned so much more from what he had seen than I had that I was ashamed. He had been home again for a year, pressing with his father's law firm; but had decided to go back to Europe in the fall.

"What's the use of my working?" he said. "I hate it anyway, and I don't need to. If I drop out, some better man will have my place. I don't want to spend the best few

(To be continued.)

AN INDIAN FIGHT ON BARBERS MOUNTAIN

By George B. Upham

On a blazing-hot August afternoon two hundred and eleven years ago, two canoes might have been seen gliding down that reach of the Connecticut River which runs between the townships now known as Claremont and Weathersfield. In them were six men. They were "On Her Majesty's Service," Her Majesty Queen Anne, in the war then waging between England and France.

For a long time nothing had been heard except the dip of the paddles. When abreast of the near slope of Ascutney, Bob Barber broke the stillness by calling to the occupants of the other canoe—"Hey there! I question if we could do better than go to the top of yonder mountain you see ahead to look out for smokes." The answer "We'll do that," sounded across the water.

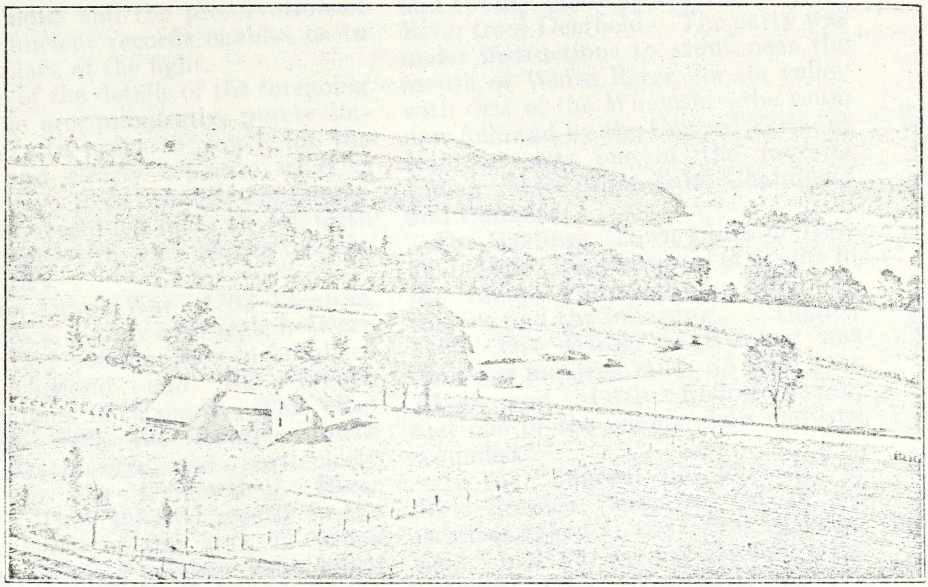
An hour or two before sunset the canoes were pushed gently to the eastern shore, lifted dripping from the water, carried a short distance and hidden in the thick undergrowth above high water mark. The little party then slung their "snapsacks," shouldered their long barrelled flintlock muskets,* and disappeared in the forest. It was not a hard climb up the mountain, since some of the slopes were grasslands, burnt over by Indians in seasons past. They reached the rock-bare summit and looked long and carefully in every direction; no smoke or other sign of their wily foe was visible. Then, after sunset, they descended a short distance to the well protected little valley to the south, built a small fire and prepared their evening meal.

In the morning, on the way down to their canoes, Bob Barber was in the lead, the sharp crack of a musket sounded, Barber was seen to fall but almost instantly to rally, rise to his knees, take deliberate aim and fire; the animal-like screech of an Indian showed that his shot had counted. Martin Kellogg, just behind him, fired an instant later and another screech told a similar story. The four other scouts a short distance behind, seeing Kellogg immediately surrounded by a dozen Indians and hearing the cries of others coming, broke for cover and

*Smooth-bore muskets were the firearm of the period and so, of course, of these scouts, for rifles with a grooved or rifled bore did not come into general use for more than a century later. The musket, the first easily portable firearm, succeeded the arquebus in the sixteenth century. The word from *musca*, Latin for fly, had been used as a diminutive in falconry applied to a small hawk, and so came to be applied to the new small firearm.

Rifling the bore of a gun barrel, though invented by Gaspard Koller at Vienna about 1520, was little appreciated until three centuries later. A mallet was a necessary accoutrement with early rifles to pound the ramrod and drive the bullet down. In America the Pennsylvania Dutch first developed the rifle into an efficient firearm at Lancaster, Pa., about 1739. Although used by the Pennsylvania riflemen at the siege of Louisburg, where their accuracy of fire made it impossible for the French to serve their cannon, the rifle was practically unknown in New England until the Pennsylvania and Virginia frontiersmen arrived at Cambridge to aid in the siege of Boston in August, 1776. The rifles in use during the American Revolution were generally the private property of the men carrying them. Their work was so effective that the English subsidized a body of continental Jägers to oppose them.

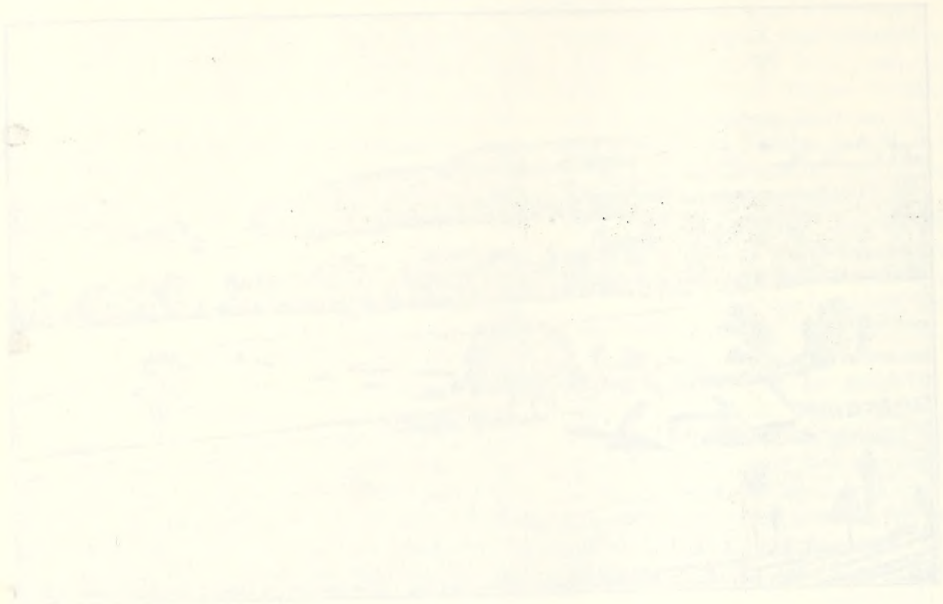
The percussion system for igniting the powder charge was invented by Alexander Forsythe, a Scotch clergyman, in 1805, the copper percussion caps by Thomas Shaw of Philadelphia in 1816. In 1834 Forsythe's invention was tested, as compared with flintlocks, at Woolwich, with the result that the flintlock missed fire twenty-six times to the percussion's once. In consequence the old Brown Bess smooth-bore was altered to suit the percussion principle. Though the United States manufactured rifles for the army as early as 1819 few were then made. Rifles did not come into general military use until about 1850. See The American Rifle, by Major Whelen, New York, 1918; also Encyclopedia Britannica, the latter apparently somewhat misleading.



The above is a view of Barbers Mountain taken looking south, and about a mile and a half from the summit. A glimpse of the Connecticut may be seen in the distance. It occupies an area more than two miles north and south, nearly as much east and west, rises 650 feet above the river and 950 feet above the sea. The northern and eastern slopes are formed by large masses of well-graded till; west and south there are abrupt ledges with interesting rock terraces. The summit, distant a mile northwesterly from Claremont Junction, affords an unusually beautiful view to the north, the river flowing for miles directly at the observer with broad terraced meadows flanked by rows of mountains on either side. The "Great Road" crosses the eastern slope, still called "Town Hill." Here was the original village settlement in Claremont, removed to its present site, three miles further east, between 1790 and 1800, because of the development of the water power of Sugar River there.

As we travel from the river's mouth at Saybrook or from Hartford up the Connecticut Valley to Wells River, the railroad is nowhere separated from the river by a mountain except by this one at Claremont. Here the railroad continuing nearly due north is distant about one mile and three quarters from the river. Here the Indian trail, later to become the "Great Road," and the railroad were laid to the east of Barbers Mountain. In no other place in the valley, from the Sound to the Canadian line, are there farms and homesteads on such considerable heights above the river unseparated from it by railroad or highways.

The rock mass of Barbers Mountain is designated by Hitchcock as "Huronian," a term indicating pre-Paleozoic origin but no longer used by geologists. Professor Daly of Harvard says: "The Connecticut River flows along a belt of soft rocks parallel to their strike, and is thus a typical longitudinal valley. In no part of its course is it more clearly 'adjusted' to a relatively weak zone than on the 'Calciferous mica-schist' eastward of Ascutney." The harder mass of Barbers Mountain has been left as a residual of erosion in the sculpturing of the valley. Through long ages the Connecticut flowed to the east of this mountain, between it and Twistback, probably at times encircling the latter in places now occupied by large masses of modified drift. The present course through the gorge to west of Barbers Mountain is relatively recent as shown by the steep sides, and the fact that the river is still cutting on its rock bed as indicated by the ripples in the current at the foot of the mountain.



were lost to view in the thick undergrowth.

This happened on Barbers Mountain in August, 1708. The survival of the name and the preservation of certain ancient records enables us to fix the place of the fight.

Some of the details of the foregoing narrative are, manifestly, purely imaginary. In order to vouch for the story, and clearly separate what is imaginative from what is contemporaneously recorded fact, we set forth the latter with the names of the authorities.

Queen Anne's War—1702-13—was, in America, mainly a struggle between the settled communities in southern New England and the French and Indians of Canada. The chief sufferers were the frontier towns of Massachusetts and particularly those in the Connecticut River valley. They suffered greatly in the earlier years of this war, in which several hundred settlers were killed and an equal number taken captive to Canada. The French sent frequent expeditions down the river, some of Indians only, some made up of French regulars accompanied or preceded by Indian scouts and warriors. The settlers had learned that safety depended upon being forewarned of these raids, and, therefore, during this and the several succeeding wars sent a surprising number of scouting parties far up the river, sometimes keeping such parties out for several months continuously. We have the records of many of them. These records show that they were instructed "to go to ye mountain tops and there to lodge and view morning and evening for smoaks,"—the smoke of campfires being the best way of detecting the presence of Indians over wide areas.

In August, 1708, one of these scouting parties was sent out from Deerfield in canoes. With it were Robert Barber, a son of Josiah Barber of Windsor, Conn., and Martin Kellogg, then twenty-two years of age, who four years before had been taken captive at the "Sack of Deerfield" and carried to Canada. They proceeded as far as White River, which at that time was accounted to be one hundred and twenty miles up the Connecticut River from Deerfield. The party was under instructions to scout near the mouth of White River, for its valley with that of the Winooski—the route now followed by the Central Vermont Railroad—was one of the favorite Indian routes from Lake Champlain and Canada.

Dr. Hastings, Town Clerk of Hatfield, Mass., kept a record of events in the valley, from 1700 to 1728. In this we find the following: "August, 1708. One Barber of Windsor was slain one hundred miles up the Great River, and Martin Kellogg taken, and one of the enemy slain and one wounded."

In the "Journal and Records" of Rev. Stephen Williams, one of the captives taken at the "Sack of Deerfield," in 1703, we find the following: "August, 1708. A scout of six men, about a hundred miles above Deerfield were fell upon by a party of Indians, and one Robert Barber of Windsor was slain; but after he had received his mortal wound, he got upon his knees and shot the very Indian that shot him, and fell down and died. So that when the Indians came to them, which was within a few minutes, they were both dead, lying within a few rods of one another. This account I had of an Indian, who, upon relating the matter, added, 'No, he is not Barber, but his ghost.' At the same time Martin Kellogg was taken, which was the second time of his going into captivity, but before he was taken, discharged his gun and wounded an Indian in his thigh."

Thus we have two independent contemporaneous authorities to the effect that this fight took place about a hundred miles above Deerfield.

Capt. Benjamin Wright, who led many scouting parties up the river, records in the report of his scout which started from Deerfield about April 26,

were lost to view in the thick undergrowth.

This happened on Thursday Afternoon in August, 1705. The survival of the name and the preservation of certain modest records enables us to fix the place of the fight.

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In August, 1705, one of these scouting parties was sent out from Deerfield in canoes. With it were Ezekiel Harper, a son of Josiah Harper of Windsor, Conn., and Martin Kellogg, then twenty-two years of age, who four years before had been taken cap-

1709, with sixteen men, that they "travailed up the Connecticut River (a distance) which is usually called one hundred and twenty miles . . to the mouth of White River." The latter place is twenty miles north of Barbers Mountain, placing that mountain, according to the early reckoning of distances, just one hundred miles up the river from Deerfield.

In a "Memoir of Rev. John Williams" we find still another narration of the event. This was evidently written much later for the name "Vermont" was not adopted until 1777. It reads as follows: "August, 1708. As a scout from Deerfield were returning from White River, in Vermont, they were attacked by the Indians, a man by the name of Barber was killed, he having killed the Indian who fired upon him, so near together did they discharge their guns. Martin Kellogg was captivated, the rest were so fortunate as to escape."

This record, although later, is interesting in that it describes the fight as occurring on the return from White River, and tells us definitely that the rest of the scouting party escaped. Perhaps the recorder had additional information, not now available. Other descriptions of this fight, as that in the Oliver Ellsworth MSS., 1802, are believed to have been compiled from the foregoing, with some additions of a traditional nature, which were probably wholly imaginary.

It is quite likely that one or more of the four who escaped in August, 1708, was with Captain Wright on his above mentioned scout eight months later. If so they would very naturally point out the place and call it "Barber's Mountain." Indeed it is probable that other scouting parties had passed there during the months that intervened, and that the place was well known by that time. If no survivor was present with them it would have been easy to describe the scene of the fight as on the only mountain close to the river on the east side, about half way between the "Great Falls" and White River. But it is not necessary to rely upon conjecture or descriptions of the place given to others, for we know of Martin Kellogg's return from his second captivity and of his later participation in various scouting parties up the river. One of these was in April and May, 1712, with Capt. Thomas Baker, and thirty-two men. It went up to Cowass (Haverhill).* Kellogg would have good reason to recollect the place and to point it out to his companions. The Indians also doubtless

*Capt. Thomas Baker and Martin Kellogg who acted as Lieutenant on this expedition, had both been captured at the "Sack of Deerfield" and taken to Canada. Together they planned and effected their escape, being joined by two other captives. They made their way to Lake Champlain, crossed to the mouth of White River, constructed a raft and floated down the Connecticut to the "Great Falls," there abandoned their raft, made another below the falls and on it floated nearly to Deerfield. The only provisions they had between White River and Deerfield were "ye leg of a tortoise and a small hook-fish."

The expedition of April and May, 1712, after reaching Cowass, struck across country to the Pemigewasset—probably following very closely the route now traversed by the Boston, Concord and Montreal Railroad. Near the mouth of the stream, since known as Bakers River, a large party of French and Indians were discovered coming down the river in canoes. Captain Baker placed his men in ambush, fired upon the enemy and killed so many that the survivors beat a hasty retreat. The Captain secured the accoutrements and ornaments of an Indian Chief. Accounts of this occurrence vary greatly. The foregoing is in substance as related by Captain Baker's daughter who probably had heard her father tell the story many times. The expedition went down the Merrimac to Dunstable, now Nashua, thence to Boston.

Captain Baker, with Martin Kellogg as interpreter, was later sent to Canada to effect the release or exchange of prisoners. It was on this expedition that he wooed and won the beautiful young widow, Madame Le Beau, and succeeded in carrying her off as a "prisoner" against the wishes of the Jesuit Fathers and French officials.

The names of Martin and his brother, Joseph Kellogg, are familiar in the history of the Connecticut River Valley. They not only did a lot of Indian fighting but were long employed as interpreters in negotiations with the Indians.

pointed out the place for the belief that it was not Barber but his ghost that arose and shot the Indian that shot him, had apparently made a deep impression on their minds.

The above facts and the fact that Charlestown "No. 4" was settled in 1740, only thirty-two years after this fight took place, seem quite sufficient to account for the survival of the name until the first settlers came to Claremont in 1762.

As bearing upon such survival it may be stated that many records, perhaps more than fifty in all, exist of scouting parties and other expeditions passing up and down the "Great River" in the sixty years prior to the settlement of Claremont. There were, undoubtedly, many other passings on the river, the records of which have been lost or about which nothing was ever written. The old Cheshire County Records fail to show that any one named Barber ever owned land on this mountain. No one of that name is known to have lived there. There seems little doubt that the facts above stated account for a name, unaccountable for a century or more, the oldest geographical name in Claremont.

THROUGH THE YEAR IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

No. 7

By Rev. Roland D. Sawyer

September

September, the month of peace and quietness, is here again. A quaint legend in the old Irish church says that Christ as the Shepherd once went among the months and gathered them to his bosom and gave them each a secret name. The first month he called to himself was September, and to it he gave the name of "Peace"; the other months and their names were: February, "Hope"; March, "Strife"; April, "Tears and Laughter"; May, "Love."; June, "Joy"; July, "Beauty"; August, "Quietness"; October, "Content"; November, "Silence"; December, "Death"; January, "Resurrection and Life." Thus all the months received their secret name, and then turning to them the Master said: "September, I have called thee first, because thy secret name is my own, 'Peace.'"

The legend rings true to fact, September is the month of peace, its days give one a complacent temper.

Twice in the year the hills, pastures, roadsides of every New Hampshire town are ablaze with glorious beauty; once in early May when all is a beautiful green, and again in September when the tints of crimson, sapphire, indigo, gold—greet our eyes.

Early September

Early days in September seem the best part of summer—though there is a little chill morning and night, yet the day is essentially a summer day. Insect life now reaches its climax, the green crickets are now full grown and chant their loudest each evening; the small species of katydid which we find in New Hampshire rasps his constant strain; the bumble-bee appears at the windows; the yellow-jacketed bee hunts the cider-mill; the butterfly makes the most of the remaining days. How friendly everything is on these days, it seems that all the glories of the golden sunshine of June, July, August, is gathered up in the mellow, life-giving streams that warm the earth. Early September days are the days to be much out-of-doors and to walk thru pasture and woodland.

Mid-September

The cries of the crow and blue-jay now give the fall-spell to things—the swamps are turning crimson—in a few days New Hampshire will be sublime and its hills will blaze in glory. The farmer begins to think of his harvest and is making ready—we are entering the *season of promise.*

Late September

Now comes the glory—September is leading up to the October Miracle. And the thousand beauties that greet the eye are matched by the sweetness of the odors that greet the nostrils. The frost-tipped bushes, trees and gardens throw off a delicious odor. There is a delightfully invigorating crispness in the air. Who is there whose soul is so dead that he would not like to live forever when he is greeted by a day in late September among the hills of the Old Granite State.

"A walk thru the woods in September
Is a bliss I can never define;
The red leaves that glow like an ember
Make gorgeous the tree and the vine;
With earth and sky for my teacher
I worship with sun and with clod,
Forgetting the priest and the preacher,
For now I am walking with God."

A BOOK OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

Arthur Meier Schlesinger of the faculty of the University of Iowa contributed to the *Ohio Archaeological and Historical Quarterly*, Volume XXVIII, Number Two, while connected with the Ohio State University, a paper upon "Salmon Portland Chase: Undergraduate and Pedagogue," which has been reprinted and issued in book form at 70 cents by The F. J. Heer Printing Company, Columbus, Ohio. It is based upon letters written by Chief Justice Chase, while a student at Dartmouth and a school teacher in Washington, to his college mate at Hanover, Thomas Sparhawk, of the class of 1828. Professor Schlesinger fails to give us the information we would like about Doctor Sparhawk, but we gather from internal evidence contained in the letters that he was of the famous Colonial family of Sparhawks of Kittery and Portsmouth, and that he was a near relative—perhaps the son?—of Concord's pioneer banker and one-time secretary of state, Samuel Sparhawk. In fact, while the letters are very interesting and give in themselves a good picture of life in Hanover and Washington in the third decade of the nineteenth century, the accompanying notes and connecting narrative might easily and profitably have been expanded to twice or three times their present length. However, as it stands, the monograph preserves some historical matter of value and is both readable and entertaining. The deeply religious character of some of the letters and the piquant references in others to current scandals of that day in both collegiate and political circles form an amusing contrast. How little college boys have changed in a century is seen in his opinion of the freshman class of his time: "Take the class as a body and I doubt whether it would be possible to find a poorer set of intellects in any college in America." The future Chief Justice, it will be seen, did not hesitate at that time about expressing his views forcibly. Of what is now, at any rate, one of the prettiest and most hospitable cities in the state, he says "It is a gloomy and unsocial place," and his description of his experiences as a school teacher among people whom he characterizes as "almost savages" is highly pessimistic.

A BOOK OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

EDITORIAL

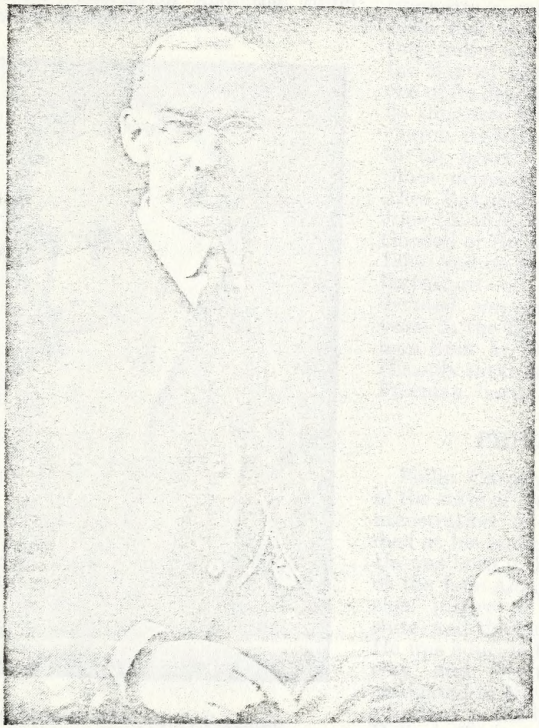
Two of the articles in this issue of the GRANITE MONTHLY are particularly worthy of thoughtful perusal; not only on account of their intrinsic interest, but also because of their relation to great problems now pressing for solution in the state as well as in the nation. One of these articles is that in which Colonel George B. Leighton, state commissioner of water power conservation, describes the investigations which he has conducted, summarizes his findings and points out briefly their bearing upon the future of New Hampshire. The time is coming, and that soon, when, if the Granite State's industrial prosperity is to continue, she must take a most careful account of stock and must lay the most thorough and far-reaching plans for the discovery and utilization in the utmost degree of the very last one of her resources. Heading, in importance, the list of her resources is the "white coal" of her lakes and streams. For a century, now, it has been creating great wealth, much for our own people, and more for those shrewd men of other states who early saw and capitalized the possibilities of our waterfalls. And yet those possibilities are far from being realized in full, as Colonel Leighton's article shows. The matter of their full development and application to our economic problems warrants the immediate attention, followed by the speediest possible action, on the part of our state's best thought and most active enterprise. So much for the conservation of our water power.

It is the even more important matter of the conservation of our man power—and woman power—which is dealt with in the other article to which reference has been made. In it General Frank S. Streeter asks in behalf of the State Board of Education for general coöperation in assuring the utmost success for the workings of the new school law enacted by the Legislature of 1919 and which already has become known nationally as the most advanced statute in the country upon the subject of education. If it accomplishes all that its friends hope and claim for it, the result will be of the greatest benefit to the New Hampshire of the immediate future. No one whose loyalty to the state is sincere will refrain from giving to the new law the cordial and interested support for which General Streeter asks. The one panacea for the troubles now afflicting the body politic is the right kind of education. If, as seems likely, the new law will help the schools of New Hampshire in giving that kind of an education it will be a most valuable asset of the state and a true measure of conservation. Black clouds lower today in the industrial skies above New Hampshire, as well as above the whole country, and, for the matter of that, the whole world. We have faith to believe that they will be dissipated and that the present, almost universal unrest will be followed by a greater general degree of peace, prosperity and contentment than ever has existed in any previous period of the world's history. But this can be accomplished only through the careful conservation and the intelligent use of our every resource, moral, mental and material.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

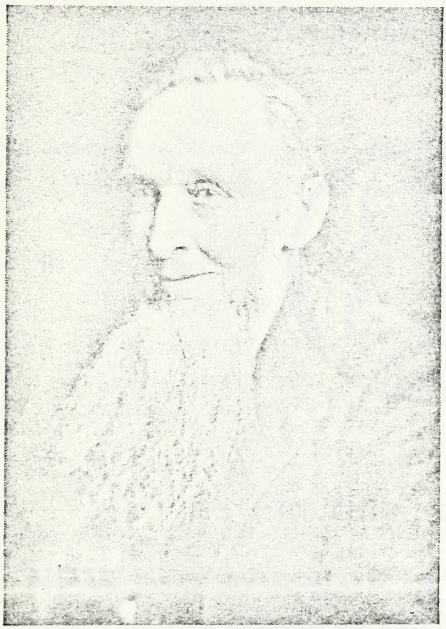
EDMUND WARREN KNIGHT

Edmund Warren Knight, one of the best known hotel men of New England, passed away quietly at his home, Cedarcroft, Peterborough, early Sunday morning, August 3. He was born March 12, 1859, at Hancock, where he received his early education in the district school. In 1869 Mr. Knight's father moved his family to Franconia, and at the early age of ten the young man came in contact with the hotel business and began his career, during the summer season, as bell boy for Taft and Greenleaf, the proprietors of the Profile House. Having mastered the courses of study given in the district school at Franconia during the winter months, he entered the New Hampton Institution at New Hampton, continuing his summer work at the hotel. When sixteen years of age he began teaching. He had charge of schools at Whitefield and Jaffrey, both towns of his native state; and, although hardly more than a boy himself, he soon developed marked disciplinary powers, which stood him in good stead, for many of his pupils were older than their master. While teaching at Whitefield he lived with the Dodge family, proprietors of the Mountain View House. It was not long, however, before he gave up teaching and devoted his entire time to the hotel business. He spent winters with Walter Aiken in Bermuda and with G. W. Kittelle at Fernandina, Fla. Later on he became associated with J. T. Wilson of the New England House in Boston, becoming guardian of Mr. Wilson's daughter after the decease of Mr. Wilson. In 1886 Mr. Knight accompanied Charles H. Greenleaf, for whom he had worked several years, on a trip to California where they expected to become interested in the Hotel Raymond at Pasadena. Not finding there a good business opening, on the way back East Mr. Knight took a position as assistant steward of the Palmer House in Chicago. The following year Mr. Greenleaf assumed the proprietorship of the Hotel Vendome in Boston and took Mr. Knight into the business as assistant manager and later on as manager and partner. He continued in this capacity until four years ago



The late Edmund W. Knight

when his health began to fail. He then retired from active duties, hoping by a period of time spent in complete rest and travel to regain his former health. Mr. Knight was a member of the Boston Art Club, the Winslow Lewis Lodge of Masons and the Old South Club. He had the honor of being the president of the latter during some of its most influential years. He was at one time also president of the New Hampton Institution Alumni Association in whose welfare he was always interested. Reunions of the association were held at the Vendome, and in his will, Mr. Knight bequeathed $5,000 to help continue the work of the association. For many years he had also been a member of the Boston Hotel Association and the Hotel Men's Mutual Benefit Association.



The late Deacon Charles N. Freeman

DEACON CHARLES N. FREEMAN

Deacon Charles Nelson Freeman, one of the most highly respected residents of Claremont, died there August 2. He was born at Brookfield, Vt., November 9, 1839, the only son of Loren W. and Diany (Crane) Freeman. He served in the Civil War in the Fourth Regiment of Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, in which he enlisted while employed at Ashburnham, Mass. In 1868 Mr. Freeman located in Claremont as a contractor and builder and in 1871 established the firm of Freeman & O'Neil, which manufactured interior finish for some of the finest residences of that time on Fifth Avenue, New York, and whose business connections extended as far as Australia and South America. In 1891 Mr. Freeman retired from active business after a career characterized by shrewd judgment, keen foresight and sterling integrity. Mr. Freeman many times declined political preferment, but in 1887 he was one of the representatives from Claremont in the famous legislative session of that year, serving on the Committee on Labor, which was established at that session for the first time as a standing committee of the House. He also served on the school board of Claremont and was much in demand as a member of important building committees, such as those which erected the town hall and the Way School. For more than half a century he had been a member of the Baptist Church at Claremont, serving as one of its deacons for thirty-nine years and as its treasurer for nearly as long a time. His church, its faith and its works, were very near to his heart. Deacon Freeman was three times married: on December 25, 1865, to Alice Raymore of Brookfield, Vt., who died June 15, 1876; on April 10, 1878, to Electa A. Goodell of Brookfield, who died November 5, 1895; and on January 21, 1897, to Jennie M. Raynsford of Cornish, who has been his devoted companion for more than twenty years in the beautiful home which Mr. Freeman built at 77 Sullivan street, Claremont. His only surviving child is a son, Hiram Webb Freeman, born October 9, 1866.

PHILIP CARPENTER

Philip Carpenter, judge advocate general of the state of New Hampshire during the administration of Governor Moody Currier, died at his home in Yonkers, N. Y., July 23. He was born in Bath, March 9, 1856, the son of the late Alonzo P. Carpenter, afterwards chief justice of the Supreme Court of the state, and the late Julia (Goodall) Carpenter. He was educated at St. Johnsbury, Vt., Academy and Dartmouth College, where he graduated in 1877. Three years later he was admitted to the bar and married Miss Fannie Hallock Rouse, who is herself a member of the bar and has been president of the New York State Federation of Woman's Clubs. In 1885 General Carpenter removed from New Hampshire to New York City, where he had since practised his profession with eminent success, making a specialty of corporation law. From 1897 to 1901 he was first assistant district attorney. He was a member of the city and state bar associations, of the Republican, Union League, Colonial, Manhattan and Dartmouth Clubs, of the New England Society and of the Academy of National Arts. He is survived by his widow and by his sister, Mrs. Lilian Carpenter Streeter, of Concord.

Volume 51 OCTOBER, 1919 Number 10

The Granite Monthly

New Hampshire State Magazine



IN THIS NUMBER:

NEW HAMPSHIRE AND DARTMOUTH

By PRESIDENT ERNEST M. HOPKINS

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PRESIDENT ERNEST M. HOPKINS

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. LI OCTOBER, 1919 No. 10

DARTMOUTH AND NEW HAMPSHIRE

By Ernest M. Hopkins, LL.D.
President of the College

The granting of the royal charter establishing Dartmouth College, defined not only what the institution should be but also fixed its permanent abode. The Sesqui-Centennial Celebration of the College, therefore, is among other things, very specifically an anniversary of the origin of that relationship between Dartmouth and New Hampshire, the compatibility of which has been honorable to each. The retrospect of a century and a half is gratifying in that so long a period of mutual association of interests should have been so largely one of mutual appreciation. This, I believe, has never been more marked than now.

It is especially pleasant at this time, to recollect the cordiality with which the College was invited to New Hampshire by Governor John Wentworth and the heartiness with which it was welcomed. The location of the College within New Hampshire's boundaries was not a haphazard occurrence. Pennsylvania sought the establishment of the projected college within its limits and Eleazar Wheelock carefully examined this proposition upon the ground. The attractions of New Jersey were formally presented. Likewise, New York urged that the work of the College be undertaken at Albany and western Massachusetts argued for the desirability of setting up a rival to Harvard in that outpost of the colony. The eventual decision was made only after the most careful consideration on the part of President Wheelock and only after the courtly governor had indicated his own eagerness that the College should be established within New Hampshire's territory.

Incidentally, it is worth noting that the College has never had a more interested friend in office within the state than was this gallant cavalier. In all reasonable ways he proclaimed the advantages that would accrue to the state from the presence of the College. He built roads to give access to the College and in person he travelled across the province from the seaport of Portsmouth to the forested wilderness of the Connecticut shore, to be in attendance at each of the first three commencements.

It is for others to say what have

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Ernest Martin Hopkins, eleventh president of Dartmouth College, was born in Dunbarton, N. H., November 6, 1877, the son of the Congregationalist minister in that hill town. He prepared at Worcester Academy for Dartmouth, where he graduated in the class of 1901. He remained at the College, as secretary to President William J. Tucker and later as secretary of the College, until 1910, when he engaged in business and held various important positions concerned with the adjustment of industrial relations. He was inaugurated president of Dartmouth in 1916, but during the war gave much of his time to service as assistant to the Secretary of War in the Department of Industrial Relations. President Hopkins, in the brief period during which he has been the head of Dartmouth, has inspired both the undergraduate and alumni bodies with admiration, affection and loyal confidence. The difficult war period was safely passed under his leadership and the College enrolment today is the largest in its history.

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The granting of the royal charter establishing Dartmouth College declared not only what the institution should be but also fixed its permanent abode. The Reverend Eleazar Wheelock, founder of the College, in choosing, as among other things, was inevitably an anniversary of the union of this relationship between Dartmouth and New Hampshire, the responsibility of which has been thought to ought. The retrospect of a century and a half is gratifying in that so long a period of mutual association of interests should have been on the whole one of mutual appreciation. The College, I believe, has never been more respected than now.

It is especially pleasant at this time, to recollect the cordiality with which the College was invited to Exeter by the Legislature of New Hampshire by convening there. Dartmouth and the Province with which it was welcomed. The location of the College within New Hampshire's boundaries was not a happy and occurrence. Pennsylvania sought the establishment of the projected college within its limits and Eleazar Wheelock carefully examined this proposition

been the benefits to New Hampshire in this long association of interests of the state and the College. Perhaps the consequence of the affection for the real glories of the state, which has been bred in the hearts of thousands of sons of the College who have come to her from afar, would prove to be high in the list of advantages which have accrued to the state. Of the benefits to the College I can speak more freely. First, I would emphasize the importance of the high grade personnel with which the College was blessed from the very first, due to its propinquity to the sturdy stock which made up the citizenship of the state, and due to the interest of this citizenship in the College which led it to send its sons to Dartmouth. Thus were high standards set in the very first years of Dartmouth's life, the advantageous effect of which became interwoven with the other influences which have worked so largely to the permanent welfare of the College. Other benefits of large significance are those which have acted definitely upon the selective processes which have so largely defined the Dartmouth type,—processes, active both in the influences that have been attracting to the College men of a definite type, and in the effects upon these men who have come to it. The Dartmouth man has become, in the attributes ascribed to him, a man of rather sharply defined characteristics which are not disassociated with the ruggedness of the environment, the stanchness of character of the local population, and the strenuousness and vitality of the northern New England climate. He is held to have absorbed something of the strength of the hills, and I believe, rightfully. Wherever Dartmouth men go, the words of Richard Hovey abide;

> "The still North remembers them,
> The hill-winds know their name,
> And the granite of New Hampshire
> Keeps the record of their fame."

As the earlier born daughter of the royal province, the College possibly may be considered as an elder sister of the state. At any rate in this capacity, or in any other that may be conceded to her, Dartmouth extends greetings to New Hampshire and welcomes this occasion for expressing the high regard that she holds for the relationship existent. The satisfaction with which she considers the mutually auspicious outcome of the long-ago, romantic negotiations between John Wentworth and Eleazar Wheelock is as definite as it is long enduring.

THE FOUNDER'S CALL

1770

By Perley R. Bugbee

"Vox Clamantis in Deserto,"
To the pines of the north I'll go,
Though I am advanced in years
God cares, I will leave my fears.
"Listen. I hear an Indian's voice
Calling for a brother's service."
I'll trail the Connecticut's course,
If need be to its very source.
Somewhere in its fertile valleys broad
Somewhere, I will teach Indians of God.

After long journeyings and a summer's search,
'Neath azure skies and the old pines, was his church.
Dartmouth's founding here was not by chance;
It was a real heroic romance.
Here he builded a hut in the early fall,
And listening, heard again the Indian's call;
It came from the north, or was it from the west?
Answering, he called, "I will be host not guest."
Nine years of service, all given him, he gave.
Yonder, the pines are whispering o'er his grave.

Hanover, N. H.

TWO DARTMOUTH LETTERS

By Harlan C. Pearson

In connection with the near approach of the 150th anniversary of the founding of Dartmouth College, two letters having an interesting relation to that institution, though not dating back to the time of the Wheelocks, have come recently within the ken of the editor of the GRANITE MONTHLY.

Miss Mary B. Harris, librarian of the Pillsbury Free Library at Warner, and Mr. Louis P. Elkins, of the New Hampshire Savings Bank at Concord, found these letters while going through their respective family papers and kindly loaned them to the editor.

The older of the two is written by Judge John Harris of Hopkinton, then of the Probate, but afterwards of the Superior, Court, to Rev. Carlton Chase, then rector of Immanuel Church at Bellows Falls, Vt., but afterwards the first bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of New Hampshire.

This letter is largely concerned with church matters, but contains an interesting paragraph about Dartmouth, from which Bishop Chase graduated in 1817, and as to whose future both the writer of the letter and its recipient were much concerned. The letter is as follows:

HOPKINTON, July 31, 1820.

My dear Sir:

I might offer, as an excuse for not writing sooner, my engagements, journeys, etc. But the truth is, I have been waiting for a letter from you. I assure you, I had become very impatient, and was totally at a loss to account for your silence.

I passed two nights at Windsor, about a fortnight since, on my return from Hanover, and learnt that you had been there a short time before. I was happy to find the Revd. Mr. Leonard in good health and spirits and his society flourishing. I was informed that a Mr. Wheeler, I presume your friend, Jack, had been engaged to preach to the Congregational Society in that place, and was to commence immediately. I passed an afternoon with Mr. Howard, the Baptist minister, with whom I was much pleased. He appears to be a well-informed, candid, worthy man. I understood that he and Mr. Leonard were on terms of friendship and intimacy.

I was pretty much confined to business, while at Hanover, and had but little opportunity for observation. By what I saw myself, and heard from others, the place is remarkably dull. The class about to be graduated is very small. Indeed there are but few scholars at the institution, compared with former times. It is said that four-fifths of the students are supported by charity. Probably few others will go there in future. There is danger that the college will go down. President Brown died last Thursday. Much will depend on his successor. On that subject there will be difficulty. Shurtliff will wish for the presidency and think himself entitled to it; and will give them trouble, if not elected. The trustees are sensible that the appointment of him would ruin the institution. I think it will be difficult to find a suitable person, who will accept the office. Gardner Spring, of New York, and Dr. Worcester, of Salem, are talked of. McFarland and Thompson would both like it.

I had learnt, that the Revd. Mr. Andrews was appointed agent of the Colonization Society, and had been to Vermont to take leave of his parents; but did not suspect, he had been so near us, as Connecticut River. It is a painful thought, that I shall probably never see him more in this world. I hope, we shall hereafter meet around the throne of God in heaven. Did he give any instructions, or say anything about a trunk of clothing, which he left at Mr. Chase's?

Mr. Searle has preached at Hopkinton but two Sundays since you were here. Last week he went to Portsmouth, and was to return and preach at Concord yesterday. In the course of the present week he calculates to leave for Temple, Boston, Bristol, etc.

I was not a little disappointed at the election sermon. You know, it was read to Mr. Atherton and myself a night or two before it was delivered in public. It was then too late to suggest any alterations, or I should not have hesitated to have done it.

I do not know, but suppose, that the elegy you mention was written by Darling, the writing master, who has been lounging about Lieut. Parker's for a long time.

As to a church, Benj'n Wiggin has been here, and the subject has been proposed to him. He is not at present disposed to give one himself, but says, he will do something handsome towards it. One thousand dollars has been mentioned. His friends have some suspicion, that he will conclude to do the whole, when he shall return in September. I confess, I have more hopes, than formerly.

TWO DARTMOUTH LETTERS

By Nadia C. Perera

In connection with the near approach of the 150th anniversary of the founding of Dartmouth College, two letters having an interesting relation to that institution, though not dating back to the time of the Wheelock, have come recently within the ken of the editor of the Library Bulletin.

Miss Alice B. Haven, librarian of the Pilsbury Free Library at Warner, and Mr. Louis P. Elkins, of the New Hampshire Savings Bank at Concord, found these letters while going through their respective family papers and kindly loaned them to the editor.

The older of the two is written by Judge John Pierce of Hopkinton, then of the Pulpit, but afterwards of the Supreme Court, to Rev. Carlton Chase, then rector of Immanuel Church at Bellows Falls, Vt., but afterwards the first bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of New Hampshire.

This letter is largely concerned with church matters, but contains an interesting paragraph about Dartmouth, from which College Pierce was graduated in 1817, and as to whose future both the writer of the letter and its recipient were much concerned. The letter is as follows:

Hopkinton, July 31, 1830

My dear Sir,

I might offer, as an excuse for not writing sooner, my engagements, previous to the time I have been writing for a letter from you. I assure you, I had become very impatient, and was totally at a loss to account for your silence.

I passed two weeks at Windsor, about a fortnight since, on my return from Danville, and learnt that you had been there a short time before. I was happy to find the Bishop, Mr. Leonard in good health and spirits and his society soothing. I was informed that a Mr. Wheeler, I presume your friend Jacob, had been engaged to preach in the Congregational Society in that place, and was to commence immediately. I passed an afternoon with Mr. Howard, the Legate minister, with whom I was much pleased. He appears

Mr. Atherton's expected marriage is news to me. It must have been a late calculation, or he would have mentioned it to me himself. I now cannot conjecture who is the object of his choice.

I wish Blaisdell would adopt a little different course. Our ladies are preparing some few articles of clothing for him.

A certain Methodist preacher, by the name of Adams, and Doct. Jones have got up a considerable excitement in the westerly part of the town. There is much zeal and but little knowledge displayed. Moses Hastings's widow has joined the Shakers.

A Mr. Rogers, an Episcopal clergyman from New York, who has the charge of three churches, one in New York, one in Massachusetts, and one in Connecticut, lately called and took dinner with me. He appeared to be a pompous, eccentric man, but had many agreeable things about him.

I have not room for some local and personal things, which I might mention.

I am, as ever, thine sincerely,

J —— H ——

REVD. CARLTON CHASE.

Of the men whom Judge Harris mentions in his letter, Professor Roswell Shurtleff (the Judge spells it with an i) had graduated from Dartmouth in 1799 and had been connected with the college ever since. At the time this letter was written he occupied the Phillips Chair of Theology, acted as librarian and gave instruction in "natural and politic law."

Rev. Dr. Samuel Worcester of Salem, Mass., a member of the class of 1795, was secretary of the A. B. C. F. M. "McFarland and Thompson" were the Rev. Dr. Asa McFarland of Concord, of the class of 1793, and United States Senator Thomas W. Thompson, also of Concord, of the class of 1786. Both were trustees of the college and each had been in earlier life a tutor at the college. Doctor McFarland also had been a "preceptor" in Moor's Indian Charity School during the last years of its activity.

The class of 1820 was, as Judge Harris wrote, "very small," having but 24 graduates. The next class increased only to 26, but the class of 1822 graduated 45. Not a little would have been lost to the glory of Dartmouth, however, if the class of 1820 had not been graduated; for it included George P. Marsh, lawyer and author, minister of the United States to Turkey, Greece and Italy; Judge George W. Nesmith, for 32 years a trustee of the college; and Judge Nathaniel G. Upham.

Of this period in the life of Dartmouth, following close upon the destructive war between "college" and "university" which Daniel Webster won for the former, Prof. Charles F. Emerson has written: "Dartmouth had been recovered, but at the cost of such impoverishment that nothing but the foundations were left. These consisted of little more than a body of traditions, but they were priceless. For the third time the work had to be commenced practically from the beginning.

"Rev. Daniel Dana, D.D., of the class of 1788, was called to the presidency in 1820; a choice spirit, an attractive preacher, but with impaired health, he entered upon the work with great reluctance. Before the end of a year, the cares and burdens of the new position, and the unwelcome change from congenial professional duties to administrative details for which he had less taste, reacted unfavorably upon his health, produced great depression of spirits, and led to his resignation. His winsome personality had been effective in removing the gloom and soreness left by the controversy and creating a hopeful outlook, but the time was too short for the formation or development of a policy of administration."

This was done, however, in the six years' presidency of Rev. Bennet Tyler, D.D., which followed, and after him came the brilliant Rev. Nathan Lord, D.D., inaugurated at the age of 35, which made him the youngest college president of his day in this country, and continuing to hold that office until 1863, the longest term, saving that of John Wheelock, in the history of the college.

Some of the other names men-

tioned by Judge Harris became famous in after years. "Jack" Wheeler was the Rev. Dr. John Wheeler, trustee of Dartmouth from 1826 to 1833 and president of the University of Vermont from 1833 to 1849. Soon after Judge Harris's letter was written the Rev. Addison Searle, a class mate of "Jack" Wheeler in Dartmouth '16, who had been teaching school in Concord and acting as an Episcopal priest, became a chaplain in the United States Navy.

The other Dartmouth letter to which reference has been made reads as follows:

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, Nov. 2, 1832.

Dear Sir:

The College Faculty have requested the students who intend to instruct schools this Winter, to commence in season to close and return to College at the commencement of the spring term on account of new regulations in the course of studies.—You mentioned that you thought of having your school begin the Monday after Thanksgiving if the District were willing. I should be glad to commence then, if you wished, for reasons as stated above. Should you, however, prefer a different time I would not urge the matter, but will be ready to begin whenever you wish. I should like to know the time you prefer as soon as convenient to you.

From your friend, etc.,
MOODY CURRIER.

MR. P. ELKINS.

The superscription of this letter is:

MR. PETER ELKINS,
CONCORD, N. H.
Politeness Mr. Marble.

"Mr. Marble," a Phi Beta Kappa member of the class of 1834 at Dartmouth, afterwards was known as the Reverend Doctor Newton Epaphroditus Marble, teacher and minister.

Mr. Peter Elkins evidently was superintending school committee or something of the sort in the Concord of that day. He was a well-known citizen whose tin shop was on North Main street just beyond the Washington Tavern, the grandfather of Mr. Louis P. Elkins of today.

The young member of the class of 1834 at Dartmouth who was so willing to meet the desires of the Concord School District evidently made good as an instructor, for following his graduation he returned to the state capital for more teaching in the old North End School, at State and Church streets, of which Judge Nesmith had been the first master after his own graduation in 1820.

Nor did Mr. Currier's duties as pedagogue occupy all of his time, for on August 1, 1834, the first number of the *Literary Gazette*, Moody Currier and Asa Fowler, editors, made its appearance.

A great many years later, in June, 1885, to be exact, when Mr. Currier was in his 80th year, he came again to Concord, this time to be inaugurated as the governor of his state.

The custom to which his letter refers, of remaining away from the winter term of college so as to teach school and thus earn money for defraying the expenses of the rest of the college year, continued as a Dartmouth custom into the last decade of the nineteenth century. Almost every man in the list of famous alumni of the college, from Daniel Webster down the line, had this experience among the prized memories of his college days; and no better stories ever are told at class reunions than those which have to do with the experiences of the amateur pedagogues in the various fields of their labors.

We may be sure that those of young Moody Currier in the Concord of the Thirties were pleasant ones, for the state capital of that day, little, one-street town, as it was, had a deserved reputation for genuine hospitality and more than surface culture.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD

By Hattie Duncan Towle

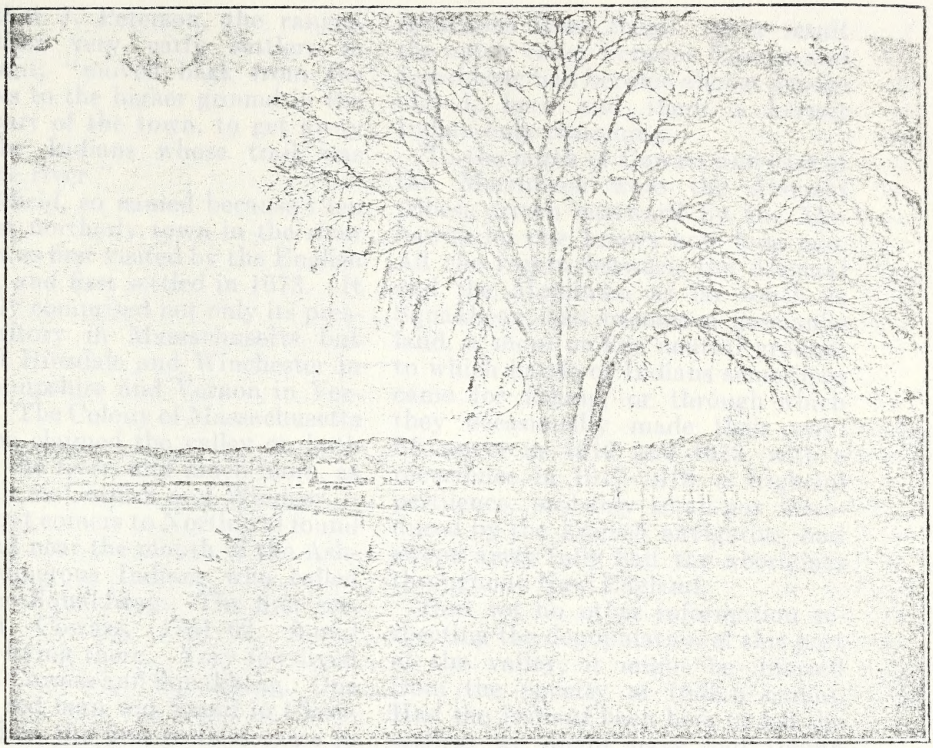
A quaint old homestead somewhere stands
In the town of "Long Ago";
Its doorsills worn by many feet,
And its doorways small and low;
Its windows few have many panes,
And each one the sunbeams fill
To shine on plants that gayly bloom
On the window's narrow sill.

As well-known steps sound on the walk
You will open wide the door;
In ev'ry room loved forms appear
And loved voices sound once more;
The lamplight outlines father's face,
Just as in the days of yore;
The paper rustles 'neath his touch
As it slides down to the floor.

You climb again the steep old stair
To the chamber where you slept,
That little room you dearly loved;
Its memories sweet, you've kept.
You hear the raindrops on the roof,
And a mouse upon the floor,
Then mother comes to "tuck you in,"
And to talk your troubles o'er.

With loving words she talks to you,
Her sweet lips all a-quiver
And as she prays, the white mists rise
Above the town and river.
O mother love! so dear and true,
By Love Diviner given,
(Since mother's with the angels now,
You feel you're nearer Heaven.)

All tender things of yesterday,
All of life that seems worth while,
That old, old house brings back to you,
Oft with tears, oft with a smile;
O, dear old home—far back somewhere
You see it now with tear-dimmed eyes,
So quaint and worn but—over all
Something sacred, holy, lies.



The Connecticut River at Cornish and Windsor

THE INDIAN TRAIL ALONG THE CONNECTICUT RIVER

By George B. Upham

"It was over these old trails, . . . that missionary, soldier, trader, trapper, hunter, explorer and settler followed the Indian, with or without guides. The road followed the trail and the railway the road."—*Alexander Francis Chamberlain, Encl. Brit., Vol. XIX, p. 475.*

For centuries before the coming of the white man the Connecticut Valley was a natural north and south route for the aborigines. The river furnished the easiest way over the ice when solidly frozen in winter or by canoe in summer. But lacking canoes, and in times of flood or floating ice, it was necessary to take to the land trail.

The east side, at least as far as Cowass (Haverhill and Newbury), offered the most practicable route for there were fewer tributary streams which at high water would cause delay in order to build log rafts to make a crossing.

The most travelled Indian trail was, therefore, on the east side. The settlers blazed the trees where the trail led through the forest, thus fixing the course of the bridle path which later became the "Great Road."

This trail was occasionally followed by scouting parties from the Massachusetts towns, and after the establishment of the fort at Number Four, 1743–44, it was frequently used by hunters, trappers, scouts and traders going north. Tradition is to the



effect that J. Peterson, the ranger, and other very early settlers in Claremont, "moved back from the meadows to the higher ground in the north part of the town, to get away from the Indians whose trail was along the river."

Northfield, so named because then the most northerly town in the river valley, was first visited by the English in 1663, and first settled in 1673. It originally comprised not only its present territory in Massachusetts but much of Hinsdale and Winchester in New Hampshire and Vernon in Vermont.* The Colony of Massachusetts Bay then claimed the valley on both sides of the river, and much more, as far north as Cornish and Windsor.

The first comers to Northfield found there and near the mouth of the Ashuelot numerous Indians who called the place Squakheag. The first settlers at Cowass, 1761–62, found Indians living there. Very few lived between Cowass and Squakheag. One solitary red man was found in Claremont when the first settlers came in 1762 or 1763.† We read of none found in neighboring towns.

Long before the coming of the white man the fierce and warlike Mohawks, chief tribe of the Iroquois, who lived west of the Hudson and in the region of Lake Champlain, had repeatedly raided the upper Connecticut Valley. The Indians living at Squakheag were still subject to incursions from them. As a result the upper valley between Cowass and Squakheag had become almost depopulated, here and there a hermit Indian only remaining.

To the north of Cowass and east of the Merrimack were the Abenaki tribes, driven eastward by the Mohawks no one knows how long ago. All the region between the Abenaki and the Mohawks, as far south as Squakheag, had become a no-man's-land, a more or less neutral ground, to which bands of Indians sometimes came for fishing, or through which they occasionally made their way. Moreover in 1612 and 1613, with a recurrence in 1617–1618, a frightful pestilence, probably small-pox introduced by the English navigators, had swept away fully half the aborigines throughout New England.

Had we no other information respecting the depopulation of this part of the valley, it might be inferred from the paucity of Indian names. Had the Indians been here to tell the settlers we might have had Indian names for the Sugar, White and Black rivers, and for dozens of our brooks and hills. It may be asserted with safety that in no other equal area in New England are there so few Indian names as between the Ammonoosuc and the Ashuelot, the Merrimack and Lake Champlain. Not a prominent peak of the Green Mountains, except Ascutney, bears an Indian

*The Colonial Province of New Hampshire granted charters for twenty-two townships bounded on the west by the Connecticut River, and for the same number bounded on the east by that river, in the present jurisdiction of the state of Vermont. But it granted one charter only for a township whose boundaries extended across the river. This was for Hinsdale, the most southwesterly township in New Hampshire. The reason why the boundaries of Hinsdale originally crossed the Connecticut was as follows: The Province of Massachusetts Bay had nearly a century previously granted to the proprietors of Northfield land on both sides of the river, including lands which by the subsequent fixing, in 1740, of Massachusetts' northern boundary as it exists today, were cut from Northfield and made a part of the Province of New Hampshire. The settlers north of that line preferred to be in one and the same township though separated by the river. The charter was granted accordingly. That part of Hinsdale west of the Connecticut River was after the organization of Vermont, 1777, and until 1802 known as Hinsdale, Vermont. The name was then changed to Vernon.

†A tradition is to the effect that a solitary Indian lived in Claremont when the first settlers came, that he was present at the raising of the frame of Union (Episcopal) Church, in 1770, still standing. Concerning this the present writer wrote fifty years ago: "The majority of the inhabitants of the town were present at the raising of the frame of this building, considered at that time to be of immense proportions, among whom was the only remaining Indian, whose name was Towsa. He watched the advancing strides of civilization with jealousy, and had been known to have taken a prominent part in expeditions against Charlestown, Keene, and other places in the vicinity, and particularly disliked the idea of having so large a building erected upon what he termed his hunting grounds. He made a threat that if any white hunter should approach the vicinity of his wigwam, situated upon the other side of the river, near the present residence of Dr. S. G. Jarvis, he would kill him. Among the strong and active men present was one Tim Atkins, who hearing this threat of Towsa's, determined to put it to a test. Accordingly one morning after loading his gun he proceeded towards the forbidden grounds. Arriving there he soon found the Indian, and after a hard struggle the white man came off the victor. He buried the body beneath one of the tall pines that grew in the vicinity. The exact spot was not known until the summer of 1854, when a laborer, digging upon the land of Mr. John Tyler, discovered a skeleton supposed from its immense size to be Towsa's."—*Northern Advocate*, Claremont, June 21, 1870.

name. Ascutney is such a prominent landmark that captives taken north would naturally inquire its name. "Skitchawaug," opposite Charlestown, was saved us owing to its proximity to the fort at Number Four, which the northern Indians frequently visited in a friendly way in times of peace. The officers there probably asked the name of the lake they had seen about twenty miles to the northeastward, and so we have Sunapee.

From the end of King Philip's war in 1676, to the fall of Quebec in 1759, the French aided and encouraged the Indians in attacks on the English settlements, and during all these years the neutral ground, notwithstanding great fear of the Mohawks, was repeatedly traversed by the northern Indians on the war path, or, in the intervals of peace, to barter their furs, the English giving greater value for furs than could be obtained in Canada.

The first settlers at Squakheag reported that the Indians annually burned over the meadows in the fall the better to prepare the ground for planting in the spring. This practice was doubtless centuries old. Even after the depopulation of the upper valley, where there was no longer any planting, this custom seems to have been continued by the Indians, who came for fishing or who passed through. Indians, even more than white men, continue ancient customs long after the reasons for them have ceased to exist.

In years preceding the incursions of the Mohawks these later abandoned meadows and the abundant supply of salmon and shad in the rivers must have supported a considerable Indian population. From time to time there have been discovered in the hillsides and terraces, pits, sometimes lined with clay, in which corn was stored. These "granaries" are found in groups, and generally on slopes to provide for dryness. They were circular excavations, the smaller ones about five feet in diameter and the same in depth, the larger ones from sixteen to twenty feet in diameter and ten to twelve feet deep. When filled with corn, dried fish or nuts they were covered with poles and long grass or with brush and sods. A picket was placed over them to guard against depredations by wild animals. Many such granaries have been found in Northfield, Hinsdale and Vernon. The extent of such storage may be estimated from the fact that when, in the spring of 1638, the settlers in Hartford, Wethersfield and Windsor, Connecticut, were starving, enough corn to load a fleet of fifty canoes was sold and sent down to them by Indians living in the valley at Northfield, and Pocomptuck near the mouth of the Deerfield River.

The corn was sometimes contained in baskets deposited in these underground granaries. On their first expedition from the Mayflower, after it had made the harbor at Provincetown, Cape Cod, Miles Standish and his men found under a heap of sand "a little old Basket full of Faire Indian Corne," digging deeper they found "a fine new Basket full of very faire corne of this year: the Basket was round, and very narrow at the top, it held about three or four bushels and was very handsomely and cunningly made." Mourt's Relation.*

The fertile lands of the upper river valley, for centuries before the incursions of the Mohawks, had doubtless been used for planting their corn.

*Without Indian corn the early settlement of New England would have been quite a different story. Indeed it is doubtful whether in its absence New England could have been settled as it was. This would have changed the history of America and, in consequence, the history of the world. From their first landings at Provincetown and Plymouth the early settlers in New England found the old Indian cornfields cleared ready for their use, and an acreage much larger than the Indian population, diminished by the pestilence, required. From the Indians they obtained the seed corn, learned the aboriginal method of planting together with pumpkins and squashes and of fertilizing each hill. From the Indians they learned how to store and dry the corn in cribs, a method found in use in Rhode Island and Connecticut, manifestly greatly superior to their underground granaries or pits.

Through long centuries the aborigines had bred this tropical plant, a native of Peru, to mature in our short northern summer, and developed the methods of its cultivation and use which remain little changed. Indian corn and the usual accompanying pumpkin are the sole products cultivated extensively in these northern latitudes which have the luxuriance and general appearance of tropical growth. Indian corn more than any other product of the soil has been and still remains the basis of the economic prosperity of the United States.

The Ainsworth meadows in Claremont, a little north of Ashley's Ferry, were probably so cultivated, for here near the barn on the highway leading to the Woodell place, on the southern slope of Barbers Mountain have been found a number of Indian graves and stone implements. Excavation in the terraces and hillsides there might disclose other Indian graves, and perhaps "granaries." The only other place known to the writer, where Indian relics have been found in Claremont, is on Sugar River about two miles east of the village, and near the home of Mr. Rush Chellis.

Let us now consider how the river valley looked to early explorers and the first settlers. The hills and uplands were covered with a heavy growth of great trees. The narrow valleys of the lesser streams were doubtless a tangle of underbrush and fallen tree trunks. But the river meadows were almost as open as they are today. This was mainly due to the annual burning, but the spring overflow of the meadows, often scoured by floating ice, discouraged the growth of young trees, while these same conditions and the annual deposit of fertilizing silt stimulated the growth of wild grasses which smothered the chance tree seedlings.

During the first half of the eighteenth century the upper Connecticut valley, as far north as Cowass, was traversed by scores of scouting parties, traders, trappers, and captives taken by the Indians. They have left numerous accounts of their adventures but almost no description of how the valley looked to them, except in the names of a few places, such as "Great Meadows," now Putney, and "Great Falls," now Bellows Falls.

The first description that we have we owe to Capt. Peter Powers of Hollis, N. H., who, in his journal of the expedition led by him in June, 1754, from Rumford, now Concord, N. H., to the Cowass meadows, or "intervals" as they were then commonly called, writes of seeing large tracts of "clear interval" on both sides of the Connecticut River.

His descendant, the Rev. Grant Powers, settled as a minister at Haverhill in 1814, was a singularly enlightened clergyman. To him we are indebted for the publication of Captain Powers's journal and in the same book the most valuable original contribution of any one writer to the early history of the upper Connecticut Valley. Grant Powers travelled for twenty or thirty miles north and south from Haverhill, obtaining statements from the first settlers, or if they were dead, from people with whom they had talked. These he wrote down in the presence of the narrators. After collecting materials for nearly fifteen years and a delay of ten years thereafter, he finally, in 1840, published a little book worth many times its weight in gold. It describes "events principally included between the years 1754 and 1785." Unless otherwise stated the quotations in this article are taken from this book. Had a Grant Powers lived in Claremont we should know much more of its early history.

Of settlers' journeys up the valley, Mr. Powers tells us little, but, so far as now known, his book is the sole source of information. The first to arrive in Cowass were "Michael Johnson and John Pettie, who were sent by Capt. John Hazen with his cattle in the summer of 1761. They came from Haverhill, Mass., by Number Four or Charlestown, and then up the Connecticut River." That they brought cattle in the summer shows they must have gone up by the land trail. "They took possession of the Little Ox Bow. . . . They found this Ox Bow and the Great Ox Bow on the west side of the river 'cleared interval' . . . which had in former years been cultivated by the Indians for the growth of Indian corn. The hills were swarded over, and a tall wild grass grew spontaneously and luxuriantly, so that an abundance of fodder for the cattle

was easily procured. The Indians dwelt at this time on these meadows east and west of the river and were amicable." This and other descriptions of Haverhill, Orford, etc., herein quoted, would doubtless apply to conditions in Claremont and neighboring valley towns, except that but few Indians then "dwelt" south of Cowass.

"Johnson and Pettie survived the winter unharmed,* and in the spring of 1762, Captain Hazen came to their relief with hands and materials for building a gristmill and a sawmill." These heavy materials were undoubtedly brought up from Charlestown on the ice or by water. Captain Hazen, a soldier of the French and Indian wars, had probably seen the Cowass meadows in going to or returning from Canada. Mr. Powers gives names and incidents respecting three families and nine men without families who settled in Haverhill and across the river in Newbury in 1762. He records that in 1763 more cattle were driven up the valley from Massachusetts, adding that "at this time, 1763, we are told, there were no roads in any direction, and their breadstuffs were brought from Charlestown by boats." The household goods of the first minister in Newbury were brought from Charlestown on the ice in 1765, and "Col. Robert Johnson, who opened the first tavern, supplied his bar with spirits imported in the same way."

Fancy a couple of sleds, hitched tandem, loaded with a few pieces of furniture, bedding, pots, pans, kettles, bibles, hymn books, saws, axes, barrels and kegs of liquids, with two or three well-muffled women and children perched on top, and drawn by slow-moving oxen over the frozen river on a bitter-cold, midwinter day. The driver, walking beside, cracking his whip in the frosty air, a few men on foot following close behind. This is a picture that from time to time might have been seen on the upper Connecticut in any of the winters of early settlement.

In the seventy miles between Charlestown and Newbury, Powers tells us that there were neither ministers nor taverns. It was through this spirituously arid, spiritually unguided wilderness that John Mann "of gigantic stature," and his wife, Lydia, travelled from Hebron, Conn., to Orford in the autumn of 1765. After Mann was past eighty he narrated to Powers his early adventures with such enthusiasm as to give the impression that the events had recently transpired.

"Mann was twenty-one years of age, his wife seventeen years and six months. They left Hebron on the 16th of October, and arrived in Orford on the twenty-fourth of the same month. They both mounted the same horse, according to Puritan custom, and rode to Charlestown, N. H., nearly one hundred and fifty miles. Here Mann purchased a bushel of oats for his horse, and some bread and cheese for himself and wife, and set forward—Mann, on foot, wife, oats, bread and cheese and some clothing on horseback. From Charlestown to Orford there was no road but a horse-track, and this was frequently hedged across by fallen trees." Mann also tells us some incidents of the journey.

We can picture this young, adventuresome couple in ruddy health, filled with hope and anticipation of their new home, resting by the trail perhaps near the present site of Lottery Bridge, eating their scanty supply of bread and cheese, their horse munching his dole of oats, the autumn leaves falling gently upon them, and seeming a golden benediction of the welcoming forest. Think of their courage, travelling north into the wilderness so shortly before the

*Johnson and Pettie built a canoe and started down the river in June, 1762; the canoe was upset near the mouth of White River and Johnson drowned. Later his body was found and buried on an island opposite Lebanon, a mile and a half south of the mouth of White River, which still bears the name "Johnson's Island." It first appears so named in Carrigain's map of New Hampshire, published in 1816.

coming of winter, without supplies or the immediate prospect of a roof to cover them. They were not to suffer for food at Orford. One family had preceded them in June of the same year, and Mann relates "that for some years after he came, deer and bear were very numerous, and there were some moose in the east part of the town. After a new-fallen snow he had seen deer tracks almost as plentifully imprinted, as we see sheep tracks where the latter are yarded."

With regard to the journey, Mann relates that when he "came on from Charlestown he found in the town of Claremont, two openings by young men by the name of Dorchester. In Cornish there was but one family, that of Moses Chase. In Plainfield there was one family, Francis Smith.* The wife was 'terribly homesick,' and she declared she 'would not stay there in the woods.' In Lebanon there were three families, Charles Hill, son and son-in-law, a Mr. Pinnick. In Hanover, there was one family, Col. Edmund Freeman, and several young men, who were making settlements."

According to Farmer and Moore's Gazetteer of New Hampshire, published in 1823, "the first settlement in Claremont was made in 1762 by Moses Spafford and David Lynde. In 1763 and 1766, several other inhabitants arrived," but no names other than Lynde and Spafford are mentioned. A painstaking inquiry in 1823 would doubtless have revealed the names of nearly all of the "several other inhabitants who arrived in 1763 and 1766," and some of those who lived in the "five or six log cabins" which were "here before the town was incorporated" in 1764, as stated in John Peak's Memoirs, published in 1832.

The names of the first settlers in Waite's "History of Claremont" were manifestly taken from this Gazetteer. Had the author read Mr. Powers's and Mr. Peak's books he might have added the names of the two Dorchesters, here in 1765, and John Peak, his wife and two children, here before 1764. Waite should also have added the name of J. Peterson, which was on the muster roll of Robert Rogers's Rangers, to the list of settlers who were in Claremont before its charter was granted. We find the name Dorchester not uncommon among the early settlers in Springfield, Mass., and in other old Connecticut Valley towns for more than a century previous, which gives us added confidence in Mann's statement. Those of that name in Claremont may have become discouraged and taken their departure when they learned of the charter bestowing the land upon men very few of whom were ever to see the town.

When the Manns passed through Claremont, the Spafford, Peak and perhaps other families were here. The Manns had probably slept the night in Charlestown, the last place where they were sure of finding shelter. It is not strange that they did not see Spafford, Peak or others than the Dorchesters in Claremont, if they passed in the middle of the day when settlers would be absent from their cabins and busy in field or forest; perhaps before that date some of them had "moved back to higher ground to get away from the Indians, whose trail was along the river." Mann does not undertake to say how many families were settled in Claremont, as he does of Cornish, Plainfield, Lebanon and Hanover. The Manns probably passed the next night in Plainfield with the family of Francis Smith, with whom it appears they had some

*Francis Smith was named in the charter dated August 14, 1761, as one of the grantees of Plainfield. The words of this charter, a plan of the township and interesting plans of Hart's Island containing nineteen acres, and Buck's Island containing eight acres, between Cornish and Windsor, the latter plan showing a "Potash House" on the river bank, may be seen in N. H. State Papers, Vol. XXV, pp. 437–445. These plans are dated January 21, 1772. The surveys for them were, therefore, probably made in 1771. Both islands were granted to Jonathan Chase on January 24, 1772. Jonathan thought he had acquired title to them several years previously. See Vol. IX, N. H State Papers, p. 145.

coming of winter, without supplies or the immediate prospect of a road to cover them. They were put to suffer for food at Ortley. One family had preceded them in June of the same year, and Mann relates "that for some years after he came, deer and bear were very numerous, and there were some moose in the east part of the town." After a new-fallen snow he had seen deer tracks almost as plentifully imprinted, as we see sheep tracks, where the latter are pastured."

With regard to the journey, Mann relates that when he "came on from Charleston he found in the town of Claremont, two openings by young men by the name of Tomlinson. In Cornish there was but one family, that of Moses Chase. In Plainfield there was one family, Francis Smith." The wife was "terribly homesick," and she declared she "would not stay there in the woods." In Lebanon there were three families, Charles Hill, son and son-in-law, a Mr. Tuttle. In Hanover, there was one family, Col. Edmund Freeman, and several young men, who were making settlements."

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conversations. They would naturally have inquired about other settlers there, also in Cornish and Lebanon. Mann must have frequently met his neighbor, Colonel Freeman of Hanover and doubtless discussed with him the number and names of early settlers in nearby towns. It would, therefore, be safer to give credit to his statements, than to those in the Gazetteer, based on traditions hastily gathered for the whole state.

Powers points out that Mann's statements "differ materially from what we find in the Gazetteer of New Hampshire in respect to the first settlers in those towns," adding, "But I have long since lost all confidence in Gazetteers. . . . The method of gaining information has ordinarily been to write to some postmaster or justice of the peace, or some other man, and request him to furnish them with facts respecting early settlement. . . . But not one man in fifty will devote one week to examination of the records, or to visit the aged to gain information; in most cases it would require all of one month to make a correct report."

"I would not diminish the interest which the public may feel in Farmer and Moore's Gazetteer of New Hampshire. . . . It is worth a million of Thompson's Gazetteer of Vermont; but they ought to have sent a competent agent into every town in the state to collect statistics."

As most of the information in New Hampshire town histories respecting the first settlers is taken from the Farmer and Moore Gazetteer, this criticism of their work, written soon after its publication, is of utmost importance to everyone interested in New Hampshire history.

Powers continues: "Lebanon is made the first town settled north of Charlestown, before Haverhill or Newbury, contrary to the united testimony of the first settlers in all the towns above them. Esquire Mann and Esquire Otis Freeman agree in their statements in respect to Lebanon. Has Lebanon authentic documents to show that their town was settled as early as 1760 or the spring of 1761? They can show that their town was chartered then; but can they show that it was settled? Mann and Freeman tell us Plainfield had one family in it in 1765; our Gazetteer shows us two men there, L. Nash and J. Russell, in 1764, and the next year when Mann and Freeman came through, 1765, it tells us of a church organized, and a settled minister, Rev. Abraham Carpenter.* Has the town these documents? If they have, it is the first instance in which I have found the first settlers deviating from the truth."

We may be grateful to Mr. Powers for his investigations respecting the first settlement of the towns in the northern Connecticut Valley. Old journals or letters may sometime come to light, describing other early travels over this same bridle path leading through Claremont. Until then Grant Powers will retain the honor of preserving for us the only story of a journey north over the Indian trail.

*It appears from the Plainfield Records that in 1777 Josiah Russell was a captain of a militia company in which the name Littlefield Nash also appears. This company was out on service during a few weeks of that year. It may have occurred to the informant of the Gazetteer that these names would serve as well as any others as those of the first settlers of Plainfield, in 1764 or 1765. In the history of Plainfield, published in Hurd's "History of Cheshire and Sullivan Counties," Philadelphia, 1886, it is stated that "the first religious services in this town of which we have any record were held in 1771 by Isaac Smith of the Congregational order." These facts are stated as illustrating the unreliability of Farmer and Moore's Gazetteer.

THE MOUNTAIN BY THE SEA

By Donald C. Babcock

Oh, some go round by Dover Point,
  And some through Kittery,
Where the road leads down from Eliot town;
  But that's no way for me.
I'll go by Agamenticus,
  The mountain Agamenticus,
    Great purple Agamenticus,
That stands beside the sea.

As I fared forth on a golden day,
  The wind was running free;
I passed a farm where no man dwelt,
  With leaning gravestones three,—
A league toward Agamenticus,
  The blue hill Agamenticus,
    The watchman Agamenticus,
That lures unto the sea.

And as I climbed his tranquil slope
  'T was quiet as could be,
And the corpse-flower grew, translucent, blue,
  Beneath a vine-clad tree.
Now still lay Agamenticus,
  The ancient Agamenticus,
    Old haunted Agamenticus,
Basking beside the sea!

Then olden things I left below
  In fields of memory,
While sang my soul, as if I walked
  In some new Odyssey:
For from Mt. Agamenticus,
  Grey, rocky Agamenticus,
    From highest Agamenticus,
I saw the flashing sea.

The talking leaves, they wove a spell,
  And now I cannot flee
The white sea-foam, the will to roam,
  The weird that I must dree,
Afar from Agamenticus,
  Green-golden Agamenticus,
    Cloud-shadowed Agamenticus,
Alone beside the sea.

Durham, N. H.

THE SEQUEL

A Study of Three Men and a Girl

By Frances Parkinson Keyes

(Synopsis of first six chapters: Helena Castle is the child of a love match between the son of an old Boston family and the daughter of a patent medicine millionaire and a chorus girl. Her father died; her mother's people lost their wealth; and her mother supported herself and her child in a small New England town by doing needlework. Harry Stone, son of the wealthiest farmer in the county, loves Helena and asks her to marry him. But she goes away to school where she meets Nancy Hutchinson, of a Boston family in a different social stratum from the Castles. Nancy's brother, Robert, becomes very devoted to Helena, but she cares no more for him than for Harry, whose graduation from the State Agricultural College she attends at the earnest desire of her mother, who would like to have her marry Harry. Then she attends Commencement Week at Harvard and is a guest of the Hutchinsons at their Beverly summer place, where she meets Roger Lorraine, famous Harvard athlete and coach, whose methods of love-making differ from those of Harry Stone and Robert Hutchinson.)

VII

I have heard a great deal about "the morning after the night before," which seems to trouble men very much; and though of course I have never touched even a glass of champagne, I thought I knew how they felt when I woke up, somewhere in the vicinity of eleven o'clock, the morning after Nancy's party. The blinds were closed, but the windows were open, and a damp, chilly wind was blowing the curtains; I could hear the thud and swish of driving rain outside, and knew that I was doomed to that "demmed damp, disagreeable thing," a wet day by the sea. The light in the room was dim, but I could see my pink dress, tossed over a chair by my bed, the bottom jagged and dirty, the delicate skirt torn to shreds, and pinned to the waist the black and broken stems of three or four water-lilies, minus the blossoms. Around the chair were piled my larger german favors; while the smaller and more valuable ones lay beside my long, soiled white gloves on a table in the center of the room.

I buried my head in my pillow so that I would not see all these things, and then I began to cry. I lay for a long time thinking over my conduct of the night before, and the more I thought of it, the worse it seemed. It was one thing to riot through a dance, and come upstairs, laden with trophies, at three o'clock in the morning. I had done that before; it was quite another to meet a man at seven, go away and sit on a garden seat with him at eight, and let him kiss my hand at nine! What a fool I had been! What on earth had bewitched me, robbed me of my sense of dignity, turned me hot and cold and afraid and bold and wretched and happy all at once? What must Roger Lorraine think of me? Surely he would have only one opinion—that I was utterly lacking in every instinct of a gentlewoman. But why did I care so desperately what he thought?

About this time I began to grow quite hysterical, and should probably have ended by getting up and packing my trunk, if my luxury of self-chastisement had not been interrupted by the appearance of Mrs. Hutchinson. She knocked softly, and came in without waiting for an answer, so that I did not have time to compose my features. I had lost my handkerchief, and if you are crying you cannot do much at short notice without one.

"Why, my dear child," she exclaimed kissing me, "what is the matter? I expected to find you weary, but jubilant. I never saw such a belle as you were last night!"

"I was a perfect fool," I replied, gulping, "I can't think what got into me."

"You were a perfect witch," she

THE SEQUEL

A Study of Three Men and a Girl

By Thomas Pershing Kopp

said, laughing, and shaking me a little, "what are you crying about?"

"Well," I fibbed, "nothing special—I'm tired, that's all, and my head aches, so I feel a little nervous."

Mrs. Hutchinson is a bundle of nerves herself—the result of the process of breaking into Boston society when she didn't really belong there—so she saw nothing strange in my remark.

"Poor child," she said, "I'll tell Nancy not to come in. Try to get another nap, and I'll send your lunch to you here. It's beginning to clear, and if it really does, we're all going out on the yacht this afternoon, but of course you won't feel like coming. Ring for Clarice if you want anything won't you, honey?" She kissed me again, and left me.

I watched her depart with feelings of relief; evidently, instead of thinking any the less of me on account of my performance of the night before, she was more disposed to make much of me than ever. I reflected that she would make an ideal mother-in-law—it did seem a pity that Robert himself should be so deficient. No man, no matter how rich and devoted he might be, could prove a satisfactory husband, if he drawled.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, though I still felt very tired, I got up. I had a raging headache, and I certainly looked a fright—black loops around my eyes and all my color centralized in my nose. I did my hair in the most unbecoming way possible, put on a lavender dress, which made me look still paler and more unattractive, and proceeded to the piazza, knowing that I should be undisturbed, and hoping that the fresh air would make me feel a little better. I curled myself up on a big Cape Ann hammock, pulled a little white shawl over my feet, and, almost instantly, fell asleep again.

It was almost dark when I awakened, and I sat up, startled, not realizing where I was or what had happened. The next instant I became more startled still, for I found that Roger Lorraine was sitting beside me in a big easy chair.

"Good evening," he said, stretching out his hand without rising, and smiling that wonderful smile that had electrified me the night before, "I hope you are feeling better? But I hardly need to ask. I have been sitting here for about an hour, watching the color come back into your cheeks. You are a Circe, but with all modern improvements—instead of turning men into swine, though you bewitch them, you turn yourself from one flower into another. Last night you were a rose—today you are a violet."

"Please don't," I said, "I'm—I'm not in the mood for being flattered. Why didn't you go off with the others?"

"My father telephoned me to come up to town about some important matters—matters that *he* considers important, I mean—so I borrowed Bob's runabout, and ran. I took the liberty of bringing you back a little present."

He handed me a package, and I undid the wide gold cord that tied the crisp white paper around it, my fingers growing cold as I did so. Inside there was an exquisite piece of porcelain—a little cupid, dragging after him a boat-shaped vase, fastened to his neck, and intertwined with wreaths of flowers. The cupid and the boat were white; the flowers were pale pink water-lilies with delicate green stems.

I held it in my hands for a minute, turning it over, and swallowing hard. Then I stood up, dropping the box and wrappings as I did so, and handed him the trinket.

"You know I can't take this," I said, "I'm going upstairs, and please, *please* don't come after me." And I fairly ran away.

But if I was quick, he was quicker. He reached the door leading into the house ahead of me, and stood with his back against it.

"You may go upstairs," he said, as if he had a perfect right to decide just what I should and should not do, "but not quite yet. You needn't take the vase if you don't want it—I thought it would please you—I'm sorry if it doesn't. But you certainly must tell me what the matter is?"

"I've been lying in bed all day," I faltered, "crying and wondering what you must think of me."

"Good heavens! don't you know?"

"I'm afraid I do, but please believe me when I tell you I never, never acted that way before—I'm afraid you won't, but its true. I don't know what got into me. Perhaps, if I tell you how humbled and ashamed I feel you will at least be kind enough not to tell anyone—all the silly things I did."

I managed to lift my eyes with the last words, knowing they were full of tears, and fearing that he would laugh at me; but something I saw in his face, though it was very far from derision, made me look down again.

"You poor child," he said, "I ought to get down on my knees and beg your forgiveness! If I had had sense enough last night to wait a little, instead of following my own impulses, you wouldn't have had this wretched day. Now, I'll do all I can to atone for it." And he held out his hand. I shrank back a little, and he flushed. "Won't you even shake hands with me?" he said slowly.

"Of course I will if—"

"If—"

"If that is all you want."

"Its all I want just now," he said.

I shook hands with him, and then we stood talking for a few minutes, and watching the yacht as she came in, with Robert standing well up in the bow, alone, smoking his ugly little pipe. Then we separated and I went upstairs to dress for dinner; but somehow—I shall never know just how it happened—I carried the little porcelain cupid with me.

. . . . . .

The next week was very full, and it was not until the night of Eleanor Leighton's dance that I saw Roger Lorraine alone again. In the meantime, I came to feel as if I knew him very well—as if I had always known him, in fact. We had motored and sailed and played tennis and walked together, but Nancy, or Robert, or some other member of the house-party had always been with us. It even happened that the few times we were left on the piazza together for a few minutes, one of the children, or a servant happened to be nearby. Strangely enough, I always seemed to be going off alone with Robert, too, and feeling sulky about it. But that did not help matters any; he contrived somehow that I went; and once he said, with his horrid drawl and slow, stupid smile that he had always supposed Roger was clever.

"Well, he is!" I fired back.

"He's an awfully poor manager," said Robert, "if he weren't you wouldn't be here with me—what makes you so snappy about it?"

"Some people manage too much," I said, "there's such a thing as *over*-managing—I wish you knew how sick I am of the sight of you."

"Its a sight you may as well get used to; you're going to see it all your life."

I had been up nearly all the night before, and I did not feel equal to arguing with Robert; it's like going around and round in a circle. I just let him talk, and he certainly said a good deal.

Eleanor's dance was well under way, and I was having a wonderful time, when Roger, with whom I had had the last waltz, left me in the pergola for a minute while he went to get me a glass of lemonade. I was just beginning to wonder what could possibly be keeping him so long, when I heard a motor drive up slowly, and an instant later he appeared bearing my wraps instead of the lemonade.

"I have borrowed Bob's runabout

again," he said, "this time without permission. It is a week since we have been to the garden seat together; if you are not too tired, I should like to have you go there with me again tonight."

"The dance is not half over," I replied, "and I am going to lead the german with Robert."

"Are you?" he asked.

My heart beat very quickly, and then seemed to stop altogether. I tried to answer, and my voice was gone. I felt as if everything inside of me was being turned over, and thumped, and squeezed. Then I realized that my cloak was wrapped about me, and that I was lifted in to the motor; that every particle of resistance had left me; that we were riding along, silently and quickly, with the salty wind blowing on our faces; that I was lifted out again, and that I stood and waited while Roger took the motor to the garage; then, that I was leading the way again across the lawn, past the tennis-courts, the Italian gardens and the old-fashioned flower-beds, straight to the garden seat where we had spent that first evening together. The moonlight was very brilliant, and my silver-spangled dress shimmered, and sparkled and melted before it; and, as I at last looked up, and saw the expression on Roger's face, I felt as if my whole spirit sparkled and melted before his, as my dress did before the moonlight. He put out his arms and drew me to him—closer, and closer, and closer, until I was stifled for breath, and yet I wished it were closer still; bent, and kissed my hands; raised himself, and kissed my hair, my forehead, and my cheeks; finally, taking me altogether in his arms, kissed me on the mouth until my lips stung with pain; and every kiss seemed to burn into my very soul, and brand me as his.

It was a long time before he lifted his head. It was longer still before either of us spoke. Then finally he asked.

"Are you afraid of me now?"

"I am afraid of just one thing."

"What?"

"That you will ever let me go."

He laughed a little, and began kissing me again. "I shall let you go," he said, "just long enough to put on a wedding veil."

"Roger!"

"Just about that long. Your visit here lasts another week—well, I'll stay too, and we'll have that time together without telling anyone. Then you'll go home and tell your mother, and I'll go home and tell mine, and then we'll be married."

"But I can't—"

"You must. I won't wait; *I* can't."

"I'll have to have time to get ready—"

"Darling—we'll take the first boat to Cherbourg and go straight to Paris, and you can buy everything that Paquin and Worth have on hand, and order more. While the dresses are being made we'll hire a little house in Fontainebleau, with a garden and a seat."

It was my turn to laugh. "You will perhaps concede the necessity of a wedding dress?"

"Well, just that, no more. You won't make me wait longer than six weeks?"

I was silent.

"Helena, my darling—" I was in his arms again, with his lips against mine—"I love you, I want you, I must have you,—"

"I will marry you as soon as you wish," I whispered at last.

VIII

The following morning I was down stairs at half-past eight, for I couldn't bear to feel that I was losing a single minute which I might be spending with Roger. It was like a dash of cold water in my face to be met by Robert, as I tried to enter the dining-room. He blocked the doorway, and looked me over critically.

"Miss Castle," he said, in a drawl

again," he said, "this time without permission. It is a week since we have been to the garden next together; if you are not too tired, I should like to have you go there with me again tonight."

"The dance is not half over," I replied, "and I am going to lead the german with Hubert."

"Are you?" he asked.

My heart beat very quickly, and then seemed to stop altogether. I tried to answer, and my voice was gone. I felt as if everything inside of me was being turned over, and thumped, and squeezed. Then I realized that my cloak was wrapped about me, and that I was lifted in to the motor; that every particle of resistance had left me; that we were riding along, silently and quickly, with the salty wind blowing on our faces; that I was lifting out again, and that I stood and waited while Roger took the motor to the garage; then, that I was leading the way again across the lawn, past the tennis courts, the Italian garden and the old-fashioned flower-beds, straight to the garden seat where we had spent that first evening together. The moonlight was very brilliant, and my silver-sprangled dress shimmered, and sparkled and melted before it; and, as I at last looked up, and saw the expression on Roger's face, I felt as if my whole spirit sparkled and melted before his, as my dress did before the moonlight. He put out his arms and drew me to him—closer, and closer, and closer, until I was stifled for breath, and yet I wished it were closer still; bent, and kissed my hands; raised himself, and kissed my hair, my forehead, and my cheeks; finally, taking me altogether in his arms, kissed me on the mouth until my lips stung with pain; and every kiss seemed to burn into my very soul, and brand me as his.

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that had a touch of severity in it, "may I inquire, without inelegance or impertinence, what is doing? What power on earth contains sufficient force to cause you to appear, fully dressed and smiling, at eight-thirty the morning after a dance? Further, what power causes you, who always remain until the bitter end of a party, and then stay a little longer, to leave for home in the middle of one? And to continue, did it slip your usually retentive mind that you were to have led the german with me last night?"

"No," I said, "it didn't. I was tired, and came home rather unexpectedly. It was inexcusable, but you needn't expect me to apologize; you're always doing inexcusable things to me, so its only fair that I should have had my turn. Please let me into the dining-room. I'm hungry."

"There isn't anyone in there," said Robert, "so you needn't be in such a hurry." The insinuation in his tone was very marked, and I felt a horrid blush coming into my face. "Besides," he proceeded leisurely, "you look very pretty standing just where you are, and you really have very good color for a young lady who keeps such late hours as you do, and my artistic sense leads me to enjoy the charming spectacle."

I was so used to Robert's inanities that I had long since stopped answering them. I sighed, and looked towards the stairs.

"Roger left the house about five minutes ago," said Robert, taking a little white envelope out of his pocket, and looking at me through his lazy, half-shut eyes. "He had just come down, looking extremely fit and cheerful, I thought, when he was called to the telephone; he soon reappeared, and asked me if I would send him to the station at once, so that he could catch the eight-thirty train. I assured him that I should be delighted to, and went to order the motor. When I came back, he handed me this, and asked me to give it to you as soon as you came down. Then he said he should not be back until dinner time and rushed off. His father is the limit. He is already considerably richer than Croesus, and yet a day never passes, year in and year out, that he isn't at his office by nine in the morning, grinding away for dear life; what's worse, he thinks Roger ought to be there, too. Now Roger's got the Apollo Belvidere skun a mile on looks, and he's a crack athlete and a good dancer, and I've heard he makes love very effectively; but all the law he'll ever know could be written on a postage stamp—easy. Heaven knows that I have few enough comforts in this weary world; but at least I am thankful for not having a father like his. It makes me tired to think—"

"It takes very little thinking to make you tired," I interrupted, "when are you going to give me my note?"

"I was waiting to see how long it would be before you asked for it," said Robert, handing it to me with a queer grin. "I knew you wouldn't stand it long."

I broke open the envelope.

My darling:

I've just been called to town by my father. He won't take any excuse; but I shall be back to dinner, and we'll have another evening on the garden-seat. I shall fairly count the minutes until I get back to you, and it seems as if I could not bear to leave in this way without a word of good-bye from you.

Your own,
ROGER.

Don't you think you could possibly make it five weeks instead of six?

"That must be a very interesting note," remarked Robert, "you've been reading it for nearly five minutes. You look extremely charming."

"Well, you look like an inquisitive monkey," I retorted, tucking the note into my blouse, "no, I won't tell you what's in it, but I'll eat some breakfast with you, and then I'll go out sailing with you."

"The gods certainly have showered blossoms in my path," murmured Robert.

Neither of us wanted much to eat, and we were actually out on the water before any one else came downstairs. It was a glorious day, but I was far too restless and impatient and disappointed to enjoy myself. The bottom seemed to have dropped out of everything, and I wondered, in a vague way, if every day that I was obliged to spend away from Roger would seem so futile and tiresome. A little after ten o'clock I asked Robert to turn towards home again.

"You have been so absorbed in your own reflections," he replied, "that you evidently have not noticed that our breeze, which was small at best, has entirely deserted us. Another will doubtless spring up in time to get you back to dinner. Meanwhile I fear you will be obliged to put up with my society for an hour or two longer, and I am very glad of it, as there are several things I wish to say to you."

Robert crossed his legs, leaned back in his seat, and puffed away at his pipe in silence for some minutes. At last he announced, without taking his pipe out of his mouth,

"If you would marry me, it would make a great man of me."

I laughed. "You've told me that several times before. The trouble is I haven't seen sufficient indications of incipient greatness to make me feel like taking the risk."

"I am like a fire," proceeded Robert, undisturbed, "all laid, ready to light. Well laid, too, with excelsior and good kindling underneath, and great birch logs on top. All that I am waiting for is the touch of a match. You are that good match."

"You are mistaken," I replied, "I am not a good match. My mother is the village dressmaker, and I'm nothing but her unpaid assistant. Don't be deceived."

"I'm not deceived. I should not care if your father was the village garbage man—if there is such a person. What do you think my father was to begin with, anyway? He—"

"I don't want to hear. All the more reason why you *should* make a good match. The man who has risen himself, if he began with garbage, would much rather see his son married to a duchess than a seamstress."

"You know that my father would rise up and call you blessed if you would take his ugly duckling and transform him into a swan."

"Robert," I said, "there isn't a girl living who can transform you into a swan until you give up three things; drawling, talking with your pipe in your mouth, and making love in public."

Robert sat up straight, threw his pipe overboard and inquired in a brisk voice,

"We're not in public now, are we?"

The whole performance was so unexpected, and so out-of-keeping with his usual behavior that I was alarmed; besides, I felt that the time had come to put a stop, if I could, to his everlasting plaguing.

"Robert," I said, "I simply won't be teased any longer. You've made fun of me in season and out of season for the last five years. You've dogged my footsteps until I've locked myself in my bedroom because it was the only way I could escape from you. You've talked about my hair and my skin and my eyes until I'm ready to wish that I were blind and bald and the color of putty. You've taken advantage of the fact that your sister is my most intimate friend, to say things you wouldn't say to any other girl, and that you know I wouldn't stand from any other man. I won't stand it from you any longer, either. I wouldn't marry you if you were the only man in the world—you great lazy, shiftless, stupid creature! If you were poor, you might have developed some redeeming qualities. As it is, they've all been choked up by your money. Let's not talk about it any more; it's perfectly futile.

What's worse, its vulgar. A man like you has no conception of what love really is!"

I had said all this looking out towards some ocean steamers just coming in towards land, and, as I finished, I turned towards Robert with a little laugh, meaning to end my speech more lightly; the expression of his mouth cut my laugh very short. He was smiling, but I would rather have seen him crying, as I had once seen Harry Stone cry. For when a man cries, you know he is in trouble, and you can comfort him; but when he smiles as Robert was smiling, you know he is in torture, and you can only stand away, aghast at the evil you have wrought.

"Almost everything you have said is quite true," said Robert, "I realize it, I regret it, I apologize for it. There is just one thing about which you are mistaken—I do love you."

I caught my breath.

"I've chosen a pretty poor way of showing it, I know," he went on, still smiling, "and I can't blame you one atom that you've interpreted it as you have. I can see that I've made the whole thing disgusting to you—I am stupid, as you say. However—this must be distasteful to you and it's entirely unnecessary." He swung the boat around quickly, and taken unaware, I slipped off my seat. With his free arm he pulled me up again, releasing me instantly and remarking, "A fine east wind—just what we needed! How I wish I hadn't thrown that pipe overboard," he drawled, crossing his legs and leaning back again, "I haven't so much as a paltry cigarette with me."

"Robert," I said, "will you forgive me that speech?"

"My dear girl," he said, "I would forgive you anything except making me throw away my pipe."

"You're still friends with me then?"

"Have you ever read your Bible, Helena? I haven't, of course. But somehow reports have reached me about a certain man who asked for bread and was given a stone. I wonder if whoever wrote that—I'm sure I don't know who it was—had in mind the kind of girl—I suppose she existed even then—who says she'll be a good friend to a man when he asks her to be his wife. Or perhaps you are thinking of that silly adage that half a loaf is better than no bread. I would rather starve at once, and be done with it, than go half hungry all my life. I suppose you'll offer to let me kiss your hand next—it would be on a par with all the rest."

I had thought of it, but I never would have believed that Robert was clever enough to guess such a thing.

"I will forestall you by telling you," he went on, "that if I cannot kiss you on the mouth, I do not care to kiss you at all; and even as to that," he grew white and caught his breath a little, but turned it into a laugh, "after what you have said to me I will tell you quite frankly that I would rather be branded with a red-hot iron."

"Oh, Robert, *don't!*" I wailed, "I never guessed you cared like this! I never guessed that—*anyone* did!"

"No," he said, "I don't suppose you have thought much about—this side of it; you poor, pretty, selfish little fool! Lots of dresses and candy and flowers, pretty speeches and split dances, sunshine and moonlight and rhapsodies—well, I imagine they're all very well for a time. I hope you'll get—all you want, Helena!"

He thrust his hands into each of his pockets in turn, and after prolonged searching, produced a crumpled cigar.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "how truthful Kipling is! 'A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke!'"

And so, smiling again, Robert sailed me in to port.

IX

I hope that every girl has, sometime in her life, one absolutely perfect week. Then, whatever comes afterwards, she will always have that to remember.

I certainly had mine.

The sail with Robert had been ghastly; but I forgot all about it the first instant that I was in Roger's arms again, and nothing happened (for a long time) to remind me of it. He did not avoid me, but, considering that I was his sister's guest I saw very little of him; when we were together, he was his old, lazy, teasing self.

One evening at dinner the conversation turned to the topic of wedding presents.

"I think it's like gilding refined gold," cried Roger, "for a bride to give her husband a wedding present! She gives him herself—that ought to be enough for any man!"

I blushed furiously. Robert reached across the table for some candied fruit, and drawled,

"Well, I should say that depended a little on the girl. I know a number of young persons whom I should hesitate a good while to take as a gift!"

Everybody laughed.

"How hard it must be to think up anything nice enough to give your best friend!" exclaimed Nancy. "Why, when Helena gets married, I shan't know where to look to find anything good enough for her."

"Helena *is* blamed fussy," said Robert.

"What will *you* give me?" I asked turning to him quickly. I was angry with him again, and hoped that I had caught him unawares, but I had not.

"Nothing at all," he said, with unwonted promptness, bolting down a great juicy candied apricot between his words, "maybe if I like your man I'll give him a gold-plated shaving-mug set with rhinestones, or a lapis-lazuli ash-receiver, or something else that will be equally useful to you. But I don't expect to like him," finished Robert, devouring the stem to his apricot with evident relish.

Certainly as far as presents went, it seemed as if there would be nothing left for any one else to give me, if Roger had his way. He had to go to town several times again, and every evening he came back laden with lovely things. We had not been alone together more than five minutes after that first long hard day apart, when he took three packages from his pocket—a flat box about six inches square, and two tiny ones. He handed me the largest one first. My fingers trembled as the white velvet case came slowly out of its wrappings and as I touched the little gold spring. A single string of perfect pearls lay inside, with a clasp formed of one huge diamond. I could not have spoken to save my life, but I looked at the necklace and then at him, and then I lifted his hand and kissed it.

"You darling!" he cried, "that's the most wonderful 'thank-you' I ever had in my life. Let me put it on for a few minutes—just to see if it's becoming—and now look at this!"

He opened one of the little boxes, and held up a ring—the most magnificent ring I have ever seen in my life—three enormous diamonds on the slenderest of gold loops. He slipped it over the third finger of my left hand, and we sat and looked at it together for several minutes. Then he began to open the other box.

"Slide your engagement ring on another finger and hold up your hand," he said; I obeyed; and looking down, saw that this time he had put on a perfectly plain gold band, slim and smooth.

"I couldn't help buying it," he whispered, "I had to see it on, even if only for a few minutes, and in a few weeks it will be on forever—thank God!"

He raised my hand and kissed the wedding ring.

. . . . . .

IX

The next evening there was only a big box of candy; the next a little prayer-book and hymnal bound in white vellum "to be used at our wedding"; and night after night so many other wonderful things that I was fairly dazed with them. And as he poured his gifts into my lap, he would sit beside me, or often at my feet, with his head against my knees, telling me all his plans for our future—that wonderful existence alone together which was to begin so soon. He meant to take me to Europe at once, and after a month in the little house at Fontainebleau with the big still garden and the old mossy stone seat beside the trickling fountain—there were to be months of roving—long days on glorious high mountain tops—long evenings on moonlit lakes; luncheons at gay restaurants, dinners in the candle-lighted parlor of our own little suite, the table half-covered with roses, the silent, skilful servants leaving us as soon as the coffee was served.

Sometimes, instead of talking, he read to me, and I learned for the first time what poetry was. Of course I had learned pages and pages of it by heart at school, and sometimes Mother had made me listen to things about nature by Shelley and Wordsworth—but this was different—Keats and Byron, and Elizabeth Browning's "Sonnets from Portuguese." He read divinely, and on those occasions, it was I that sat at his feet.

I believe that no week, in all the centuries since the creation, ever passed as quickly as that one did. The last evening of our visit found us on the garden-seat, as usual; Roger put on my ring again, "to stay this time," and then he said,

"I told my father today, Helena. Not everything—not your name. I said you had no money, but that you belonged to one of Boston's oldest families, and that I'd give him twenty-four hours to guess which one. He fairly rubbed his hands with joy. 'I've been worrying myself sick,' he said, 'because I thought you were after Nancy Hutchinson, a vulgar little parvenu if there ever was one.' (Those are his words, not mine, dear!) 'Well, well, I'll give her five hundred thousand of her own for a wedding present, then she'll be rich enough, won't she? Pretty? Oh, come now, you don't expect me to believe all that; however, I always did have faith in your good judgment. You want to get married in four weeks and take her off to Europe for an indefinite stay? No, I haven't any objection. You'll never be anything but a poor lawyer, see if you can be a better husband.'"

I felt myself suddenly go cold all over. I drew away from Roger a little.

"Dear," I said, "we've known each other just two weeks. The evening we met you asked me if I were related to the Castles of Boston, and perhaps you remember that I hesitated a little before I answered. Oh, the answer was yes! But we dropped the subject then and we've never brought it up since; it has never entered my head, and I don't believe it has yours! Oh, Roger! perhaps when I tell you what I ought to have told you long ago, you won't stand to marry me at all!"

"What do you mean?" he cried. Then, as if suddenly remembering some half-forgotten scandalous story: "It's not possible that Godfrey Castle was your *father?*"

I nodded, too frightened at his expression to speak; then I waited what seemed an eternity for him to go on.

"Tell me about it," he said at last, "your side of the story—I mean your mother's. I've only heard the other."

So I told him everything I knew—everything about my scholarly, aristocratic father, about my rich, uneducated, lovely mother; of the bitter opposition to the wilful marriage; of the years of misery and poverty and disillusion. Long before I had

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finished I was in his arms, his cool cheek against my wet one; at last he interrupted.

"Darling—you did frighten me for a minute; but do you think there is anything on earth that would make me love you less? After all, what is this you have told me? A sad story, and one which, I am sorry to say, is not always told as you have told it; but it must never touch our lives."

"This is the way you feel," I breathed, "but how about your father and mother?"

The silence that followed only lasted a minute, but in that minute I knew what had come to me, and I remembered, for the first time in years, the promise I had made my mother when I was a little girl; then the physical pain from Roger's embrace, and the hoarseness of his voice, called me back to the present.

"I tell you," he cried, in a voice that was heavy with the passion in it, "that no power in Heaven or Earth or Hell will keep me from marrying you!"

"Helena!" called a man's voice out of the darkness.

I don't think Roger even heard it; but to me it spelled some fresh calamity. That voice could belong to but one person in all the world, and that person was Harry Stone. There was the sound of footsteps hurrying through the garden, and I saw two men coming quickly towards us; they had almost reached us before I succeeded in freeing myself, and stood back, panting, my delicate white dress crumpled like so much tissue-paper, my cheeks burning red, my hair tumbling over my shoulders; I put up my hand to push it back, and as I did so, the three great diamonds of my ring glistened like white fire in the moonlight; then I turned from Roger, tall and handsome as a young god, perfectly dressed in white, from head to foot, to Harry, in his farmer's overalls and great cowhide boots; his face was crimson, and his great dog-like eyes were full of tears; then I looked past him to Robert, in his loose Norfolk jacket and his baggy serge trousers, and saw the kindly, crooked smile on his white lips.

"Don't worry," he said easily.

I caught myself together. "What is it?" I managed to ask. "What are you doing here, Harry?"

"Your mother," he said, brokenly, "you know she wasn't well when you left home, but we thought it was simply the heat and overwork." I saw him glance at my exquisite dress, and horror-stricken, put out my hand to take Roger's for support; but he did not see me, and it was Robert that caught it abruptly, and held it like a vise. "About a week ago, the doctor said she had typhoid fever. She wouldn't let us send you word; she said she was sure it was only a light case and that you would be home in a day or two anyway, and kept on writing you gay little notes, so that you shouldn't suspect a thing. But yesterday she grew much worse and today the doctor says—Mother and Lucy are with her, and I came for you in the motor because there isn't another train until morning and if you wait till then you may not get there in time."

"Oh, my darling!" exclaimed Roger, starting forward. Robert turned towards him savagely.

"You damned fool!" he cried; he had not let go my hand, and now I half realized that he had picked me up, and was starting for the house with me in his arms, "if you haven't sense enough to hold on to her when she's fainting, go and get some whiskey and go *quick!*"

That was all I heard; but Harry told me afterwards that he said a good deal more.

(*To be continued.*)

GRAMMY HARDING

By Anabel C. Andrews

She was tired out, and discouraged—oh, I know that's hard to believe of Grammy Harding; but it is true. Sinking into the nearest chair, she said slowly: "No use. Will power is a mighty help; but it has to be backed by more strength, and money than I have. Can't bear to see the shrubs and vines, that Tom set out, suffer for a little care; but I've reached my limit."

Peter crept into Grammy's lap, purring his thanks, that—in some unheard of way—there had come to him a petting-time before it was too early to have lights and too dark to work.

"What are we to do, Peter? I'm afraid I'll have to sell my little home. My income, without Jimmy's help, isn't quite large enough to take care of the place, and us. I've sold all my antiques for U. S. bonds, 'To Finish the Job!' If only Jimmy could have come home—no! no! I must be glad I had him to give. Sometimes I wonder if those for whom he died realize how empty our home, and thousands of American homes, must always be without the Boys who sleep in France. He was all I had; and the last of the name. I've tried so long, and so hard, to think of some way—if it is 'always darkest before dawn' it should be 'dawn' for us very soon; but I can't see the first faint streaks, even. The bell is ringing—don't get exactly in front of me, Peter, for that's a soldier; over seas cap, and puttees—oh! three wound stripes!"

"Will you come in, Laddie?"

"Thank you—I am John Bennett; if you are Mrs. Thomas Harding I shall be very glad to come in."

"Yes I am; will you sit here?"

"Thank you—that syringa looks like the one we had at home."

"You have, of course, been home since your discharge?"

"I have neither home, nor relatives. I have only—or had, the last I knew—a cousin, twice removed, living in Wyoming. I obtained in France, through the kindness of a Y. man, a position in the bank, so have located here, and call the hotel my home. It isn't what I'd like, but a stranger cannot at once get a desirable boarding place; am hoping for that later. I called to thank you for my Buddy and myself."

"To thank me, Laddie, for what?"

"For the magazines and books you sent to France, and which came to the Y. nearest us. It would be impossible to tell you the help it was to all, particularly to those who, like ourselves, had no home ties; therefore no letters. Do you remember sending, in a *Digest*, the photograph of a lily, with a poem by Mrs. Wilcox?"

"Yes; I thought it beautiful, and hoped the Boys would also."

"We did. Buddy made a rustic frame for it, and hung it on the wall at the Y. Your address was on the mailing slips, and Buddy said: 'When you get back to God's country, Jack, you call on Mrs. Harding, and thank her; we'll send her some of that bead work the old French refugee makes.'"

"'We'll both go, Harry.'"

"'No, you'll go home without me, Jack; I know it. It is all right, but don't forget me.'"

"He is sleeping in the Argonne—as clean and square a man as ever gave his life for an ideal. We had these motifs made for you, by a refugee, whose home was utterly destroyed by the Huns, leaving her old husband and herself homeless. Will you accept her work as a little expression of our gratitude to you? Now, now, you mustn't cry! Oh, please don't."

But Grammy just sobbed while trying to thank him for the beautiful work. She groped for her handkerchief; he handed it to her, and said

gently: "Buddy wouldn't have made you cry. I'm so sorry—please forgive me."

Before Grammy realized what she was doing, she had shown him the gold star on her service flag; told him of her loneliness since her grandson enlisted, and how hard she was trying to be cheerful, while she accepted the fact that she must always be lonely; and her need of Jimmy was greater each month.

"O, I beg your pardon, Laddie; I shouldn't have troubled you with any of my trouble."

The soldier sat in Jimmy's chair; by Jimmy's window; with Peter snuggled in his lap, singing as he hadn't sung since Jimmy went; the words just said themselves: "I'd like to have you have supper with me, if you would care to."

"If I would care to—Gee! I can't thank you enough."

In a very short time Grammy called him to supper. Thin pink slices of ham; hot biscuits, with honey; a cream pie, with the cream piled high, and dotted with islands of pink raspberry jam.

"Sit here, please, Laddie, in Jimmy's chair, and serve the supper, as he always did. You had coffee enough in France; you shall have milk—we have it warm every morning from a neighbor's cow, which my husband sold to him, when we left the farm to come here."

"You can't understand, Mrs. Harding, how good it seems to have tablecloths, and napkins once more. First night I slept in a real bed, I laid awake to take comfort with the sheets."

The soldier enjoyed his supper. Grammy enjoyed seeing him eat it; once she said: "More milk, Jimmy?" The tears came, but did not fall, for Grammy winked them back hard, and smiled.

"I'd love to have you call me Jack—will you?"

"Surely, Laddie; glad to."

Grammy washed the dishes. Jack dried them, telling Grammy he had been K. P. enough to know how.

She took him out in the little garden, calling his attention to Jimmy's favorites, which she had tended, by neglecting the others; then they sat on the broad veranda talking, Peter sitting in Jack's lap, talking also, in his way.

Jack said, after a time, hesitating much between words:

"Would you be willing, and are you able, to let me board with you? I can bring you references, and I will be just as little trouble as possible; while I'd dearly love to do the garden work; can you consider it for an instant?"

"I don't need to consider it. I know any references you bring will be satisfactory—shouldn't hesitate to take you with none. If you can take care of the garden, and do what Jimmy did, we won't talk about board."

"I couldn't do that. The exercise is just what I need; save me paying for a course at the Y; and I want to pay you more than I am paying at the hotel, for it is worth it. Now let me talk a while, and you listen, making no objections to my plans."

Grammy listened.

. . . . .

"Yes, Peter, that's Jack's whistle, Lois has supper ready, and I have a big dish of the very first strawberries, hidden in the cellar for a supper surprise.

"Six years, Peter, since Jack came to us first. We didn't know he was the dawn, did we, in that darkest hour; but he was. He is a dear boy, his wife is a dear girl, and we have much to be grateful for, compared with what we had that day— Yes, Lois, coming as soon as possible, with Peter directly in front of my feet, as he invariably is, if I am in a hurry—good old Peter."

THE LAST LOG DRIVE

By Katherine C. Meader

The day had been sultry for June and now at evening we were all gathered on the back veranda to watch the fading western light and enjoy the cool breeze which springs up from the river after the sun goes down.

Hardly a ripple stirred the mirror-like expanse of the stream save where now and then a fish leaped to the surface or a stray log went hurrying by as if eager to overtake its comrades, some of whom had been floating down the stream, either singly or in little groups ever since the "big freshet" in April when the river "broke up."

The rosy glow still lingered in the western sky, dimly reflected in the placid water almost at our feet. The scene was perfect—everything so calm and restful after the heat of the day—and yet we were all conscious of a certain tension; a watchfulness, as if we were waiting for something or somebody,—we knew not whom nor what,—when straight out of the heart of the sunset, rounding the curve of the Big Oxbow, without a sound, came the first boat of the log drive.

Its solitary occupant stood high in the narrow pointed prow with one foot on the gunwale and a long blue oar lightly poised paddle wise over his knee. We wondered if he knew how like a Viking of old he looked in bold relief against the evening sky, or as he came nearer, what a charming bit of color his red shirt and blue oar made in contrast to the dusky green of the willows on the opposite bank.

But looking neither to right nor left, apparently as unconscious of his own picturesque attitude as of our admiring gaze, he floated down with the current and silently faded from our sight.

The twilight deepened into dusk, the breeze came up from the river laden with the spicy fragrance of spruce and balsam, while from a thicket far across the meadows we could faintly hear the insistent melancholy refrain of the whip-poor-will—that nightingale of New England.

Early the next morning half a dozen husky rivermen came up to the house with their jugs and cans for water, looking not quite so picturesque by daylight as by twilight but always very pleasant and civil, tip-toeing carefully across the kitchen floor so as not to mar it with their heavy spiked boots.

Several boat loads of men had already gone down during the night to guard the bridges along the way, to keep the logs from striking the piers with such force as to damage them or from lodging and forming a "jam."

They said the "jam" on Harvard's Island was already broken and the main drive which had been held up there for some time would be down within a very few hours. The "big boss" from "down the line" had come up to meet the drive in his little motor boat accompanied (O shades of Leatherstocking) by his Indian half-breed *engineer*.

We spent most of the time that day, somewhat to the neglect of our household duties I am afraid, on the back porch, watching the logs, which came down thicker and faster until the river from bank to bank and as far up stream as we could see was simply packed with them. It was so fascinating to watch the men keeping their perilous footing, with their spiked boots, as they ran lightly back and forth across the floating, rolling, swaying floor of logs, balancing themselves with their long pike poles, which they used so skilfully to keep the logs constantly moving in the main channel, out of the deep cove on the one side and the shallow water on the other.

All day long the men kept up this perilous, difficult work, alert, vigorous and apparently in the best of spirits, but we sometimes held our breath as we looked on, realizing that a single misstep or a careless move might mean disaster and probably death. I asked one of the men if they had met with many accidents during the past season. He shrugged his shoulders and smiled grimly but made no reply.

In the meantime others of the gang were patrolling the meadows looking for stray logs which might have been stranded during the high water and rolling them back into the stream with their cant-hooks and peavies. If the logs were some distance from the bank, horses were used to drag them back, much to the detriment of the growing crops, especially the grass which was then about ready to be cut. Some of the horses were trained to swim out into the water dragging a log clear off the bank and then, the log being automatically released from the rigging by a single skilful stroke of the cant-hook, to wheel at the word of command and swim back to the shore for another.

Toward nightfall when the main part of the drive had passed, there came raft after raft, made of big logs lashed together, carrying the horses which had been used in the woods during the previous winter.

The great, noble looking animals stood six or eight abreast, tied in two rows about five feet apart, facing each other across the center of the rafts. They seemed to have no fear of the water but stood quietly munching their oats, apparently rather enjoying the trip.

Now and then would come along a raft loaded with provisions, baled hay, barrels of flour, potatoes, etc., and again a boat load of men and baggage.

Just at dusk and once later in the evening we heard the "chug, chug" and the shrill whistle of the big boss' motor boat, while at intervals during the night, a snatch of song, a burst of laughter, a quick word of command or a splash of oars, assured us that things were still moving.

We feared that the "wanagin" or cook raft might go down by during the night and we should miss it, but were delighted to find the next morning that it had anchored in a little cove a few rods below the house. When the cookee came up for water he said they were just ready for their second breakfast but they had received orders to stay where they were until nine o'clock and then go on down to the Newbury bridge. He invited us to come down and make them a visit so as soon as we had our breakfast we went down to call on the cook carrying some lettuce, radishes, and a big bunch of sweet peas—an interchange of gifts being etiquette.

The "wanagin" or Mary Ann, as it is familiarly called, is a house on a raft, built in sections so it can be taken apart and carried by rapids or falls, or places like the Narrows above Woodsville. This morning the sides were all open so the house was not much more than a roof sheltering the big stove and the cook's supplies and utensils.

There were two cookees, one of whom very politely did the honors, helping us up the narrow gang plank, etc., while the other sat stolidly peeling potatoes and throwing them into a wash tub already over half full.

The cook, himself, big and jolly, looked quite professional in his white cap and apron. He seemed much pleased with the flowers, etc., and good naturedly answered all the foolish questions we asked him while liberally treating us to cookies and card gingerbread. He was stirring up biscuits with a wooden paddle in a pan about the size of a bushel basket but stopped long enough to let us peep into the oven where sixteen pies were baking at once.

He said he and his two helpers had

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to keep busy every minute as they often had six meals a day, since the men could not all be together at the same time. Then there were lunches to be sent to the advance guard or to those bringing up the rear, for it is as true of a gang of rivermen as of an army that they "travel on their stomachs." The men live well on the long toilsome trip from Connecticut lake to the Sound (or sometimes, as in this case, only to Holyoke) and beside the provisions they carry with them have a bountiful supply of milk, fresh meat and vegetables as the cook's orders are sent ahead every day by telephone.

Half an hour later the motor boat which had been up the line came chugging back and at the signal the "Mary Ann" slowly backed out of the cove, righted herself, and swinging into the current floated lazily down the stream.

The "big boss" who came up to the house to discuss the question of damages on the low meadow proved to be very intelligent and interesting.

He said that over four million feet of long logs had gone down in this drive. It was the largest drive that he had ever taken down and probably would be the last one as the territory from which the logs were taken had been cut over so closely that it would be twenty-five years at least before it would be ready to cut again.

Mr. X—— said that his company had employed about 200 men and as many horses in the woods all winter chopping and hauling the logs, and now when the drive reached Holyoke the men would be paid off. The pay is not large and the work is both difficult and dangerous but the men seem to find a certain fascination in it and many of them follow the same pursuit year after year. I wish I could describe to you as he did the many interesting details of the work, as for instance how they "snub" the heavy loads down the steep mountain sides by means of a two-inch cable coiled around a big stump, paying it out foot by foot for perhaps twelve or fifteen hundred feet.

But his duties called him elsewhere and as his motor gave one last long shriek, going out of sight around the point, we thought "how the old order changeth giving place to new," and realized with regret that we had watched the last Connecticut log drive.

A MEMORY

By Helen Adams Parker

Grieved with the care and strife that manhood brings,
I sought relief in open country lanes;
Made company with sky and flowers and trees,
And sunny brook filled with the Autumn rains,
When presently I reached a little spot
Where through a clump of firs the soft breeze swept,
And there, beyond a simple wooden fence,
A flock of barn yard fowl together stepped,
Picking their food with gentle, clucking noise,
From the soft earth, whence rose a moisture sweet;
The world seemed flooded with a sense of peace,
A brooding, Mother-love, my pain to greet—
Such was the sound I first heard on that morn
When I, a babe, awoke at early dawn.

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THROUGH THE YEAR IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

No. 8

By Rev. Roland D. Sawyer

Gorgeous October

"O suns and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye can not rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather."
—*Helen Hunt Jackson*

October brings the climatic perfection of the year in New Hampshire; in her first two weeks at least, and sometimes through the entire month, we stand at the apex of the year.

The October Miracle

The month is ushered in by the October miracle. The last two weeks in September are a glorious preparing for the yet more glorious first two weeks in October, and we enter the season of the year when God turns artist, stretches his canvas and draws the brush, and we see such a picture as never at any other time greets human or angelic eyes. Gold and orange, crimson and saffron, drab and maroon, indigo and scarlet all mingle and transfigure the earth's face before our wondering eyes. The forests blossom into ten thousand variegated harmonies, banks of glorious color cover the hillsides, delicate hues line the roads and the orchards are laden with their ruddy and yellow fruit; there is wooing in the very air, the skies are clear blue and the warming sunshine feels as the sunshine of October alone can feel. No writer has ever found words adequate to describe the October miracle, no painter has ever caught its glory on canvas—nor none ever will.

The October Spell of Rapture

I like to climb a hill on one of these early October days, and stand in silent joy and drink in the beauty. From ten till four on a bright day in early October, in any of these New England states, one encounters on every side such sights, sounds, comforts, as fill him with a spell of emotional rapture. The sky is blue, the sun warm, the air is clear, the oppressive heat has gone, off through the valleys stretches a riot of beauty—the green has turned to scarlet, purple and gold; beds upon beds of leaves arise in one blaze of crimson glory, golden brown and bright indigo—the first-fruits of down-falling leaves rustle around my bare feet, the great sun off yonder shines warm upon my bare head, the atmosphere fills my lungs and intoxicates me with the joy of being alive in such a world—I am filled with the most exhilarating of emotions—it's a gorgeous, enchanting month—to be alive a day like this is bliss—earth today is a part of heaven.

Mid-October's Perfect Days

October 14, 1857, Thoreau wrote in his diary at the close of the day—"was there ever such a day?" This is the question one may well ask at the close of any of the days in mid-October. The blaze of beauty is fading but the factors of climatic perfection have reached their height, and we get a blending of air and temperature and soft breezes that make the days perfect.

Days in Late October

"I love old October so,
I can't bear to see her go—
Seems to me like losing some
Old-home relative or chum—"

Now we come to the days when October is slipping away; when the warm season between frosty morning and night, each day becomes shorter; the winds grow more boisterous and strip the trees of their garb. The corn-shacks of the farmers remind us of the wigwams of the Indians who lived here before us, and we turn from the esthetic to the practical, and join the farmer as he seeks to complete his harvest before freezing days shall come.

EDITORIAL

The New Hampshire General Court of 1919 met in special session, upon the call of Governor John H. Bartlett and the Executive Council, at 11 a. m., Tuesday, September 8, and adjourned at 4.40 p. m., Thursday, September 10. The call for this extra session stated as its purpose the consideration of the suffrage amendment to the Federal Constitution, and this matter had first attention in both branches. A joint resolution, ratifying the amendment on the part of the state of New Hampshire, was passed in the House by a roll-call vote of 212 to 142 and in the Senate by 14 to 10. "If and when" the amendment becomes effective by the ratifying votes of thirty-six states, certain legislation, framed at the New Hampshire special session, goes into operation, defining the entrance of women into Granite State citizenship with its various privileges and duties, including the payment of the largest poll tax in our history.

In his address to the Legislature upon its convening Governor Bartlett recommended action, in addition to the consideration of suffrage, upon an increased bonus for World War soldiers and for the prevention of profiteering, and both of these matters were taken up, as he desired. At its regular session, the Legislature had voted $30 to every New Hampshire soldier and sailor in the war with Germany. To this $70 each was added by unanimous vote of both branches at the special session, making a total of $100 per man to be thus paid and to be raised by a bond issue of $1,500,000. A sinking fund for the retirement of these bonds will be secured by increasing the annual poll tax from $3 to $5 for a period of five years. Those soldiers who already have received the $30 from the state will have the additional $70 sent to them without further formality soon after December 1, when the act takes effect.

In the matter of a law to punish profiteering, such a statute was drafted by representatives of the Federal Department of Justice and submitted, through the Judiciary Standing Committee, to the House of Representatives, which passed it unanimously. In the Senate, however, the measure was deemed too drastic, and a majority of the Judiciary Committee in the upper branch recommended that it was inexpedient to legislate in the matter. A minority of the committee submitted a new draft of the bill which the Senate adopted and in which the House concurred, though with the freely expressed opinion that the statute in its final form has so few teeth as to be of little value.

Affirmative action was asked of this special session of the General Court upon several other important matters, including, especially, labor and liquor legislation, but all were postponed indefinitely by the House in accordance with its vote on the opening day that the business of the session should be confined to the subjects for whose particular consideration it was called.

The value of this brief and business-like session was far in excess of its cost, which is estimated at $15,000. It placed the state of New Hampshire on the right side of one of the great questions of the day and gave her action an influence comparable in importance with that vote of hers which ratified finally the first Constitution of the United States of America. The right of women to vote, always evident, but long denied, soon will be granted to them in full measure throughout the nation, and it is gratifying to our sense of state pride that New Hampshire is recorded among the first, rather than among

EDITORIAL

the last, of the states to ratify the Federal suffrage amendment. It is fitting that this should be so, for, taken as a group, there is no constituency of women in this country or in the world more worthy of the ballot or more capable of using it intelligently and to good purpose than the women of New Hampshire. With them holding the balance of political power we shall expect to see the demagogue and the partisan less influential than in the past and more consideration given to those leaders who believe in good causes and who have the courage of their convictions.

BOUNCING BET

By Alice M. Shepard

Bouncing Bet romps in the lane
Around the feet of sweet-breathed kine,
When, lowing for the tardy swain
They stand and wait in patient line.

When bars are down, and cows go home,
She follows softly in the grass,
From barn to cot she loves to roam,
A bonny, carefree, country lass.

She nestles 'neath the leanto eaves,
Then wanders, eager to explore,
And blooming rosily, she leaves
A garland greeting at the door.

The house can never be forlorn,
Though broken windows gape and stare,
Though chimneys fall, and thresholds yawn
While Bet keeps loyal vigil there.

Bouncing Bet romps in the lane
And sports and ranges unconfined,
For Nature's laws alone constrain
And home is in her heart enshrined.

Franklin, N. H.

BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

The Bibliographical Society of America, which was founded in 1904 during the Conference of Librarians at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, on the initiative of the Bibliographical Society of Chicago, has for its object the promotion of bibliographical research and the printing of bibliographical productions. The Papers of the Society are published at The University of Chicago Press at a subscription price of $4 a year. Part I of Volume XIII, issued at $1 net, postpaid, $1.10, is devoted principally to "The Speeches of Daniel Webster: A Bibliographical Review," by Clifford Blake Clapp, with a frontispiece portrait from a daguerreotype, not heretofore reproduced, taken when Mr. Webster was about fifty-six years of age. Mr. Clapp's work is scholarly, thorough and exact. At the same time it is readable and interesting. Its outline of the rise in fame and development in power of New Hampshire's greatest native, as reflected in the publication and circulation of his speeches and addresses, gives in itself a good idea of his career and public services.

In an introductory paragraph Mr. Clapp says: "Interest in Webster literature begins where interest in 'Americana' often ends, with 1800. Daniel Webster's speeches and writings extend over a little more than half a century, those of each decade seeming to have—roughly, it must be admitted—a peculiar characteristic. Separate editions of those of the first two decades are nearly all rarities; but, while some editions of the succeeding periods are seldom found, many of the later items were issued in large numbers, extensively collected, and carefully saved. Probably when general interest is aroused in Webster literature, much of this material will be brought to light from its many hiding-places. But neither the scarcity nor the frequent occurrence of any editions need deter recording or collecting; for the work of few Americans of the nineteenth century is so well worth study, and a certain inspiration comes from the knowledge and possession of the literature in its original form. It is from this point of view, largely, that the present review is written, with the hope of inspiring wider interest in the subject, and with the aim of drawing forth information concerning the printed material nearest the source and suggestions regarding its relation to Webster's career and to the national life."

To this hope and aim New Hampshire, especially, should be responsive.

"The Boston, Concord & Montreal Railroad: Its Early History and the Men Who Helped to Make It," is the title of a book of 148 pages issued at $1 by Charles Ed. Caswell of Warren, N. H. A few years ago, Mr. Caswell began the publication in his weekly paper, the *Warren News*, of some reminiscent sketches of early railroading in New Hampshire north of Concord. From the first they aroused much interest among his readers, with the result that letters began to pour in upon Mr. Caswell from far and near, giving interesting and valuable information, not elsewhere obtainable, as to the beginnings and growth of what was chartered as the Boston, Concord & Montreal Railroad but is now known as the White Mountains Division of the Boston & Maine Railroad system. The best of these letters were printed as they were received, interspersed with comment by the editor and amplified with facts gathered by him in various ways. Now they have been put into book form, with some illustrations, and in this shape will appeal, doubtless, to an even wider audience. Mr. Caswell has made no attempt at a systematic arrangement, chronolog-

ical or otherwise, of his material, but what he has done is to bring to light, gather together and preserve in print a great amount of original and authentic data as to the building and operation of this railroad line. Railroading in those times was a very different thing from what it is today. The great expresses that pass over this line now, bound across the continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the tremendous through freights, with much of their cargo destined to go over the oceans to the other hemisphere, dwarf into insignificance the tiny trains of the long ago. But the railroad men of those days, brave and loyal, of infinite resource and wonderful endurance, deserve to have their names and deeds rescued from oblivion, as Mr. Caswell has helped to do in this little book.

THE GRAVEYARD ON THE HILL

(200th Anniversary of Londonderry, August 25, 1919)

By Charles Nevers Holmes

A narrow road climbs upwards,
By bushes overgrown,
To where an ancient graveyard
Is sleeping—all alone.

Remote from men's devices,
From hamlet, church and cot,
It rests there half forgotten,
A silent, sunlit spot.

Within this little graveyard,
Beneath its stubbled sod,
Repose the bones of Christians
Whose faith was firm in God;

Whose virtues still survive them,
And though unknown to fame,
We read upon each tombstone
A good, unsullied name.

Far down below this graveyard,
Amidst a verdant lea,
The town they founded honors
Its anniversary;

But of that town's rejoicings
No sound is heard at all,
No echoes from the valley
Awake within its wall.

It is indeed God's Acre,
This spot where all is still,
This little, ancient graveyard
Upon a lonely hill.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY



The late David E. Murphy

David Edward Murphy, leading merchant of Concord, died, September 1, as the result of an automobile accident ten days before. He was born in Concord, October 15, 1859, the son of Bartholomew and Mary (McCue) Murphy, and began to earn his own living at a very early age. At sixteen he entered the Underhill dry goods store as a clerk and before he was thirty was the proprietor of a business of his own. This he built up by his qualities of courtesy, diligence and unusual business ability until the Murphy store was one of the best known in the state and his financial acumen also was recognized by his election as director of the First National Bank and trustee of the Union Trust Company, both of Concord.

Mr. Murphy's devotion to his business did not preclude him from taking a useful and prominent part in public affairs. For some years he was president of the Concord Commercial Club. From 1905 to 1913 he was a trustee of the State Industrial School. He was a member of the commission having in charge the erection of the statue of President Franklin Pierce in the State House yard and was the marshal of the ceremonies attending its unveiling. He was a member, also, of the State Commission appointed to consider plans for preserving the birthplace of President Pierce. During the war with Germany he was indefatigable in his loyal endeavors as a member of the State Committee on Public Safety and as the merchant representative in New Hampshire of the Federal Food Administration.

A steadfast Democrat in politics, Mr. Murphy was long a member of the State Committee of his party and made an excellent run in 1916 as candidate for the Executive Council. He was a member of the Knights of Columbus, Elks, Friends of Irish Freedom, Ancient Order of Hibernians, the Catholic Club of New York and the Wonolancet Club, Concord. He was one of the prominent laymen of the Roman Catholic diocese of Manchester, a devoted member of St. John's Church.

On April 26, 1905, Mr. Murphy married Miss Katherine Louise Prentis of New York

City, by whom he is survived, and by one brother, Jeremiah, of Concord. His funeral, on September 4, was observed by a general closing of Concord stores and by an attendance of mourning friends from all classes in life which overflowed the spacious church and was the most distinguished gathering of the kind in Concord since the funeral of Senator Gallinger. Mr. Murphy left a large estate from which he generously remembered numerous charitable and educational institutions, even as, during life, he was prompt and liberal in the support of all good causes.

MAJOR JOHN ALDRICH

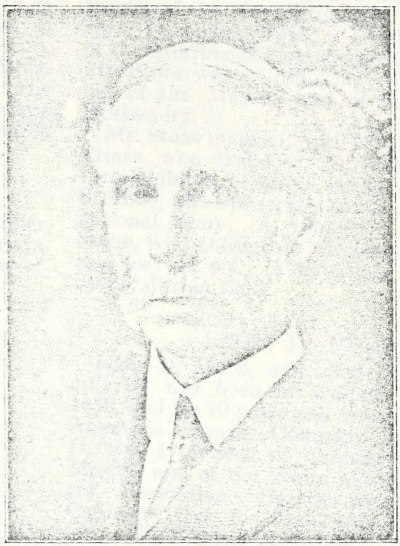
Major John Aldrich, the oldest resident of Lakeport, who died there July 29, was born in Franconia, June 1, 1824. He married Mary, daughter of John A. and Mary Ryan Cole, April 12, 1846, at Lakeport, then Lake Village. She died in 1907, aged 80. In 1857 Mr. Aldrich acquired the interest of his uncle, John A. Cole, in Cole, Davis & Co., afterwards the Cole Manufacturing Company. He enlisted in 1862 as a private, and was elected captain by the men with him from Lake Village and vicinity. His company became Co. A., 15th New Hampshire Volunteer Infantry. He was promoted to major April 8, 1863. For many years he was superintendent of the Wardwell Needle Company. He retired from business several years ago. In 1917 he issued a book, "Lakeport's Ancient Homes," a history of the early days of Lake Village. He was the oldest living past master of Mt. Lebanon Lodge, A. F. & A. M., and he also was a member of the I. O. O. F.

DR. ALBERT L. NORRIS

Dr. Albert Lane Norris, eighty, native of Epping, died August 29. He was a member of the class of 1859 at Phillips Exeter Academy and one of the nine founders, in 1856, of the Christian Fraternity. Dr. Norris received his degree of medicine from Harvard in 1865. He served as an assistant surgeon during the Civil War, and during that struggle he was engaged in the Peninsula Campaign, met President Lincoln many times, and was a close personal friend of General Lew Wallace. In 1869, Dr. Norris studied in the hospitals in Vienna, Berlin, Edinburgh and London. On his return, he settled in Cambridge, and in 1873 married Miss Cora E. Perley, of Laconia. Until the death of his wife in 1909 he remained in Cambridge, and after that date he retired from active life and moved to Malden. His son, Dr. Albert P. Norris, carries on his father's practice in Cambridge. Two daughters, Miss V. Maud Norris and Miss Grace M. Norris, both live in Malden. Dr. Norris was a member of the Centre Methodist Church of Malden, the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, the New England Historic Genealogical Society, etc.

DR. CARL A. ALLEN

Dr. Carl Addison Allen, who died at his home in Holyoke, Mass., September 11, after an illness due to overwork during the influenza epidemic, was born in Lempster, October 27, 1847, the son of Stephen and Phoebe (Lewis) Allen. He attended Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, and received the degree of



The Late Dr. Carl A. Allen

M.D. from the Long Island College Hospital in 1874. From that year until 1890 he practised in Acworth, since that time at Holyoke, where he had been president of the County, City and Connecticut River Medical societies and of the Holyoke Anti-Tuberculosis Society and secretary of the Holyoke Red Cross. During his residence in New Hampshire he was superintendent of schools at Lempster and Acworth. Doctor Allen was a member of the Congregational Church and of the I. O. O. F. He married, first, Sophie E. Stearns, who died December 19, 1888, and, second, Hattie M. Murdough, who survives him.

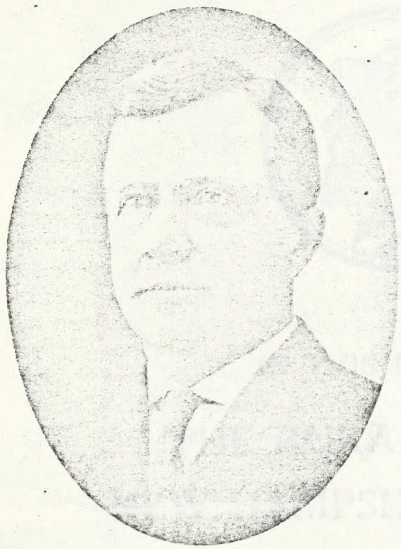
FRANK L. SANDERS

Frank L. Sanders, grand sentinel and tyler of all the New Hampshire Masonic grand bodies since 1895, died in Concord, September 7, aged seventy. Born in North Chichester, the son of Charles Sanders, he received his education in the schools of that town. Early in life he removed to Concord, where he was engaged for several years as a contractor and builder, later being superintendent at the Page Belting Company, which position he resigned to establish a bindery in this city. He retired from active business fifteen years ago. The record of

Mr. Sanders in Masonry is one seldom equaled. He was past master of Blazing Star Lodge, A. F. &. A. M.; past high priest of Trinity Chapter, R. A. M.; past master of Horace Chase Council, R. & S. M., and past commander of Mt. Horeb Commandery, K. T. In 1901 and 1902 he was grand commander of the Grand Commandery Knights Templars of New Hampshire. He was crowned an honorary 33d degree Mason in September, 1892, was a charter member of the State Veteran Free Mason Association, and for eleven years was master of the Alpha Lodge of Perfection, Scottish Rite. His survivors include a brother, Warren Sanders of Ohio, and a sister, Mrs. Nettie Knowles of North Chichester.

GEORGE W. STONE

George Weare Stone, prominent member of the New Hampshire bar, was born in Plymouth, November 11, 1857, the son of



The Late George W. Stone

Charles J. F. and Abbie Anna (Weare) Stone, and died at his home in Andover, September 2. He prepared at the New London Literary and Scientific Institute, now Colby Academy, for Dartmouth College, where he graduated with the class of 1873. He then studied law at Boston University and with the late John M. Shirley, whose partner he was until Mr. Shirley's death. He served his town as superintendent of schools in 1879–80; for nine years was a member of the Board of Education, was a member of the House of Representatives in 1885 and 1887, being the Democratic candidate for speaker in the latter year; and was a member of the Constitutional Conventions of 1902, 1912, and 1918. He was clerk of the Concord and Claremont Railroad; a trustee of Proctor Academy; a trustee of the New Hampshire State Library since December, 1913; a member and clerk of the Merrimack County Draft Board No. 2. Mr. Stone was a Unitarian. He was a member of the Masons and of the Patrons of Husbandry.

Mr. Stone married, April 28, 1887, Stella M. Prince, who died Dec. 28, 1914. They had three children, of whom one survives, Charles S. Stone, who saw service as a lieutenant in the national army. A younger son, Fred W. Stone, who enlisted in the merchant marine, was lost at sea. A daughter, Florence G. Stone, died in 1906.

LEON D. HURD

Leon D. Hurd, who died in Manchester July 15, was born in Walpole, August 15, 1850, and for 40 years was connected with the American Express Company as messenger. He was a member of Washington Lodge of Masons and of the White Mountain Travelers' Association. He was president of the Calumet Club for two terms, and helped form the Ragged Mountain Club of which he was the first president. He had served in the Legislature as a representative from Ward Four, Manchester, and was executive messenger to Governor Charles M. Floyd and his council. He leaves a daughter, Mrs. Edward C. Blake of Manchester, a son, George L. Hurd of Concord, and five grandchildren.

REUBEN T. LEAVITT

Reuben T. Leavitt, past department commander of the G. A. R. and member of the Legislature from Pittsfield, died in that town September 11. He was born there, November 11, 1839, the son of Reuben T. and Nancy (Brown) Leavitt, and enlisted August 16, 1862, in Co. F, 12th N. H. Vols. He was wounded and taken prisoner at Chancellorsville and because of neglect of his wound was disabled for life. September 4, 1871, he married Emma A. Watson of North Berwick, Me., by whom he is survived, with one son, Harry, and a grandson and granddaughter.

Volume 51 NOVEMBER, 1919 Number 11

The Granite Monthly

New Hampshire State Magazine



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NEW HAMPSHIRE SCHOOLS

PITTSFIELD'S OLD HOME WEEK

HARLAN C. PEARSON, Publisher

CONCORD, N. H.

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THE LATE HON. WARREN BROWN



THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. LI NOVEMBER, 1919 No. 11

THE COUNTRY CHURCH PROBLEM

By Rev. Harold H. Niles

Much has been written and spoken these last few years concerning the rural church. Surveys, statistics and pamphlets have appeared, and have shown us that the country churches are dying or dead, and that rural populations in a great many places are growing up without the influence of the church. This is not only true of the country church but it might also be said of a great many city churches. When one realizes that in this great republic of ours, founded upon the fundamentals of the Christian religion, sixty-three million people are living day after day without any connection with the church, he begins to understand why there is so much chaos and disturbance as at present. The Christian church has produced our civilization. The teachings of Jesus have made our homes, our property, our lives respected and secure. Without the Christian spirit fostered and nourished by the church, our hospitals, schools, colleges, asylums, homes for the aged, movements for social reform and social justice would cease to exist.

Our own Daniel Webster once said, "Without Christianity, human life is a desert, of no known termination on any side." Theodore Parker uttered the same great truth when he said, "Silence the voice of Christianity and the world is well-nigh dumb; for gone is that sweet music which kept in awe the rulers and the people."

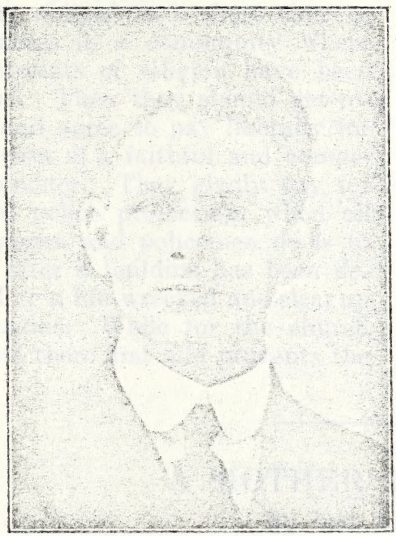
The country districts furnish the cities with strong, bright, ambitious and active men and women, who in time control the destinies of the state and of the nation. If these country districts are not filling the people with Christ's teachings and His Spirit, a great danger—a real peril—confronts the nation. With so many people in the nation, who never feel the push and the pull and the influence which come from those words which point the way to happiness and peace, which have come down to us from the lips of that Hebrew Youth, it is no wonder that America stands at a very critical point in her career.

Rural churches are dying! Let us accept the facts but "let us not only be hearers of the word but doers also." Without effort little is accomplished in this world. A keen sense of social maladjustment avails little unless an effort is made to correct the evils; so a realization of the nation's peril in the decay of the rural churches will amount to little unless an effort, strong and mighty, is made by those interested to improve the condition.

About the best way to do away with evil conditions is to remove the causes. To illustrate: Somewhere I have read that in an insane asylum a simple test is made of a man's mental condition. He is given a mop and is told to mop up a floor on to which water is running from a faucet in the wall. If he turns off the faucet before he mops he is considered sane, but if he mops and mops without turning off the water he is considered unbalanced. If a church or group of

churches attempt to clear up the flood of churchless rural communities without turning off the faucet, the efforts will avail but little.

The causes of this serious situation, we are told, are many. The trouble has been laid by different people to tenant-farming, the automobile, the flux of the ambitious young people to the city, and other similar causes. I do not believe these are the real causes, although they might help in killing the rural church.



Rev. H. H. Niles

Pastor of the White Memorial Univeralist church, Concord, and chaplain of the New Hampshire Legislature.

The real cause is that the rural churches have been the ones which have suffered the most from the scarcity of ministers. As Dr. Joseph Fort Newton, minister of City Temple in London, says:

"No one will deny that the last forty years has been a difficult and trying period for the preacher. The loss which the pulpit—along with poetry and art—has sustained in modern times has been great beyond measure. The reason is obvious—the withdrawal of so many fine minds into literature, science and industry, wooed by the voices of the age. This exodus began years ago, when Carlyle, Emerson, Froude, Bancroft and others left the pulpit for the more liberal province of letters, where they could speak without let or hindrance the truth as they saw it. It has been going on ever since, almost taking from us Brooks, Chapin and Swing, not to name Robertson—all of whom were kept in the pulpit as if by accident. Once almost every mother looked forward to seeing one of her sons in the pulpit as a teacher of faith; but it is not so now."

The scarcity of ministers is appalling. I have been told that in one denomination there are as many as seven churches for every active minister. Think of it, my friends! When the church dies our civilization will go with it. Because of this scarcity of ministers, many men have been sent into the rural field without adequate preparation and without the necessary equipment for successful work. For the last fifty years the rural churches have been and are regarded as training schools for the ministers, as stepping-stones to something supposedly bigger and better, and as last resorts for the old, worn-out ministers and city failures.

The *Manchester* (N. H.) *Union*, under date of September 30, 1919, published an editorial upon this subject, entitled "A Reason for It," in which it endeavored to point out that the failure of the rural church is due to the over-churched communities. I do not agree with that idea entirely. No doubt there are many communities where one church could do the work now done by two or three, yet in the majority of cases the truth is that the churches are under-peopled.

So long as there is a scarcity of ministers there will be a country church problem. So long as the ministry is an underpaid, worried and distracted body so long will its membership be small. The kind of men that the church needs for its ministry will never be attracted to it

so long as laboring men, railroad men, union men, street-cleaners and scrub-women receive more salary than the church offers.

Now, then, what can be done to remedy a very serious situation?

In the first place, the people in the rural places should consider squarely the situation before them. They should answer the question if they would care to bring up their families in churchless communities; they should face squarely the possibility of being obliged in a short time to do business in a community where the restraints of religion have been removed. Then they should get together and agree to pay liberally for the services of a faithful and competent minister. They gladly pay for fire and police protection, when all that firemen and policemen do is to gather after a building has been destroyed or a life wrecked and clear up the remains. While for the church that gets there first and prevents the crime they pay grudgingly a small stipend.

In the second place, I believe that the dwellers in those communities should show the bright and enthusiastic young men the imperative and impressive need of the ministry. There is no better way in the world today by means of which a young man may contribute to the world's great problems than to take up the work of the Christian ministry. The ministry is a great profession glorified by the heroisms and the eloquence of Savonarola, Luther, John Knox, Phillips Brooks, Chapin, Beecher and a host of other consecrated and powerful men. It is calling today as it never called before for men and women to come forth and join in the great conflict for truth and for right. It is calling for men and for women who will help strengthen the moral fibre of the world, by drawing the people nearer to God. The salvation of the rural as well as the city communities rests here.

A MOTHER TO HER SON

By Jean R. Patterson

My dear one, in the midst of mighty things,
Your young life runs unwittingly its course,
And as I watch you play, on Fancy's wings,
My mind projects itself. Shall you perforce
Know too the misery that war lust brings,
Or shall the bleeding world, steeped in remorse,
Say "Peace on Earth," as did the King of Kings?
And saying, truly keep the sacred word
That promises to you a quiet span
Of life, by bloody sacrifice unstirred,
The happy usefulness of peaceful man?
Then if this come about, one boon I ask—
That you, with gratitude, uphold the task;
You and your generation, little son,
Shall thus maintain the Peace so well begun!

so long as laboring men, railroad men, union men, street-cleaners and scrub-women receive more salary than the above offers.

Now, then, what can be done to remedy a very serious situation?

In the first place, the people in the rural places should consider especially the situation before them. They should answer the question if they would care to bring up their families in cheerless communities; they should face squarely the possibility of being obliged in a short time to do business in a community where the restraints of religion have been removed. Then they should get together and agree to pay liberally for the service of a faithful and competent minister. They should pay for fire and police protection, when all that firemen and policemen do is to gather after a building has been destroyed or a life wrecked and clear up the remains. While for the church that gets there first and provides the

KEEP THE FLAGS TOGETHER

By Charles E. Sargent

Let us keep the flags together
Now the days of strife are done!
Let them wave in blended glory
Now their common cause is won!
With their folds in love united
Let their sacred symbols wed,
And one flag shall tell the story
To the children of the dead.

Chorus

Let us bind the flags in one
Now we've beaten down the Hun!
Let our solemn pledges hold
Now the cannon's lips are cold!
And let one flag
From mast and crag
Proclaim the glory that awaits
A new-born World's United States.

When the future generations
Shall the mighty story tell,
They will need the blended colors
As they paint the battle's hell.
All the pathos and the meaning,
That their silent symbols hold,
Will be needed in the drama
When the fearful tale is told.

There's a halo 'round our banner
We have never seen before;
We have caught a deeper meaning
In the flag that we adore.
That unearthly halo gleaming,
In the battle's lurid light,
Is the mating of the glories
In the nations' nuptial night.

Like a jewel in its setting
Is our flag among its peers.
'Tis the rainbow's sacred promise,
Shining through its veil of tears,
That no more shall earth be deluged
By a tyrant's ruthless ban,
When each nation swears allegiance
In the Commonwealth of man.

OLD HOME WEEK IN PITTSFIELD

Edited by WALTER SCOTT

At the annual meeting of the Old Home Day Association, the week beginning Sunday, August 17th, was selected as Old Home Week and Thursday, August 21st, was appointed Old Home Day. The following officers and committees were chosen:

President, E. P. Sanderson.

Vice presidents, Nathaniel S. Drake and Rev. W. Scott.

Secretary, Carroll M. Page.

Treasurer, Herbert B. Fischer.

Finance committee, Nathaniel S. Drake, Carroll M. Page and Herbert B. Fischer.

Executive committee, Rev. W. I. Sweet, Edward A. Lane, Rev. W. Scott, Dr. F. H. Sargent, Courtland Freese, Frank S. Jenkins, Matthew H. Nutter, Dr. W. H. Eaton, Alton Skinner, George F. Mitchell, David O. Sherburne, J. H. Danis, Rev. L. J. W. Robichaud and A. R. Pellissier.

Invitation committee, Frank S. Jenkins, Matthew H. Nutter, Frank D. Osgood, G. F. Mitchell and Philip W. Sherburne.

OLD HOME WEEK SUNDAY.

A union meeting was held on Sunday morning, August 17th, at the Congregational Church, beginning at 10:45 a. m. Revs. W. H. Getchell, H. A. Remick, W. Scott participated in the service. The sermon was preached by the Rev. W. I. Sweet. Hon. H. B. Fischer was organist and the special singing was by the Shubert Quartette of Boston. The order of service follows:

Order of Service.

ORGAN VOLUNTARY
QUARTETTE—"I will Lift Up Mine Eyes"
RESPONSIVE READING—23d Psalm, Rev. H. A. Remick
QUARTETTE—"Lord Thou hast been our dwelling Place," Holden
SCRIPTURE READING—Ecc. 11:9-10; 12:1-7, 13, 14, Rev. W. Scott
QUARTETTE—"Tell Me the Story of Jesus," arranged
PRAYER—Rev. W. H. Getchell
RESPONSE, QUARTETTE—"The Lord's Prayer"
ANNOUNCEMENTS—OFFERING
HYMN 592 (Tune Martyn)
SERMON—Rev. W. I. Sweet
QUARTETTE—"The Clanging Bells of Time," Walker
BENEDICTION—Rev. H. A. Remick
ORGAN—Postlude

The sermon by the Rev. W. I. Sweet follows:

"What Have They Seen in Thine House?"
(2. Ki. 20:15)

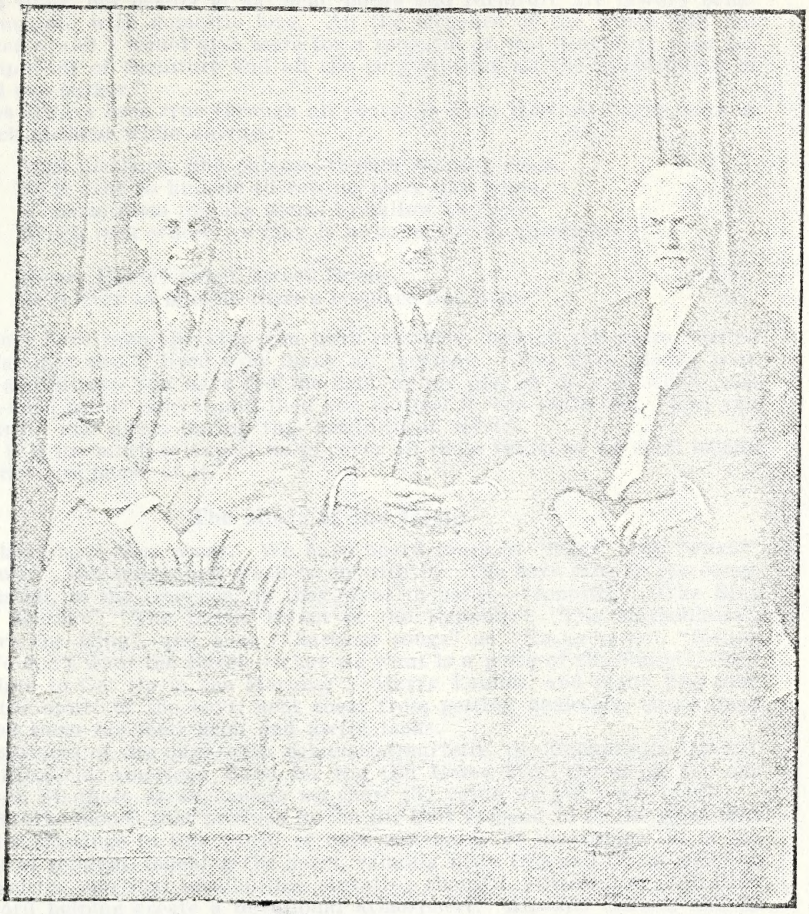
The question: "What have they seen in thine house?" was asked of King Hezekiah by the prophet Isaiah. Hezekiah thought the prophet made reference to the material splendor within, and he answered: "There is nothing among my treasures that I have not shown them." Then the prophet revealed to him the fact that it was moral splendor that made the home beautiful, and prophesied that which soon came to pass—namely, that his material splendor, his children, his people, because of lack of moral splendor, would soon be carried in captivity to Babylon.

"Old Home Day" is a great institution. It calls us back to the memories of childhood; it leads us through all the years; it brings us back home again.

The home is the greatest institution in the world. It was the first institution of earth, and it is the one institution that is to be perpetuated and perfected in heaven.

One of the best things the great novelist, Charles Dickens, ever wrote, found in his "Sketches of Young Couples," is this:

"Before marriage and afterward, let them learn to center all their hopes of real and lasting happiness in their own fireside; let them cherish the faith that in home and all the virtues which love of home engenders lies the only true source of domestic felicity."



ORATOR, PRESIDENT, PREACHER

Left to right: Lieut. Gov. Channing H. Cox, E. P. Sanderson, Rev. W. I. Sweet

Home life and the religious life are the great problems of today. These settled and there would be no difficulty anywhere else.

What was the big influence in shaping and moulding your life? Think back into childhood. Was it the school, the church, the Sunday School or the neighborhood that really made you? No, it was your home. It was the idealism, the atmosphere you breathed; and you thank God today for what your parents gave you through their faith and habits of life more than anything else under the sun.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the genial "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," has given us a fine estimate of the home: "I never saw a garment too fine for a man or a maid; there never was a chair too good for a cobbler or a cooper or a king to sit in; never a house too fine to shelter the human head. These



elements about us—the glorious sun, the imperial moon—are not too good for the human race. Elegance fits man: but do we not value these tools a little more than they are worth, and sometimes mortgage a house for the mahogany we bring into it? I would rather eat my dinner off the head of a barrel, or dress after the fashion of John the Baptist in the wilderness, or sit on a block all my life, than consume all on myself before I got home, and take so much pains with the outside when the inside was as hollow as an empty hut. Beauty is a great thing, but beauty of garment, house and furniture are tawdry ornaments compared with domestic love. All the elegance of the world will not make a home, and I would give more for a spoonful of real heart-love than for whole ship-loads of furniture and all the gorgeousness all the upholsterers in the world can gather."

It has always been true through all years, as John Howard Payne sang in a homesick moment while abroad:

"Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home,
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which seek where we may is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home, Home! sweet, sweet Home,
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home."

While I have been speaking you have travelled through the years, visited the old familiar spots, lived over many an incident. You have played with brothers and sisters, you have fed the calf, or the pig, or the colt which was "yours"—until father sold it and then you learned it was really his. And you will go again and again during this reminiscent service.

Now it is too much to expect us to cover all those years, so we shall briefly consider but one phase of it.

The Music of the Home.

Our boys have been away. We have heard much of "who?" and "what?" won the war. But music had much to do with it. The boys sang in the camp, on the march, in the trenches, as they went to battle—"America", "The Star Spangled Banner", "The Battle Hymn of the Republic", "The Marseillaise", "God Save the King", and such "Classical songs" as "Ka-ka-ka-ty", "Kaiser Bill", "We don't want the Bacon—what we want is a piece of the Rhine", "Oh! How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning". Harry Lauder, and many like him, kept up the spirit of the boys, kept them from getting homesick, entertained them, fired them for their grim and awful tasks.

The services of the day—with Schubert Quartette, the Community Chorus, and the Pittsfield American Band for the Old Home Day, the songs for our banquet—in all these arrangements we show the value we put upon music.

Music—the moods that produce it, the ills that respond to it, the good that it does, its blessings to this world of ours can never be measured. It is the handmaid of religion, touching the heart, calming life's fret and fever, solacing sorrow, rousing spiritual sensibilities, elevating thought, stimulating aspiration—in a word helping create a devotional atmosphere. All this Carlyle had in mind when he said: "Who is there that in logical words can express the effect that music has upon us? A kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech which leads us to the edge of the infinite and lets us for a moment gaze into that."

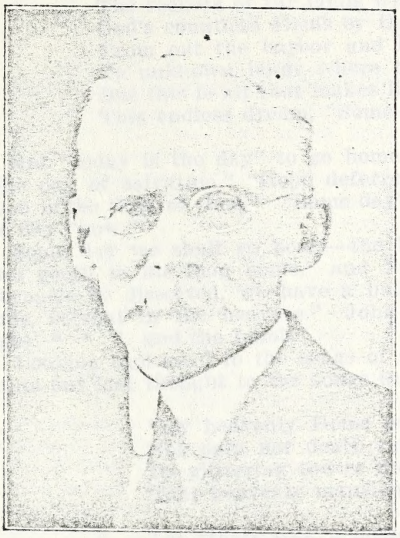
No wonder someone has said that "Music is the language which angels speak."

Let us confine ourselves to one memory—the music of the home; the songs we sang, which father and mother sang. In my case mother did the singing. I can't remember that father could sing, he never sang. He was like some of the members of the family—that is one of the things that he could not do. Perhaps he was wiser than some of the rest of us for we try to sing. But Mother sang: "Rock A Bye Baby", she sang for years as for years she had a baby in her arms for there were eight of us. She sang better than mothers ordinarily do in these days for she had a longer training and more experience than mothers ordinarily have now. The weird and tragic we asked for—it is remarkable how children like the weird and tragical,—"They Made Him a Grave in the Dismal Swamp", "The Faded Coat of Blue." And the old reli-

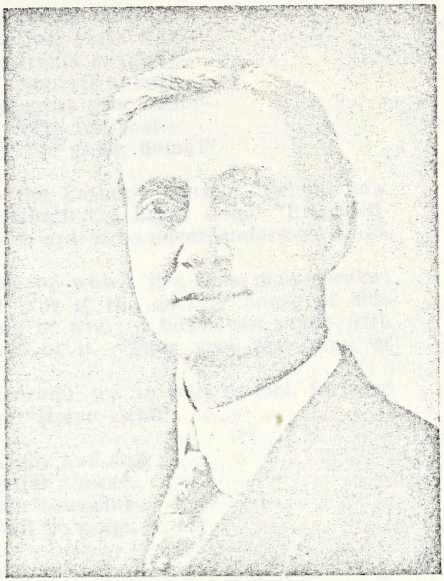
gious songs which are ever new: "Rock of Ages", "Jesus Lover of My Soul", and "In the Sweet By and By." There was no piano, not even an organ in those days. The song was in memory and pitched and carried perfectly.

You have gone back in this moment and heard your mother sing.

Now one thing this reminiscence should do for us: it should lay its hand upon us and ask us, How have I lived the song? Have I wandered from her faith and training?



Hon. N. S. Drake



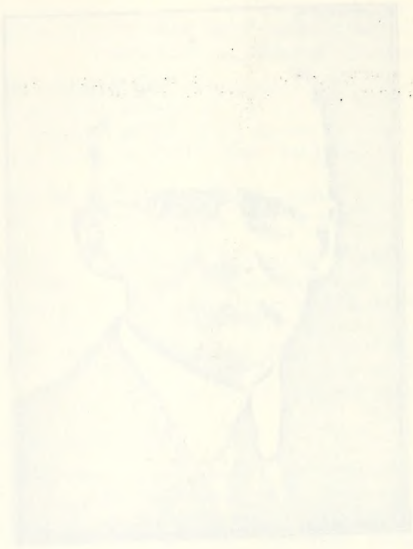
Hon. Herbert B. Fischer

Henry W. Grady, the matchless Atlanta editor and orator, wrote his mother one day when he was well along in years: "Mother, I am coming home. I am sorry to be obliged to confess that I have wandered far from your early teaching and training. I knew then that all you taught me was true, and I know it more now than I did then. I want to get back to it. Get out the old rocking chair for I want to sit in your lap and lay my head upon your bosom, (he was a very little man) and I want you to sing to me all those old cradle songs, all those songs of faith you used to sing, and then I want to kneel at your knee and have you pray with me as you did when I was a child, and I want to give myself to God and begin the Christian life as a child begins it and lives it on step by step, that I may walk in life with you, and be with you by and by in that other home which is drawing nearer and nearer every day." Old Home Sunday should do that for every one of us.

It is always possible for the soul, though in a far country, to say: "I will arise and go to my Father", and find Him waiting to welcome, as Mr. Grady found his mother waiting as never before to welcome him.

"I'm Going Home Some Day", say it in the words of Grantland Rice:

I'm going home some day—
If I can ever find the pathway back;
For I have come too far, too far away,
A wanderer on a strange and alien track:
I saw the world ahead and only meant
To go a little way beyond—and then
To seek the old-time highway of content.



I'm going home some day—
But every track I face is strangely new;
God grant I have not wholly lost my way,
But that in seeking all the long years through
The mists shall lift and I shall find once more
The path that leads me to the dreams of youth—
The lanes of light—the life I knew before
I left the old-time ways of faith and truth.

I'm going home some day—
So moves the dream of all the roving world;
The seekers of far lands who've lost their way—
God's countless aliens by the currents swirled
From out the harbor and by tempests tossed
To unknown lands where they must ever roam—
But this is all that makes life worth the cost—
This endless dream, "Some day I'm going home!"

But "today is the day" to go home to the Father's house. "Behold now is the day of salvation." "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." "Procrastination is the thief of time." "Some day" is so apt to be never, unless we make that day "now."

Some day we shall go home—the home of which the wise man speaks: "Man goeth to his long home," and Paul "for if the earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God; a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." John says of it, "They sing the songs of Moses * * * and the Lamb."

Looking backward to the songs of the cradle we do well to look forward in this our last thought to the songs in the "Home Land".

"My heavenly Home is bright and fair;
Nor pain nor death can enter there;
Its glittering tow'rs the sun out-shine;
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

Let others seek a home below,
Where flames devour, and waves o'erflow;
Be mine the happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

I'm going home, I'm going home,
To die no more, to die no more."

SUNDAY EVENING MEETING.

A public meeting was held at the Opera House on Sunday evening at 7.30 p. m., with the following program:

Music by the Shubert Quartette of Boston.

1. (a) "To Guard the Right" ..... Geibel
   (b) "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia" ..... Bruce
2. Tenor Solos
   (a) "Rock of Ages" ..... Johnson
   (b) "Mary of Argyle"
   Dr Ames
3. Scripture Reading and Prayer by Rev. W. I. Sweet
4. Response—"Lowly at Thy Feet" ..... Arranged
5. Address—"Some Reasons for the Observance of Old Home Day; Special Reasons for 1919" ..... Rev. W. H. Getchell
6. (a) "Remember Now Thy Creator" ..... Rhodes
   (b) "Galilee" ..... Clark
7. (a) "The Old Oaken Bucket" ..... Arranged
   (b) "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep"
   (c) "Annie Laurie" ..... Geibel

8. Address—"Community Responsibility; that of Each Person to the Community as a Whole" ..... Rev. H. A. Remick
9. (a) "The Holy City" ..... Adams
   (b) "I'm a Pilgrim" ..... Marston
10. Address—"The New England Town and World Affairs" Rev. W. Scott
11. (a) "Camp Songs" ..... Walker
    (b) "Southern Cradle Song" ..... Prothroe
12. Bass Solos
    (a) "The Mighty Deep" ..... Jude
    (b) "The Deathless Army" ..... Trotere
    Mr. McGowan
13. (a) "Reveries" ..... Storch
    (b) "At the Close of the Day" ..... Arranged

The Rev. W. I. Sweet presided at the meeting and at its close Mr. E. P. Sanderson, president of the Old Home Day Association was introduced. He expressed pleasure at his election to the office, especially since his early life was spent in Pittsfield, and urged that everybody co-operate to make Old Home Week a complete success.

A summary of the addresses of the evening follows:

The Rev. W. H. Getchell spoke on "Some Reasons for the Observance of Old Home Day, and Special Reasons for 1919."

Reasons are too many to enumerate in time allotted, but let me call your attention to a few of them.

Home is a God ordained institution, and like all of the work of His hands is worthy of regard. It was God who "Set the solitary in families," centuries ago, and throughout all the years He has preserved for men the institution of home.

The influence of home-life makes men more efficient in all the work of life. When Solomon was about to erect the structure bearing his name, he caused the workmen to be divided into three divisions, so that "One month they were in Lebanon, and two months at home." This plan made for efficiency, for it kept the men contented, and doing their best. No person can do his best in any field of labor if he is homesick. A well ordered home is one of the most pleasing sights God looks upon on earth. It is a co-operative society and takes more than one person to make a real home. The saddest sight of earth is a wrecked home; and the man, or woman guilty of the sin of home-wrecking, is one of the meanest creatures on God's footstool.

We have special reasons for the observance of Old Home Day this year because owing to the fleet under the British Jack, and the boys in khaki, our homes were saved from destruction by German foes.

All honor to the boys who went "Over there" and to the boys who in the home camps were ready to go for the protection of American homes. We have reason to rejoice that on our Community Service Flag, there are no more gold stars. Let us honor the living, and not forget the dead, who gave their lives to save our homes.

Rev. H. A. Remick spoke on "Community Responsibility; that of each person to the Community as a whole."

The speaker desired to present but a single idea as he very seriously questioned—craving their pardon for his presumption—the capability of the audience to carry away with profit to themselves more than one thought. In these days when we lament the decadence of the religious spirit that pervaded the entire life of our Puritan ancestors, as evidenced by the neglect in the present day of people generally to anything of a spiritual or churchly nature, the magnificent congregation at the morning service, and the splendid audience there assembled was eminently provocative of serious thought and excited the question, What is the cause of this interest? Is it Old Home Day? No, for similar services have been held and there was no such response on the part of the Community. Was it the eloquence of the preacher? No, for once more asking pardon, serious, grave and delicate questions are here involved. There was a factor that stood out very distinctly. It had been remarked long ago by Robert of Saltonstall, "if he could write the songs of a nation he cared not who made its laws," and surely music and song seemed to be the compelling motive that had produced these exceedingly gratifying results. The responsibility under which each person was living to the community as a

whole could only be discharged by a cultivation of the religious and spiritual life of the individual and the only true exponent of the existence of this life was an earnest active performance of those obligations each person in the community owes the church.

The Rev. W. Scott spoke on

"The New England Town and World Affairs"

Worldwide travelers tell us New England has types of all the best elements of world scenery. In a comparatively small area it has the ocean, the river, lake and brook, mountain, forest, varied landscapes, pleasant villages and cities, whatever nature and man have produced. In its human aspects worldwide elements are found. The leading nations, the great races have contributed to its population. These facts unite New England to the larger world of which it is part. Its people and those of the country are thus bound to all nations, especially those of Europe, by their origin and history. The significance of this fact is apparent in connection with the strong world movements for closer union of nations where union is practicable. A study of a New England town, therefore, furnishes a key to universal or world history.

On Old Home Day we are reminded of the institution of home which is the basis of civilized society. A recent letter from Mr. Lake, published in our local paper, describes a New England home, the tender and strong ties and the beautiful mutual relations of members of the family. The hold which home has on the affections in New England is typical of its place among all men. It leads us to take our part in the protection and preservation of the home everywhere, in care for the widow and orphan, in the rebuilding of homes laid waste in the great world war which has devastated nations and broken innumerable households the world over.

A study of the professions and business pursuits which are part of the life of a town brings us also to a sense of their wide outreach. The doctor now is summoned to the protection of world health; the lawyer to give his best thought to the formation of the constitution and laws necessary for international union; labor, commerce, agriculture are now considered as never before in their bearing on the welfare of the entire human family.

The church edifices are the material symbols pointing to the religious sentiment which exists in some form wherever man is found. Here stands the Roman Catholic church, a great historic body which has been and is still the inspiration of many millions. The Congregational body runs back into European history and conducts its beneficent work in many lands. The Baptist church which has had its struggle in many countries, holds on its way a great democratic and missionary body. The Society of Friends, numerically small but extensive in its influence, should always be mentioned with appreciation. Thus the religious life of the community is intimately related to that of humanity. It is happily possible today and in our country to utter words of friendship and appreciation of these different branches of our common Christianity. The antagonisms of the past are growing less, and Jesus, the world teacher, draws his followers into closer harmony and understanding. Still greater harmonization the future is likely to reveal, as Christianity comes into closer contact with the ethnic religions of the world. As a great Christian thinker has said Christianity is the final, eclectic and absolute religion. It has all that is precious in the ethnic religions and is enriched by necessary additions for the uplifting and salvation of mankind.

The town school is the visible symbol of education which is also one of the universal things. Education aims to bring man to his best estate, to lift him to the highest level of his powers, to enable him to make the most possible out of life. What it does for the individual it does for human groups, small or large, as communities or races. Already it is become a matter of concern to commonwealth and nation. It is entering into the international area for the educational opportunity is the birthright of civilized man everywhere. How to bring to him his opportunity is a matter to command the best wisdom of teacher, statesman and citizen the world over.

The town hall is the symbol of government. The New England town has been regarded as an object lesson in democratic government. As yet, however, we do not have a democracy except in a partial and growing sense. The town merges into the larger units of government, the county, common-

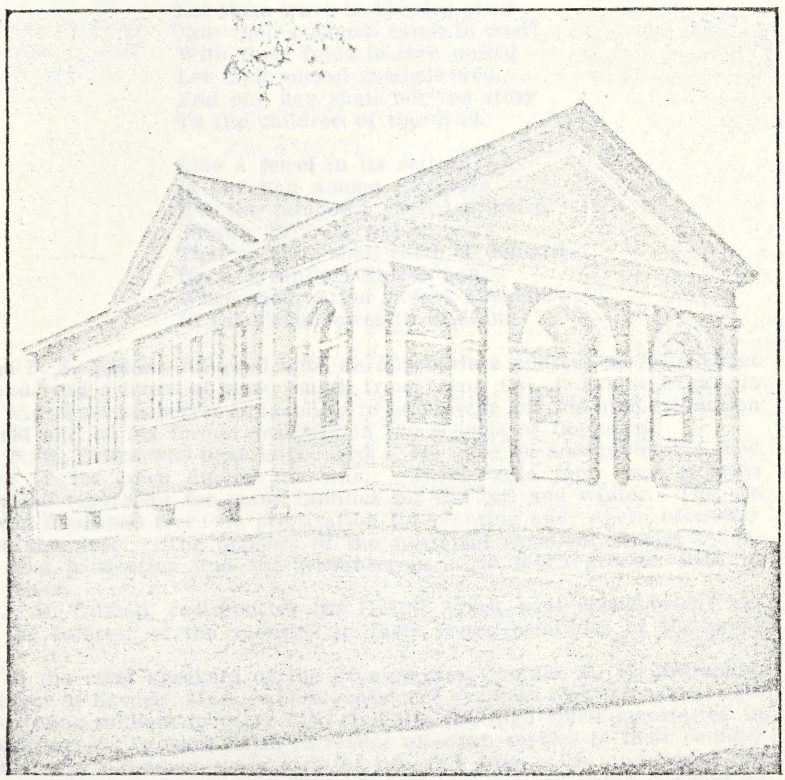
wealth, the nation. These successive evolutions of government point to still larger issues. The league of nations in some form to promote liberty, order, progress among all nations is inevitable judging from the tendency of civilization during the centuries past in this great movement America's place is at the head or among the first. A nation, continental in area, with a hundred millions or more of people, with dependencies, near and remote, cannot be a hermit, a Robinson Crusoe nation.

Finally we are today reminded in this observance that man is more than a local being, more than a citizen of a town or commonwealth or nation, more than a world citizen. Religion shows he is a citizen of the universe, of the world that now is and the world that is to be. As the Scriptures declare, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

OLD HOME DAY BANQUET.

Old Home Day banquet occurred on Wednesday evening beginning at 7 p. m., at the Opera House in Pittsfield. The Ladies Aid Society of the Congregational Church were in charge of the banquet. The hall was beautifully decorated. The orchestra consisted of Mrs. W. B. Ely, John Adams, Lester Emerson and William Adams. At the dining tables two hundred and sixty-five were seated and in the galleries there were probably a larger number of persons.

The returned soldiers and their friends occupied several tables in the centre. A number of the veterans of the Civil War and others were at the guests' table.



Carpenter Memorial Library

Mr. E. P. Sanderson, President of the Old Home Day Association, presided. At each plate were two collections of welcome home songs, the one containing twenty-three, the other seventy-three recent war-time songs and also old and familiar songs. During the evening the orchestra rendered selections and many songs were sung by those present. Music was a leading feature of the occasion. The singing was unusually good and enthusiastic. At 8:30 p. m., the after-dinner speeches began. Mr. Sanderson presided admirably and introduced the speakers with remarks, grave and gay, complimentary to the speakers and enjoyable by the large audience.

The first speaker was Hon. E. A. Lane, Chairman of the Public Safety Committee during the war. He gave an earnest welcome to the returned soldiers present. He briefly outlined the work of the committee and specially mentioned the four-minutes' addresses made by selected speakers in the community during the war and the valuable results of such service.

Hon. H. B. Fischer spoke appreciatively of the soldiers from this town and referred to the Red Cross work and the five Liberty Loans of which he was the treasurer and leading promoter. He called attention to the fact that the present occasion was the only public opportunity the community had to record their appreciation of the service done by the enlisted men of the town.

Dr. F. H. Sargent followed in a brief address commending the patriotic spirit of the young men who represented the town in the war period. He closed by reading a brief poem by his brother, Prof. C. E. Sargent, now of New Haven, Conn., part of which is as follows:

Keep the Flags Together.

Let us keep the flags together
Now the days of strife are done!
Let them wave in blended glory
Now their common cause in won!
With their folds in love united
Let their sacred symbols wed,
And one flag shall tell the story
To the children of the dead.

Like a jewel in its setting
Is our flag among its peers.
'Tis the rainbow's sacred promise,
Shining thru its veil of tears,
That no more shall earth be deluged
By a tyrant's ruthless ban,
When each nation swears allegiance
In the Commonwealth of Man.

Judge F. S. Jenkins followed with an appropriate address on "Old Home Spirit," and read a letter of some length from Lieut. Col. J. Frank Drake, in which he expressed his regret at inability to be present and his high estimation of Pittsfield and of his former teachers in the schools of the town.

Hon. N. S. Drake was next introduced. He gave an account of the food production of the town during the war. There were forty war gardens which yielded vegetables for many families for the fall and winter. The use of land was furnished free; its preparation for planting and, where necessary seed were also free. The farmers of the town did excellent service by increasing food production and the wheat crops were much greater than in previous years.

Mr. J. M. Gilman, representing the Grand Army, next spoke briefly expressing the interest of the veterans in their young comrades of the great war.

One of the chief speakers of the evening was Captain H. F. McDonald, former Mayor of Beverly, Mass., whose experience overseas was extensive. He urged the young soldiers to carry into civil life the high spirit manifested in the nation's service, to work hard, to render unselfish service to their country and to cultivate a common-sense view of life and duty. He questioned the propriety of the pay of men in military service who faced great dangers as compared with the unusually large pay of men in government work at home

in shipyards and elsewhere. He looked with disfavor on the covenant of the proposed League of Nations, and criticised the scheme at some length. He believed Lloyd George the ruling spirit of the peace conference, and regarded concessions to Japan with distrust.

The Rev. F. E. Webster, rector of Protestant Episcopal church of Waltham, Mass., next spoke. He referred to the fact that his son was in the navy, and still in service, and to the valuable work of the navy. He emphasized the need of an unselfish spirit among the people in view of the perplexing conditions facing the country. He differed from Captain McDonald in his view of the League of Nations, and looked forward with much hope for America and all nations. In his opinion a great lesson of the war was a wiping out of class distinctions. Whatever the future brings the heart of the country is sound.

Lieutenant G. S. Barnes of Reading, Mass., recently returned soldier, in a few words expressed his pleasure in being present and at the reception tendered to the soldiers. He believed the war experience gave a broader outlook on life and fitted the returning soldiers for greater usefulness.

Rev. W. I. Sweet responded to the Toast: THE RED CROSS AND THE GOLD STAR.

After speaking of the "Work in the Trenches at Home" by the Red Cross, he mentioned with special emphasis the great work done by the women at the head of the following committees: Mrs. Newman Durell, Knitting and Sewing; Mrs. Courtland Freese and Miss Lillian Elkins, Surgical Dressings; Mrs. Wm. B. Ely, Women's Liberty Loan, also Home Nursing, also pianist and musical leader. He regretted the absence of several of the boys who could not leave their positions taken since they returned and come the long distance. He mentioned those still in the service—Frank Buffum, Dr. Burt W. Carr, Everett Hall, Clarence Barton, Louis Paul Girouard, Russell Weldon, Ivan Yeaton. Then he spoke of the six boys who had made the supreme sacrifice—four of them sleeping in France and two at home: Earl W. Cram, Ezra Dupuis, Alpha J. Danis, William A. Peterson, William E. Smith and Fred W. Sleeper. The address to these were the following two poems:

The Evening Star by Harold Seton

"The evening star a child espied,
The one star in the sky.
"Is that God's service flag?" he cried,
And waited for reply.

The mother paused a moment ere
She told the little one:
"Yes, that is why the star is there!
God gave His only Son!"

My Star

I have a star of gold on my breast,
A star of strife, a star of rest;
It marks a sword-thrust through my heart,
It tells of glory and of pain,
Of bitter loss and wondrous gain,
Of youth that played the hero's part.

O, star of gold upon my breast,
Tell of those stars that he loved best;
He bore the stripes, he suffered all
To keep our banner free from stain;
He hath not given all in vain
In answering his Nation's call.

O, star of hope upon my breast,
Strengthen the faith I have professed;
He died that nations might be free;
Help me to live for truth and right,
And with my woman's soul to fight
Nerved by his immortality.

(Caroline Ticknor of the Vigilantes)

Rev. W. Scott was the next speaker. He congratulated those who had in charge the arrangement of Old Home Week for their successful management. He regarded it as interesting that two speakers at the banquet differing in their views as to the League of Nations frankly expressed their differences. He believed free speech and discussion helpful to final sound opinion. He thought in some form a League of Nations was inevitable and that the United States would be safer and more useful in such a league than out of it.

Mrs. Newman Durell was next introduced and read the following verses:

A Sock Song

Once on a time she made him socks—
Frivolous, fluffy things in blue
Or palest pink, with tiny loops
To pull the dainty ribbons through,
Hummed a little song the while
Her fingers flew so deft and fleet;
"Through all his life—where'er they go—
God keep the path of my baby's feet!"

But that was twenty years ago!
Today, she's knitting just the same—
Long woolen hose, for the son who's gone
To play his part in war's grim game—
And she prays her song, as her needles fly,
Fashioning socks for a warrior meet;
"God, where the dangers thickest be,
Guard safe the way of my soldier's feet!"

(Mazie Caruthers)

Mrs. Courtland Freese was called upon and read the poem entitled:

The Woman Behind the Man

Yes—I grant they're the U. S. Army
Standing there three in a row;
The man in the garb of the workshop,
The soldier, the man with a hoe.
And I wouldn't belittle their service—
All part of a splendid plan—
But I want you to think for a moment
Of the woman behind the man.

War! Ah, the word strikes terror
To the heart of womankind,
It hasn't a place in her scheme of life,
Nor a chord of response in her mind.
But look—she has squared her shoulders,
"It has come—I must do what I can."
And she finds her work—did she ever shirk?
This woman behind the man?

Not in the line of battle—
Is that the one place for the brave?
But just in back in the hospital shack,
Who measured the service she gave?
Tireless, sleepless, unfaltering,
Never heeding the risk she ran,
Strength she spent—strength she gave; hers a passion to save,
This woman behind the man.

And back in the homes they are leaving—
These boys fired with patriots' zeal—
Linked so close to her life—sweetheart, mother, or wife—
Can she answer the great appeal?

Ah! What of the tireless sewers,
Of the knitting needles that fly,
Of the thought and the care, food to save and to spare,
This is her mute reply

Paint us another picture,
Artist with thoughtful brow,
Put them all three in the front, but see
That she has a place there now.
The soldier boy—how we love him!—
The farmer, the workingman—
But isn't there space—just some modest place—
For the woman behind the man?"

(Lettie Vanderveer)

Mr. George Denyen of Boston, Mass., was the last speaker. He said the returned soldier would in the future regard his service as a great and valued experience. He told several pleasant Negro, Scotch and Irish war stories and concluded with the poem of G. D. Mayo on

The Blue and the Gray

Here's to the Blue of the wind-swept North,
When we meet on the fields of France;
May the spirit of Grant be with you all
As the Sons of the North advance.

And here's to the Gray of the sun-kissed South,
When we meet on the fields of France;
May the spirit of Lee be with you all
As the Sons of the South advance.

And here's to the Blue and Gray as one,
When we meet on the fields of France;
May the spirit of God be with us all
As the Sons of the Flag advance.

During the evening three cheers were given for Lieut. Col. J. Frank Drake whose letter was read by Judge Jenkins, for William Vien, a Pittsfield soldier, who won the Croix de Guerre with palm, and for President E. P. Sanderson.

The exercises at the Banquet closed at midnight with singing "Auld Lang Syne" and were followed by dancing by the returned soldiers and their friends.

OLD HOME DAY SPORTS.

The members of the Sports Committee were P. W. Sherburne, Chairman, E. N. Harriman, B. A. Lougee, Camille Grenier.

List of events and winners of first and second places, Old Home Day, 1919, beginning at 9 a. m. Contests on Drake Athletic Field.

100 yd. dash (Senior)

1st. Kenneth Robinson, Silver Medal.
2nd. Albert Marden, Bronze Medal.

100 yd. dash (Junior)

1st. Joseph Cloutier, Silver Medal.
2nd. Ezra Barton, Bronze Medal.

50 yd. dash (Senior)

1st. Albert Marden, Silver Medal.
2nd. Kenneth Robinson, Bronze Medal.

50 yd. dash (Junior)

1st. Joseph Cloutier, Silver Medal.
2nd. Ezra Barton, Bronze Medal.

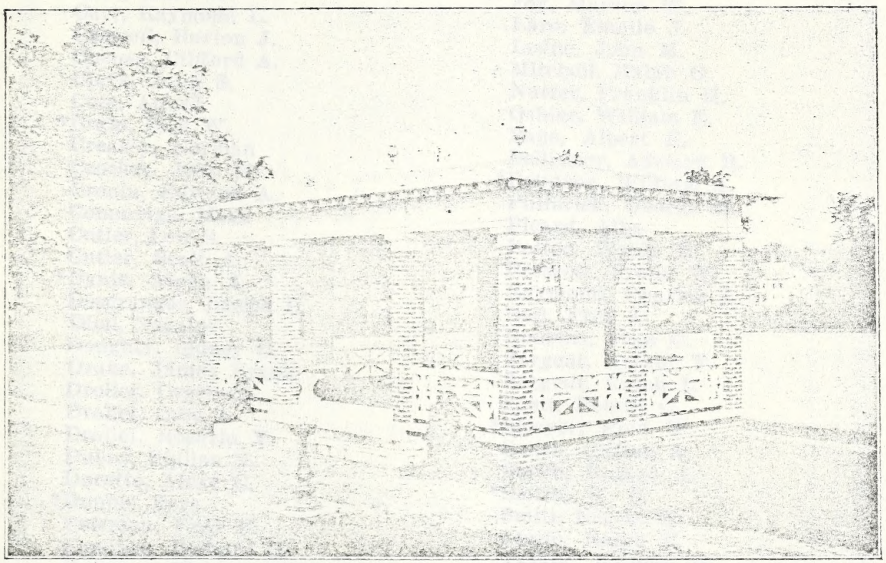
Standing High Jump (Open event)
1st. Kenneth Robinson, Silver Medal, 4 feet, 4 inches.
2nd. Hector Drolet, Bronze Medal, 4 feet, 3 inches.

Running High Jump (Open)
1st. Osmund Jackson, Silver Medal, 4 feet, 9 inches.
2nd. Kenneth Robinson, Bronze Medal, 4 feet, 8 inches.

Running Broad Jump (Open)
1st. Osmund Jackson, Silver Medal, 16 feet, 3½ inches.
2nd. Kenneth Robinson, Bronze Medal, 15 feet, 11¾ inches.

Standing Broad Jump (Open)
1st. Kenneth Robinson, Silver Medal, 8 feet, 4½ inches.
2nd. Albert Marden, Bronze Medal, 8 feet, 1 inch.

Base-Ball Throwing Contest (Open)
1st. Frank Fowle, Ribbon with Clasp, 284 feet.



Rest House and Tennis Courts, Drake Field

Old Home Day Afternoon Program

Exercises at Carpenter Memorial Library.

The procession of the enlisted men of Pittsfield formed at 1:15 p. m. at the Washington House Square and after a march, preceded by the Pittsfield American Band, halted before the Carpenter Memorial Library where the Tablet exercises took place.

Unveiling of Memorial Tablet in Library
Poem (Recitation) ..... Dorothy Maxfield
Dedicatory Address ..... Hon. H. B. Fischer
Acceptance of Memorial Tablet and Giving it into care of F. S. Jenkins, as custodian ..... J. H. Jenness, Chairman of Selectmen
Reply of Custodian and Town Historian ..... F. S. Jenkins
Retirement of Soldiers accompanied by Pittsfield Band

NAMES ON THE MEMORIAL TABLET.

1917 Honor Roll 1919

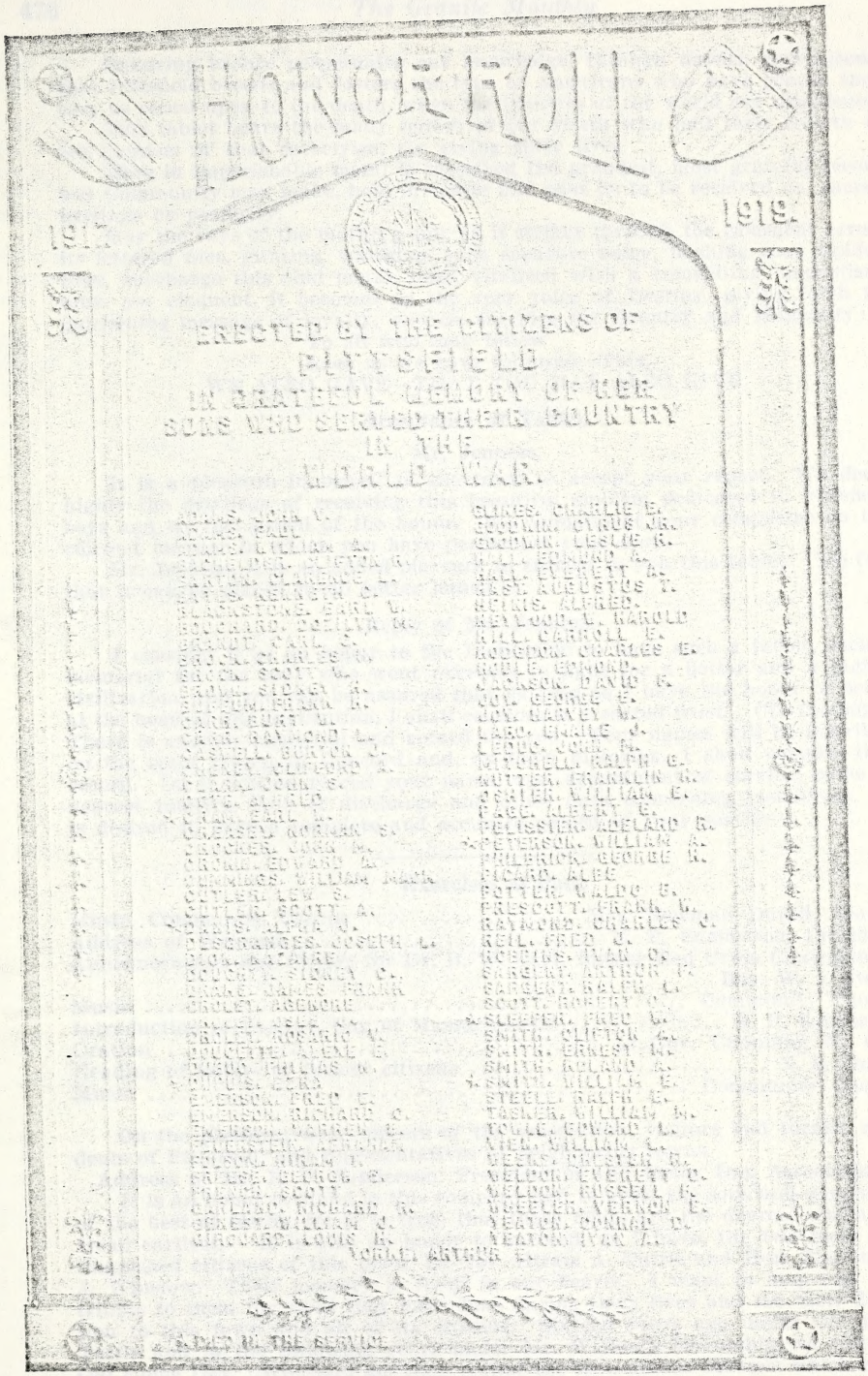
Erected by the Citizens of Pittsfield in grateful memory of her sons who served their country in the World War.

Adams, John V.
Adams, Paul
Adams, William A.
Bachelder, Clifton R.
Barton, Clarence L.
Bates, Kenneth C.
Blackstone, Earl W.
Bouchard, Dozilva M.
Brandt, Carl G.
Brock, Charles H.
Brock, Scott W.
Brown, Sidney H.
Buffum, Frank H.
Carr, Burt W.
Carr, Raymond L.
Caswell, Burton J.
Cheney, Clifford A.
Clark, John S.
Cote, Alfred
*Cram, Earl W.
Creasey, Norman
Crocker, John M.
Cronin, Edward A.
Commings, Mack
Cutler, Lew S.
Cutler, Scott A.
*Danis, Alpha J.
Desgranges, Joseph L.
Dion, Nazaire
Doughty, Sidney C.
Drake, James Frank
Drollet, Orgenore
Drollet, Osee J.
Drollet, Rosario V.
Dubuc, Philias N.
Ducette, Alexe E.
*Dupuis, Ezra.
Emerson, Fred E.
Emerson, Richard C.
Emerson, Warren E.
Feuerstein, Abraham
Folsom, Hiram Tuttle
Freese, George E.
French, Scott
Garland, Richard R.
Genest, William J.
Girouard, Louis H.
Glines, Charles E.
Goodwin, Cyrus, Jr.
Goodwin, Leslie R.
Hall, Edmund A.
Hall, Everett A.
Hast, Augustus T.
Heinis, Alfred
Heywood, W. Harold
Hill, Carroll E.
Hodgdon, Charles E.
Houle, Edmund
Jackson, David F.
Joy, George E.
Joy, Harvey W.
Laro, Emaile J.
Leduc, John M.
Mitchell, Ralph G.
Nutter, Franklin H.
Oshier, William E.
Page, Albert E.
Pellissier, Adelard R.
*Peterson, William A.
Philbrick, George H.
Picard, Albe
Potter, Waldo B.
Prescott, Frank W.
Raymond, Charles J.
Reil, Fred J.
Robbins, Ivan C.
Sargent, Arthur F.
Sargent, Ralph L.
Scott, Robert C.
*Sleeper, Fred W.
Smith, Clifton A.
Smith, Roland A.
*Smith, W. E.
Smith Ernest M.
Steele, Ralph E.
Tasker, William M.
Towle, Edward L.
Vien, William L.
Weeks, Chester R.
Weldon, Everett D.
Weldon, Russell F.
Wheeler, Vernon E.
Yeaton, Conrad D.
Yeaton, Ivan A.
Yorke, Arthur E.

Mr. Fisher's Dedicatory Address.

Honorable Board of Selectmen:

The Committee chosen by the voters of this town at the Annual Meeting held in March of this year to decide upon, procure, and erect a suitable memorial for its sons who served their country in the World War, have carried out their duty to the best of their ability and present this evidence of that fact. The several members considered carefully the matter of names, material, form and location, deciding finally and unanimously upon the Tablet here placed upon the wall of this Public Institution.



MEMORIAL TABLET

Made by Wm. Highton & Sons Co., Nashua, N. H.



Enduring bronze perpetuates our knowledge, through unborn generations, that Pittsfield breeds and fosters the type of Americans who have proven they may be relied upon to the death, when the liberties of the world are threatened.

This tablet bears the many names of our youth who had their rebirth in the baptism of that cataclysm, six giving their lives.

Here in imperishable metal is inscribed the proudest, most grateful record any Community may make, hold inviolate and pass on to be received as sacred heritage by posterity.

May the rays of the morning sun, as it strikes through the casement across its lettered face, glinting, warming, each separate name, flashing each Golden Star, surcharge this cold metal, until vitalized with a compelling magnetism, mute yet eloquent, it becomes as the very voice of Destiny, giving forth its quickening message of loyalty, service, sacrifice for Country and Humanity:

To all who may follow
Even as we have followed—This,
WE ALSO GAVE—THAT YOU MAY ALSO GIVE.

Acceptance of Tablet.

Mr. Jenness.

It is a pleasure in behalf of the town to accept your report. We deem highly the privilege of receiving this beautiful emblem dedicated to Pittsfield boys and we feel proud of the honor. We compliment your committee on the efficient manner in which you have performed your duty.

Mr. Jenkins, it is an added pleasure to entrust to you this tablet. We feel that it can be placed in no better hands.

Reply of Mr. Jenkins.

I consider it as an honor to the Institution to have such a tablet, such a memorial for the boys who went overseas to fight for a better and a higher civilization, and you can be assured that as long as I have the honor of being at the head of this Institution, I shall consider it a sacred trust. (To the boys) There is another memorial and record for you. Your names will be inscribed on the state record at Concord and, as town historian, I shall compile that record. On it will be placed your name, age, department of service, name of nearest relative, date of discharge and other data concerning yourselves. It is desired to have a complete and accurate record of your service.

Exercises at Park

Music, Community Chorus ..... Mrs. Newman Durell, Leader
Address of Welcome ..... E. P. Sanderson, President
Announcements and Cheers for Dr. B. W. Carr, former Red Cross Chairman
Rev. W. I. Sweet
Music ..... Community Chorus
Introduction of Lt.-Gov. Cox of Massachusetts ..... E. P. Sanderson
Oration ..... Lt.-Gov. Channing H. Cox
Reading of letters of former citizens ..... N. S. Drake
Music ..... Community Chorus

On the platform were officers of the association, visitors and former residents of Pittsfield, and representatives of neighboring towns.

Address of Mr. E. P. Sanderson, President of Old Home Day Association

It is an honor to stand in this company and to greet the sons and daughters of the best of towns, for it is true, that those fields are the dearest which we tread earliest. It is also an honor to succeed, as I have, the two most distinguished citizens of this town, Ex-Gov. Hiram A. Tuttle and Hon. Sherburne J. Winslow. Their memory is fresh in our hearts. I want to stop and pay tribute to them for what they have done during their lives and for their devotion to this town and all of its citizens. Sixteen years ago under Governor Tuttle and in the following years under Mr. Wislow's leadership we enjoyed Old Home Day. We could not then realize the tremendous changes which were to come. It is undoubtedly true that we shall never again find in this fine old town the same condition of affairs that existed before this war, a change which has been brought home to us so forcibly. I want to say to the boys here that

while there are six gold stars on the tablet it is fortunate, and we rejoice, that there are not still more.

No one under present conditions can attempt to predict the future condition of affairs, no one can tell boundaries and kingdoms, or democracies or how our own country may be affected, but we must have faith and courage in the future. While our children may not live under the conditions of the past or receive the benefits of the past, they may enjoy better conditions even than in the hundreds or thousands of years that have preceded.

Four hundred and twenty-seven years ago this month Columbus first discovered this country. This is a short period as time goes. This month of August has been noted for the fact that Columbus at that time sailed into the new world.

I venture to read the poem of Joaquin Miller on Columbus, a poem remarkably suited to the condition of affairs to-day. It expresses the faith all men should have in the future.

Columbus by Joaquin Miller

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now we must pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral speak what shall I say?"
"Why say 'Sail on! sail on; and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washes his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say—"
He said: "Sail on, sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth tonight.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled;
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn!
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

Mr. Sanderson's Introduction of Lieutenant-Governor Cox.

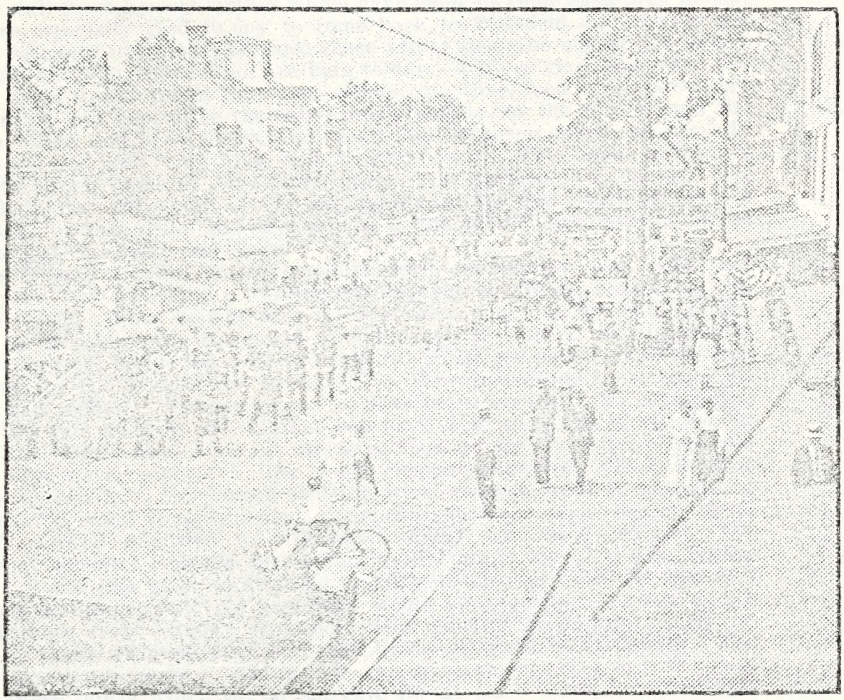
Lieutenant-Governor Cox's ancestors lived here from time immemorial and he himself was born in Manchester, N. H., but he says the happiest time of his life has been the vacations he has spent in Pittsfield.

Channing Cox is well-known everywhere. There are Channing Cox clubs everywhere. Although I am a democrat I always vote for Channing Cox and I have his pledge that when he is Governor or President, he will come here and deliver the Old Home Day oration.

Speech delivered by Lieutenant-Governor Cox

Mr. President and Ladies and Gentlemen:

For the kindly words of your President and for your friendly greeting I am most grateful. It is true as the President has said I did not have the great



Soldiers' and Sailors' Parade

privilege of being born here in Pittsfield and, therefore, I suppose, I must say that I was not "to the manor born", but I am only once removed because my good mother was born here and here have lived members of my family who have been here since the community was settled. The happiest days of my life have been spent here. Here too my good uncle lived and in his quiet way, holding to his own opinions, he led one of the most useful lives I have known, and he inspired young men and young women to high endeavor and gave them an equipment with which they could go out and lead lives of service in the world. He was a schoolmaster which I regard as one of the most honored professions. Would that there were more of them!

It is a great satisfaction to come back here, for where is there a prettier spot than on these hills, where have people lived more contented lives, and where have so many men and women gone forth in the world and led lives of usefulness and service in every line of endeavor? I am grateful to be asked to come here. It seems to me that one of the finest things New Hampshire

has ever done was the step forward it took under the leadership of Governor Rollins when he established Old Home Week. When I meet a man in the city who likes to talk of his home back in the country, I know immediately that he is ninety per cent good. How fine it is that once a year the sons and daughters can be summoned back to the old hearth stone and once more be inspired by those blessed associations of youth! For there is nothing else in the world so gripping and personal as they are. So we have come back from a distance to greet these old friends and see these old scenes. We do well to recall those old families who have lived here in happiness and contentment and those homely virtues which have ever made New Hampshire distinguished. In these days when there are so many problems hard of solution, we do well to turn back again to their lives and to the principles of people who had to cut their garments from the cloth they had and were compelled to govern their expenses according to their income and who lived peacefully and without everlastingly trying to keep up with somebody who lived next door. I say we do well to reall those homely virtues which have made us come back here to-day.

We are especially glad to-day to come back to Pittsfield not only to see those who formerly lived here, but also those young men who a year ago to-day were absent, but who, thank God, are here to-day. We are glad that when the great test came it was found that men of our own time, men of our own day and generation had kept alive the spirit and principles of the fathers and the patriotism which had been theirs, and when their country called, were ready to go forward and give everything, including life itself. They made still more lustrous the proud name of New Hampshire. "Comparisons are odious," but when we look over the record of the contribution of the New England boys to their country, we feel proud and offer tribute to the fidelity and devotion of the Yankee boys of the Army and Navy.

James Russell Lowell, whose one-hundredth anniversary was celebrated this past year, tells of taking a walking trip through the White Mountains and Franconia Notch. When he was near the spot from which he hoped to see the Old Man of the Mountain, the great wonder work of Nature, he approached a man cutting trees beside the road and said, "Can you tell me where is the best place to see the Old Man of the Mountain?" The wood chopper shrugged his shoulders and replied: "I don't know. I have never seen it." Mr. Lowell exclaimed, "Do you mean to tell me that you have lived near this great wonder that men and women come from far and even from across the water to see and that you have never seen it?" The wood chopper answered, "That is true. I have never seen it." Mr. Lowell told the wood chopper what he thought of him. Then the wood chopper asked, "Suppose you come from Boston, don't you?" Mr. Lowell admitted it. "Boston!" sighed the wood chopper "Oh, Boston, what wouldn't I give if once before I die I might take a trip to Boston and how I would like to go to Concord and Lexington and I believe that if I could stand on Bunker Hill, my happiness would be complete. I presume you walk over there every Sunday afternoon, don't you?" Mr. Lowell replied reluctantly he never went but once and then in the company of his father. The wood chopper made reply: "Things we can have for nothing and for half price are those things which we do not care for at all." I see, however, that you still care for things which you can have for nothing. I hope that we may grip with hook and steel some of the great fundamentals of this country and the principles on which it was established for we need to go back to them if we are to go forward.

Democracy does not mean, "I am as good as you," but democracy should mean, "You are as good as I." If democracy is worth all the cost of life and treasure which was so gladly poured out in its defense, then how important it is that we to-day here in America should do everything in our power to keep democracy pure, to make it mean everything that these men thought it meant when they were ready to give their lives to its defense. Our most virile American, Theodore Roosevelt, said that while we should strive constantly to make opportunity equal for all men, yet every man should be taught to understand that equality of opportunity also meant equality of responsibility. I hope the time will come for every man to enjoy the reward of his toil and labor, his industry and of his skill and genius, and that it will be possible always for a man to climb the ladder of success and that he may be permitted to take with him his children and to give them opportunities and possibilities which

may have been denied to him. But this cannot be a real democracy that is worth saving when we permit in our country men to take in their own hands the enforcement of the law or permit them to intimidate the officers of the law, or when we allow any organization or group of organizations to become bigger than the government itself. It is not a democracy when we allow men to march through the streets carrying a red flag, an emblem which means lack of respect for law and disbelief in religion. There is room for only one flag in our country and that is the one the boys carried with them into battle.

There are men who cannot read and write the English language. They can have no idea of the aspirations of the great free people of this country. We must teach them and win them over to the principles of Americanism. But there are men who can read and write English who are opposed to this government and even now are trying to undermine the institutions under which they have lived and prospered. Now the time has come for virile communities, led by virile men, to stand forth and say to those who are opposed to America, "There is no room for such as you and you can take ship to another country."

The keynote of the watch-word of the day here in America has been given by the President of the Old Home Day Association—the forward look, a look of hope and a look of faith. We all ought to be optimists. There is every reason why we should be optimists. A good definition of an optimist has been given as a man who can come home at the close of day and sit down and make lemonade out of the lemons that have been handed to him during the day.

Our good Mayor Logan of Worcester, called generally the first citizen of Worcester, a Scotchman and one who is proud of it, tells this story.

A Scotch lad went out to fight at the beginning of the war and was badly shot to pieces. He was sent home with his right arm gone at the shoulder. A nice old lady tried to console him. "My, isn't it awful the way you have been treated!" she said. "It might have been worse." "Why, how could it have been worse?" He said, "I might have had my month's pay in my right arm as it was shot away." The world is full of such optimism but is also full of pessimism. But we must brush it aside. An educated man said the other day, "America has seen her best day. I believe that the clock has struck twelve for the future of America." Let us not have this point of view. Think of what our country has endured in the past two years and think of the way the people of this country came together as one man to carry out the purposes of the government. You know the story of the lost Battalion. It was lost in the Argonne Forest. They were surrounded by Germans, for three days were without food and were cut off from any communication from the rear. The German leader put up a signal for them to surrender. The leader of the American unit, a son of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, said to the boys, "Shall we surrender?" Back came unanimously a chorus of "No!" Major Whittlesly made a reply to the German which will become historic. The Americans went forward. broke the German lines and the morale of the Germans was dimmed from that day. Who were the men who composed this lost Battalion? They were fruit venders, push cart drivers, men who had worked in sweat shops in New York and many of them were born in foreign countries. They came here for a chance to better their condition of life and they were willing to give everything they had to hand down that opportunity to their children. America was found to be sound at the core and the heart of America beats true. Yes, the people of America to-day are sound and their hearts beat true. Whenever any issue is presented to them, they can be counted upon to do the right thing. They are not self-seekers and they are not constantly seeking commercial gain. They are willing to go out to save their own souls. The world looks to America now for progress and leadership. Let us have faith in our fellowmen and faith in this country. America is the only nation which is the creditor nation of the world; it is the only nation whose great industrial machinery is intact. But let us rather go back to some of the first principles of this community and to the founders of the nation in the past. Let us offer too the prayer of the Cambridge poet:

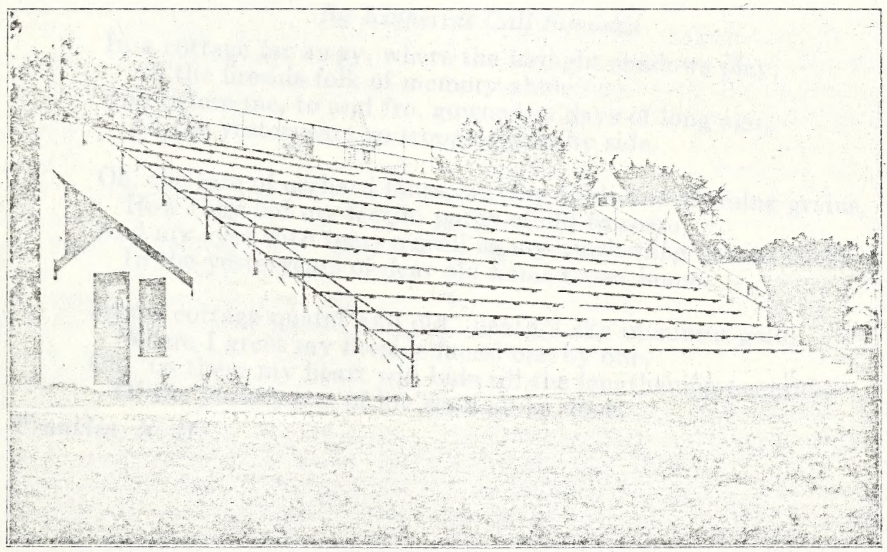
Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Where shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempests roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee.

And let us be dedicated to the great principles of this country and to fulfilling the mission which was given to America to lead this country and the world to a greater and better future where there shall be more of justice, more of righteousness and where there shall be liberty eternal.

BASEBALL GAME.

At 4.30 P. M., a baseball game took place at Drake Field between the teams of Pittsfield and Penacook. The score was Penacook, 8; Pittsfield, 0. Suitably inscribed ribbons were awarded to the members of the winning team.



Grand Stand at Drake Field



BAND CONCERT.

Old Home Day ended with a Band Concert by the Pittsfield American Band, Clifton A. Smith, Conductor, in the Academy Park.

Program

I.

March—Anniversary ..... A. F. Nevers
Overture—From Dawn to Twilight ..... Bennett
Waltzes—Danube Waves ..... Ivanovici
Cornet Duet—Autumn Leaves ..... Brickey
Messrs. Nevers and Smith.
Popular—That Tumble-Down Shack in Athlone ..... Sanders

II.

March—U. S. Field Artillery ..... Sousa
Medley—Songs from the Old Folks ..... Lake
Popular—Salvation Lassie of Mine ..... Story
Selection—Humoreske ..... Dvorak
Finale—Whip and Spur ..... Allen
Star Spangled Banner.

The observance of Old Home Week for 1919 as to attendance and other features was one of the most successful ever held in the town. The registration of visitors was not made but partial lists may be found in the current issues of the Valley Times.

JUST A COTTAGE QUAINT AND OLD

By Katherine Call Simonds

In a cottage far away, where the twilight shadows play,
All the fireside folk of memory abide,
And before me, to and fro, gowned in days of long ago,
All the yesteryears go trooping side by side.

Oh, the lure of orchard lanes, waving fields and ripening grains,
How they bid my feet in paths of old to roam,
And my eyes with tears o'erfill as my quickening fancies thrill
In the yesteryears of dear old home sweet home.

Just a cottage quaint and old, 'neath a sky of sunset gold,
Where I greet my fireside faces, one by one,
Oh, 'tis there my heart will bide till the lengthening eventide
Of the yesteryears of life shall all be done.

Franklin, N. H.

THE LATE WARREN BROWN

When the late Hon. Warren Brown of Hampton Falls passed away, September 19, there ended a career of public service notable for both its length and its breadth, for the number of years it covered and for the variety of important offices that it included. Mr. Brown "died in the harness," being representative in the Legislature of 1919 from his town, the same town of which he had been chosen selectman in 1868, his span of almost continuous public service thus covering more than half a century.

Mr. Brown was born, August 11, 1836, on the farm where he died and where he always had lived. He was the only son of John B. and Sarah M. (Leavitt) Brown and was a descendant in the seventh generation from John Brown, one of the first settlers of the town of Hampton; while other New Hampshire pioneers were included among his ancestors.

He was educated in the public schools and, at Rockingham Academy in his native town and at Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.

In 1858, soon after Mr. Brown had attained his majority, his father died, and the young man succeeded to the management of the home farm, in whose history ancestors of Daniel Webster figure. This farm Mr. Brown enlarged and improved, and upon it, in 1879, he erected a set of buildings which made it one of the rural show places of the state for many years.

Agriculture was Mr. Brown's vocation through life and to it he devoted himself with a success in which diligence and intelligence had equally important parts. Upon many aspects of farm life he was considered an authority and he was a frequent contributor to the *Country Gentleman* and other leading agricultural papers of the country. From 1879 to 1890 he was president of the New Hampshire Agricultural Society and for a quarter of a century he was treasurer of the New England Agricultural Society. For twenty-four years he served on the board of trustees of the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, being the president of the board for four years.

Always interested in that which was for the best interests of country life, Mr. Brown was active in the promotion of electric railway building in his section of the state.

As has been said, Mr. Brown's first public office was that of selectman, to which he was elected in 1868. In the following year he was made chairman of the board. In 1872–73, in 1880, in 1882, in 1896, and, with the exception of one year, continuously since that time, he had been moderator of the town meetings.

A staunch Republican in politics, Mr. Brown was long a member of the state committee of that party and prominent and influential in its councils. In 1884 he was a delegate to the National Republican Convention and in 1908 was a presidential elector.

Mr. Brown was a member of the state Senates of 1872–73 and 1873–74 being chairman of the standing Committee on Agriculture and a member of the committees on Railroads and Banks. Among his colleagues were Joshua G. Hall of Dover and Warren F. Daniell of Franklin, afterwards Congressmen, and Gen. Charles H. Burns of Wilton. Mr. Brown was the last survivor of the state senators of the decade, 1870–80.

In 1879–81 Mr. Brown was a member of Governor Natt Head's executive council, and at the time of his death was the oldest living ex-councilor in point of service—a distinction which now falls to Hon. Benjamin A. Kimball of Concord.

Reversing the usual order of procedure, Mr. Brown did not serve in

THE LATE WARREN BROWN

the state House of Representatives until after he had sat in the higher bodies of the Senate and Council. His first term in the House, however, was that very important session of 1887, which will never be forgotten in the political and railroad history of the state.

Hampton Falls is one of many towns in the state which make it an almost universal rule not to send any of its citizens more than once to the Legislature; but in 1918 an exception was made in the case of Mr. Brown and he was elected unanimously to the General Court of 1919, receiving both the Republican and Democratic nominations at the primary.

When the vital statistics of this Legislature were compiled it was found that Mr. Brown was its oldest member, with one exception; and this fact, together with the amount and distinction of his public service, made him a marked figure throughout the session. By vote of the House he was exempted from the lottery of seat drawing and was given a chair in "Statesmen's Row," directly in front of the Speaker's rostrum. At the close of the session he was presented by his fellow members with a gold-headed cane which he greatly prized.

Mr. Brown was appointed by Speaker Tobey upon the standing committee on Agricultural College. He was constant in his attendance upon the sessions of the House and in his attention to the proceedings. It was a source of deep regret to him in his last days that his failing health made him unable to attend the special session of the Legislature which convened in the month of his death.

Mr. Brown was a member of the Public Library Committee of his town. His lifelong interest in literary pursuits, in historical research and in his native town resulted in his authorship of one of the best works of its kind with which New Hampshire has been favored, his history of Hampton Falls, published in 1900; it is accurate, interesting and exhaustive; it contains much that appeals to the general reader. In 1918 he brought out a second volume, containing much in church history and other matters not previously recorded.

Mr. Brown was especially interested in Masonry, in which he had attained the 32d degree. He became a member of Star in the East Lodge of Exeter, November 11, 1869. In Exeter he was also a member of St. Alban Chapter, of which he was past high priest, and of Olivet Council. He was a member of De Witt Clinton Commandery, K. T., of Portsmouth, and attended the conclave of the Grand Commandery recently held at San Francisco. In other lines of Masonry Mr. Brown belonged to the Lodge of Perfection at Portsmouth, Rose Croix Chapter at Dover and the Nashua Consistory. He was also a member of Aleppo Temple, Mystic Shrine, Boston.

"Nature richly endowed Warren Brown," says the *Exeter News-Letter*, his "home" paper. "Cast in a large frame, he had an attractive and imposing presence and was a fine type of manly beauty. His engaging qualities were many. His judgment of men and events was sound. He was a close and shrewd observer and this lent a special value and interest to the communications with which he occasionally favored the *News-Letter*. In his passing Hampton Falls and this section have sustained no slight loss."

On January 1, 1867, Mr. Brown was happily married to Miss Sarah G. Norris, a native of Dover, but reared in Lowell. She died on January 24, 1917, a few days after the celebration of their golden wedding. Two of his four children survive Mr. Brown: Arthur W. Brown and Mrs. Roscoe F. Swain, both of Hampton Falls.

The funeral was held at the home on Sunday, September 21, with a very large attendance and a wealth of floral tributes. Rev. Edward Green of Exeter officiated, and De Witt Clinton Commandery performed its impressive service.

RASPBERRYING

By Mary E. Hough

They've been a ras-ber-ing,
I'll wager anything,
Up there near the Lanes's,—that patch called Oregon!
Did you see Sam Jones and Ned,
With a milk-pail foaming red?
They were "traipsing" home across our very lawn.

Why don't *we* go ras-ber-ing,
Now we're vacation-ing?
If you don't care for hiking so very far away,
The old home farm has places
Where we can tan our faces,
In case we don't find picking that will pay.

I'd be happy as a king
To go a ras-ber-ing,
Along the swale of cat-tails, that's next the lily-pond.
You say they're dried up there?
Well, we'd find them anywhere,
In the hog-lot and the "Mossy-Place" beyond.

We'll breakfast on the wing,
And after ras-ber-ing,
We'll eat our lunch in Long Woods,—you know the pair of bars.
The shrub you have to drink
'll give Barley Corn the blink,—
For a fan I'll take the big straw-hat of Pa's.

Oh, hurrah for ras-ber-ing!
Don't the tanagers still sing
Down in the "Slash" of briers, so full of underbrush?
Haven't sung for these ten years?
Why, what ails the little dears?
But anyhow, there's still the hermit thrush.

Yes, I know that ras-ber-ing
Was not without its sting
Of gnats and skeets,—or inch-worms by the yard;
So I'll take the citronell.
At least we'll stay "a spell,"
But I never cared 'bout working very hard.

But what's the tale you bring
'Bout the Jones' boys' ras-ber-ing?
The berries were "so scat'rin' and so skurse,"
They camouflaged their pail,
Pretty nearly to the bail?
Then you bought the rest for *me*, out of *your* purse?

But still childishly I cling
To the ghost of ras-ber-ing,
And not the *thing itself* (though that must be kept hid).
It's really just the *thought*
Of the lovely old farm-lot,
For I don't care much for "*ras-br'ys*"—never did!

Lebanon, N. H.

THE SEQUEL

A Study of Three Men and a Girl

By Frances Parkinson Keyes

(Synopsis of first nine chapters: Helena Castle is the child of a love match between the son of an old Boston family and the daughter of a patent medicine millionaire and a chorus girl. Her father died; her mother's people lost their wealth; and her mother supported herself and her child in a small New England town by doing needlework. Harry Stone, son of the wealthiest farmer in the county, loves Helena and asks her to marry him. But she goes away to school where she meets Nancy Hutchinson, of a Boston family in a different social stratum from the Castles. Nancy's brother, Robert becomes very devoted to Helena, but she cares no more for him than for Harry, whose graduation from the State Agricultural College she attends at the earnest desire of her mother, who would like to have her marry Harry. Then she attends Commencement Week at Harvard and is a guest of the Hutchinsons at their Beverly summer place, where she meets Roger Lorraine, famous Harvard athlete and coach, whose methods of love-making differ from those of Harry Stone and Robert Hutchinson. Her engagement to Roger is followed by a few days of perfect happiness, ended by the news brought by Harry Stone that Helena's mother is seriously ill.)

X

Fifteen minutes later I left the Hutchinson's house, so stunned and dazed that I hardly realized what was happening. I came to myself in my own room with the smell of whiskey very strong about me. Clarice was bathing my head with ice-water, while Roger was kneeling beside me, kissing my hands, and Mrs. Hutchinson and Nancy, apparently unconcerned at his presence, were flinging toilet articles and clothes into my suit-case. Somehow I got to my feet.

"Never mind those," I managed to say, "the only thing that matters is to get home at once." Roger handed me my motor coat and bonnet, and lifting me in his arms, carried me straight to Harry's automobile, and put me in it.

"I'll be with you tomorrow afternoon," he said. "There must be some place in the village where I can stay—I'll find one, that's all!" He held me very close and kissed me repeatedly. "My darling—my poor little girl."

Robert began to crank the machine. "Start her up, Harry!" he said, "you're losing time. I've telephoned to Boston to have Dr. French and the best nurse he can lay his hands on start at once in his motor, and they'll get there before you do. Don't be a baby, Helena, such reports are always exaggerated."

The cheap little automobile fairly flew that night, and as soon as I felt better, I asked Harry a few questions. But there was not much to tell. Besides, he kept choking, and rubbing the tears from his eyes with his great fists, and all this made him incoherent. At last controlling himself a little, he said,

"When that man—I don't know his name—comes tomorrow afternoon, I'll meet him at the train and take him to our house. He'll be comfortable there, at any rate, and you can see him easily the first second that you can leave your mother."

"Thank you, Harry," I said, "you're—you're awfully good."

"No, I'm not," he replied, "but I'll do what I can for you—it's precious little."

The automobile swung up sharply in front of my mother's little house. Mrs. Stone was standing in the doorway, and, with a cry, ran forward.

"Praise be you've got here, my precious lamb," she cried, "don't you fret none. I hope Harry hasn't scared you half to death. A doctor and a nurse has just got here from

Boston, and they say there's lots of hope."

* * * * *

It was evening of the next day before I left my mother's room, the large peaceful room that she and I had shared so many years. She was not delirious, but lay in a stupor, her arms stretched out over the white spread. My entrance made no impression on her whatever, but Miss Houston, the nurse, said that it was possible that she might wake any minute, and ask for me, so I drew a chair beside the bed and waited. The nurse went back and forth, putting things to rights in the disordered room, with that efficiency and quiet haste which the kindest and most loving amateur can never attain; she asked very few questions, seeming to know by intuition where to look for a duster and a dry mop, and where the linen chest ought to be. In a few minutes my bed, in which Mrs. Stone had evidently been sleeping herself, was smooth and fresh, the rows of sticky bottles and tumblers had vanished, the bureau was tidy, the bathroom immaculate. Then she came to my mother and took her pulse.

"There's no change," she said, "I don't need to call the doctor just yet, he's getting a little hard-earned sleep, poor man; and do you know I think this lovely lady needs a bath, and fresh linen, and the tangles combed out of that glorious, golden hair, more than anything else just now."

I watched her jealously as she bathed my mother, changed her night gown and sheets, and brushed out her beautiful hair; her skin was like white roses, and her long lashes looked black against it, shading her half-open, dark blue eyes. When Miss Houston had finished, she stood for a minute looking at her.

"It seems impossible that she is old enough to be your mother," she said, "but you are very much alike. I think I must call the doctor now."

Dr. French was encouraging. "Your mother is very ill," he said, "but I have seen many equally sick women recover, Miss Castle, and she has a naturally sound constitution in her favor. I must go back to Boston now, but Miss Houston can reach me by telephone at any time, and I will come down again in the course of a day or two, at all events. I do not trust your local doctor, and your ignorant, though well-meaning friends, have done a great deal of damage already and should be kept away. This room was enough, when I first saw it, to turn almost any well person into a corpse. As for you," he added kindly, putting his hand on my shoulder, "you had better go and have a good sleep, or we shall have two patients on our hands instead of one. You cannot, of course, stay here; but Miss Houston has prepared one of those pretty little spare rooms for you, and will call you at once if your mother shows signs of regaining consciousness; and you'll see things in a very different light after a good night's rest."

I went out on the piazza with him, and watched him hurry off in his motor; then realizing that the afternoon train must have arrived several hours before, I ran down to the gate and looked up and down the road, half-expecting to see Roger waiting about somewhere for a signal to come to the house. To my intense surprise it was not Roger whom I saw coming towards me, but Robert Hutchinson.

"Hello," he said, walking up leisurely and shaking hands. "Don't look so terribly disappointed. It isn't flattering to a man's vanity."

"What on earth are you doing here?" I asked.

"Well," replied Robert, in an unconcerned manner, "I always did like this part of the country—it's very attractive around here. You've never asked me to make a real visit, just to come and take Nancy home and useful little jobs like that. This time I've come to stay as long as I like."

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* * * * *

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Dr. French was encouraging. "Your

"Where? At the Stone's?"

"No," he said with a dry laugh, "I am not. I understand that Roger is going there—it's just about what I should have expected of him, too! Do you want Harry to put out a sign: 'Free board and lodging for Helen's suitors. No distinction made between the fortunate and the rejected!'? I'm going to stay with you."

"You are not!" I cried. "I don't want you, I won't have you, I can't bear—"

"That's all right, Helena," he said easily, "nevertheless, I've come to stay. I assure you, Roger won't mind."

"Where is Roger?" I asked anxiously. "Has anything happened to him? Did he send you?"

"My dear girl," answered Robert, "will you please try to get that persistent idea that Harry and I share the same amiable qualities out of your head? If you expect me to be a sort of carrier-pigeon between you and Roger, you'll be sadly disappointed. I came here because I felt like it. I have neither seen nor heard of Roger since his stagey embrace with you in Harry's automobile before the face of the entire wondering house-party. Kindly tell me how your mother is."

With somewhat tardy gratitude, I tried to thank him, as I gave him the details, for his kindness and thoughtfulness in sending for Dr. French and Miss Houston. He cut me short.

"Any fool ought to be able to connect a doctor and a nurse with a case of typhoid fever," he said, "and I think instead of standing out here any longer, waiting for Roger, you'd better go in and take a bath and get some sleep. You look as if you needed both."

"If you see Roger," I said, turning obediently towards the door, "will you tell him to come in at once—that I want to see him?"

"I will not," replied Robert. "If he's in town, I guess he can come at once, if he wants to, without having another man tell him to; and if he's engaged to you, but doesn't know you want to see him, he must be even a bigger idiot than I take him for."

Just then the little boy who runs all the village errands came panting up to me, and handed me a telegram. I tore it open without a word, but I saw Robert give him a shining fifty-cent piece.

"Unavoidably detained in Boston. Will try to come down tomorrow.

R."

I sank down on the steps and began to cry. Roger took the telegram out of my hand, read it, and began to swear.

"His father, of course," he said at last, "probably wants him to copy a brief."

"But Roger has told him by now!" I exclaimed. "We were going to tell every one today."

"Very kind of you," said Robert sarcastically, "but hardly worth the trouble, as a good many people, without undue effort, had already succeeded in guessing that something of the sort was going on, even before they witnessed your fond farewell. Well—if he's told his father, the old man's probably overwhelming him with congratulations, and he can't escape."

"I don't believe it's that," I said.

"Don't you really?" exclaimed Robert crossly, "do go in and get washed up; you're a sight. It's fortunate Roger isn't here to see you; he'd break the engagement in a minute. I don't count, but—"

"I am beginning to think," I said with the sobs rising in my voice, "that you count a good deal."

I glanced up at him, as I tried to choke back my tears, and noticed for the first time how white and tired he looked; at all events, his ill-temper seemed to have vanished, for he was smiling again.

"If that were true," he said, "I should wish you'd begun to think of it a little sooner—but it isn't. Remember what you said yourself—I am a 'great lazy, stupid, shiftless

crea—' there! I didn't mean to make you cry. If you don't mind, I think I'll spend the night in the hammock. It's lovely and cool here. Please go to bed yourself, my dear."

I obeyed; but tired as I was, I could not go to sleep. I agonized over my mother; I lashed myself into a ferment of repentance over my treatment of Robert; but these troubles were nothing compared to the new one, which seemed all the worse because it was so vague: why had Roger not come?

Long after midnight I heard Miss Houston open the front door and walk over to the hammock. I instantly realized that she must have known then that Robert would be there.

"I'm going to lie down now on the other bed beside Mrs. Castle's and get some rest," I heard her say, "if you will come and watch beside her. What a tower of strength you are—you were the most self-reliant baby, even, that I ever helped usher into the world!" She laughed a little and I knew they must be great friends. "That lovely girl—this is very hard for her."

"Yes," said Robert in a low voice.

"But then—whatever happens, she'll have you—"

There was a long silence. Then I heard Robert's voice again, dull and strained.

"Yes, whatever happens, she'll have me," he said, "but she's going to marry another man. Let's not talk about it, if you don't mind."

XI

The strain of the next few days was very great. My mother lay in a dull stupor most of the time, but often she was delirious. Her fancies nearly always took her back to her life with my father, and she lived over the worst moments with a reality that was dreadful. She thought that my father had been dismissed from his law firm and was sitting in gloomy silence before her; that she saw my grandfather lying on the floor of his room, his pistol still clasped in his dead hand, his head in a pool of blood; that the children's coffins were being carried from the house to the dreary cemetery beyond the village. Mrs. Stone went about the kitchen with the tears rolling down her cheeks, and would not let Lucy come near the place; but Harry, who had always adored my mother, hung about, like a faithful watch dog who hopes to be of some service, however trifling.

"I can't bear it," he would say, over and over again. "If there ever was a saint on earth, she is one! and see how she's had to suffer! What brutes, what horrible brutes men are!"

"Not you, Harry," I said.

"Not most men, either," remarked Robert, cheerfully, and helping himself to a doughnut. "Go out on the piazza, Helena, where there's a little air stirring. It's stifling hot in this kitchen, and there's nothing like a close room to make us imagine evil of our fellow beings." I walked out, and found myself face to face with Roger.

It was four days since I had seen him, and at first I could do nothing but sit down beside him in the hammock and cry, with relief and joy and weariness, my head against his shoulder; finally I managed to ask,

"Why couldn't you come at once, darling? What happened?"

"Aren't you glad to see me now?"

"You know how glad!" I said, "but tell me why?"

"Some day, sweetheart, not now."

"Why not?" I persisted.

"Don't you know I would have come if it had been possible? Don't you trust me, Helena?"

I felt ashamed.

"Tell me about your mother, dear," he said quietly, "is there anything you need for her, anything I can do?"

"No," I said, "Robert seems to have done everything. But, Roger, you know we can't possibly be married for a long time."

"I know nothing of the sort," he

cried, "as soon as your mother is conscious, and can bear it, you must tell her; then we'll be married at once, in her room."

"But, Roger, I couldn't leave her; it would be inhuman."

"Of course not; you'll stay here until she has fully recovered; I'll stay too."

"But Roger," I began for the third time, "perhaps you don't realize that it's quite probable she never will recover."

"And if that should happen," asked Roger, kissing away the tears from my eyes, "to whom should you come but to me, darling?"

* * * * *

But as the days went by, the delirium lessened, the stupor seemed more and more like a natural sleep, and my mother recognized me, vaguely at first, but as if glad to have me about. In time, though very weak and ill, she was like herself again, sweet and cheerful and beautiful, lying very quiet in her white bed, her long golden hair spread back over the pillow, smiling, docile, and apparently contented, as long as I did not leave her. At last the time came when she was able to be propped up with pillows, to listen while I read aloud to her, to knit a little and talk about what we would do "when she was well again"; but the weariness never left her eyes and I could see that when she thought she was not being watched, she did not smile. One day I surprised her, and found her crying.

"Why, mother, darling!" I exclaimed putting my arms around her, "what is it? What's troubling you?"

"It's nothing," she said, controlling herself quickly, "of course I shall be well very soon now, and everything will be as usual. Only you don't know, dear, how happy it would make me, if you and Harry should get married, right here by my bed."

I took away my arms. "O Mother, I said, "I wish I could if it would make you happy but I couldn't—I *couldn't* marry him."

"You look so frightened, dear," she said in alarm, "what has happened?"

"Nothing," I replied forcing her back on her pillows as gently as I could, "only I don't love him—you wouldn't want me to marry a man I didn't love."

"No," she said with a little sigh, "no." Then, anxiously, "Robert Hutchinson is here a great deal, Helena. Has he proposed to you again?"

"Yes," I said and blushed hotly, remembering that ghastly sail. My mother saw the quick color, and misunderstood it. She gave a little cry, almost joyful.

"Then it's he, dear! I'm sorry for Harry, but otherwise I'm glad. He'll make you happier than Harry could, and I've always liked him, better than I feared you did."

"No, mother," I said, "it isn't Robert, either. But—" I hesitated; she seemed hardly strong enough to be told the truth, and yet I did not know how, with her insistence, I could keep her in ignorance any longer. "But—there is some one else." Then, in as few words as I could, I told her about Roger, ending "I can't tell you how I love him!—I *worship* him! If you really want me to be married, if it will make you any happier, I can be, at any moment you choose. He begged me himself that it might be that way—that we might be married at once, by your bed, as soon as you were well enough to know how we felt. May I send for him to come here, and let you see him? O Mother! you're not angry—"

"Angry!" my mother interrupted me; she was half-laughing, half-crying, wholly excited. A flush of pink had come into her cheeks, and her eyes were shining. "Angry! why didn't you tell me long ago, you naughty child? You've had this lovely secret up your sleeve for weeks, and

cried, "as soon as your brother is conscious, and can bear it, you must tell her; then we'll be married at once, in her room."

"But, Roger, I couldn't leave her; it would be inhuman."

"Of course not; you'll stay here until she has fully recovered; I'll stay too."

"But Roger," I began for the third time, "perhaps you don't realize that it's quite probable she never will recover."

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I took away my arms. "O Mother,

I've been lying here, so bored, and longing for news. How long will it take you to produce your paragon?"

"About twenty minutes." I ran to the door and flung it open. "Harry"! I called, feeling perfectly sure that he was somewhere within hearing, "go quickly and tell Roger to come at once, that mother wants to see him," and Harry, who, sure enough, was on the piazza reading "Hoard's Dairyman," started off on a dead run for the farm.

Robert was on the piazza too; he pushed back his chair leisurely, and came in, his disgusting pipe in one hand, and a tiresome looking book by Kipling in the other, his finger marking the place. He smiled at my mother, and went over to the bed.

"While Helena goes upstairs and brushes her hair and puts her engagement ring on again," he said, "I may as well sit down and tell you what a darned good fellow Roger Lorraine is!"

* * * * *

I felt beforehand that mother and Roger would love each other; but I had not foreseen that the mutual conquest would be so great and so immediate. In five minutes my mother was smiling as she had not done once since her illness; in ten, she laughed outright; and in fifteen, when Miss Houston came to drive us away (Robert had already vanished), Roger leaned over and kissed her, and I saw that she was completely vanquished. We went out arm in arm, and Robert meeting us outside showered us with rice, and grinned.

"I guess," he said, "that I've explored the country around here enough for the present. I'm going to Boston on the evening train."

"Then we'll go together," said Roger. "Oh Bobby! did you ever know another girl like Helena?"

"No," said Robert, "and I never want to! What on earth are *you* going for? I should think there was —er—quite a little scenery to interest you here."

"Why, you see, dearest," said Roger, turning to me, "that as we're to be married so soon there are a number of things that I must attend to at once. You'll have some preparations to make yourself, you know you will. Please don't scold me when you know how I hate to go."

"Then don't," I said realizing perfectly well how unreasonable I was, and yet provoked with him for going.

"Helena," he said with mock gravity, "you may as well learn while there is yet time that it does absolutely no good to tease me. This is Monday; I will come back Saturday afternoon, and we will be married that evening. It is now four o'clock and I shall leave with Robert at quarter past seven. Are you going to be cross or pleasant until I go?"

"Cross," I said, smiling in spite of myself. "Roger—your family won't think this is an awfully queer wedding, will they? You know Miss Houston says that mother is so frail that it wouldn't be safe to ask even your parents to come. And yet mother has this fancy, she seems to wish so much to see me married—"

"It's a very nice fancy," said Roger, "I want to see you married myself. Of course my family will understand; but you must give me a chance to explain to them, mustn't you? Let's walk down to the minister's and ask him not to make an important engagement for Saturday night."

"Good-bye," drawled Robert, opening his book again, "by way of congratulation let me remind you of Punch's advice to those about to marry—don't."

XII

When we first went to live in our house, there were five stuffy little rooms and a shed downstairs, and two small rooms and one large one upstairs; it was close and cramped and dark, but it was the best we could afford, and we lived in it just

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"While Helena goes upstairs and brushes her hair and puts her raggedy mouth-trap on again," he said, "I may as well sit down and tell you what a darned good fellow Roger [illegible]"

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"No," said Robert, "and I never want to. What on earth are you going for? I should think there was—[illegible]—quite a little scenery to interest you here."

as it was for a good many years. After my father died, however, and my mother began to make a little money, she fixed it over, by slow degrees. First the partition between the "parlor" and "sitting"-room was knocked down, and they became one large, sunny living-room; the dining-room and "back chamber" were turned into a big bedroom for mother and me, and a bathroom was added; the kitchen became the dining-room, and the shed the kitchen; upstairs, we had done nothing; we used the two little rooms for guest chambers, and the big one for storing purposes; but we had long been planning to "fix these up too," when I got through school, and the heavy expense of my education was over. No sooner was Roger gone, then my mother, with a sort of joyful excitement, turned my attention to the big storeroom.

"You must have that fireplace unblocked," she said, "and Harry will move all the truck into the loft over the kitchen, I am sure. Then get hold of Mr. Harris (the "handy-man" about the village) to paint and paper it for you. White woodwork, and a dark green floor, and pink walls—oh, I can just see what it's going to look like!"

"There's that set of furniture up in my attic that you've always set such store by," said Mrs. Stone. She was now occasionally admitted to the sickroom, and was sitting by my mother, fanning her. "I don't admire it much myself. I think these brass bedsteads and oak bureaus they make now-a-days are a sight handsomer; but if you'd like it, you can have it, and welcome."

"Oh, Mrs. Stone," I cried, "do you really, really mean it? I oughtn't to take it—it's worth hundreds of dollars."

"Well, if it is, I don't know as it's any too good for you. I always meant you should have it." She sighed, and turned her head away, and I knew what was passing through her mind. "Harry can cart it over as soon as Mr. Harris gets the room licked into shape."

By Friday night, the alterations were completed, and after I had shut the door, and gone away, leaving the transformed room in perfect order, I went back to it a dozen times. It fascinated me. I straightened the homespun rugs on the floor and the old-fashioned mirror over the bureau; I brushed invisible dust from the shining brass andirons, and relaid the folds of the crisp muslin curtains at the windows; I walked over to the great fourposted bed, and smoothed the snowy linen counterpane; the simple little white satin dress, which I had hurriedly made myself, and the tulle veil, which mother had insisted I should also have, lay across it. Somehow, it seemed the proper place to keep them, until it was time to put them on. I am not very religious; but suddenly I found myself on my knees, and I was praying, as I never had before, and never will again, I am afraid, that I might be worthy of Roger, and his love; that I might never disappoint him or fail him in any way; that I might be a help and not a burden to him, a guiding star and not a dragging weight. It was after midnight when I finally rose; and I turned again, even with my hand on the door, with tears rolling down my cheeks, and a wonderful, joyful fear pounding away at my heart.

"Even if the world should come to an end tomorrow," I whispered to myself, "I shall have married Roger tonight."

* * * * *

I met Roger at the train, and we ate our supper alone together, with the door open into my mother's room; then I went upstairs to dress, and Miss Houston fastened my veil, and handed me the big bunch of white roses that Roger had brought with him, and I went to mother to slip my engagement ring on to her finger, and give her one more kiss at the last moment.

"The minister is here," I said, "he is talking to Roger out on the piazza, and Roger says he has been waiting an hour and a half. Shall I tell them to come in, dear?"

A little cloud passed over my mother's face, the first I had seen since I had told her about Roger.

"Just at this last moment," she said, "I've another foolish fancy. I want you to send Roger in here alone for a minute. *You* can go and talk to Mr. Trent. I promise it won't be long."

I kissed her and went out. "Roger," I said gaily, "Mother wants to see you alone for a minute. I think she's going to tell you that I'm not half good enough for you."

Roger laughed, but I could see that he looked surprised, as he rose, and went quickly into the house, closing the door behind him. I tried to talk to Mr. Trent, but I could not help wondering what was passing in my mother's room. At first there was merely a steady low murmur of voices; then I could hear my mother evidently asking questions, and on Roger's part dead silence followed, after what seemed an eternity, by a quick storm of protest, entreaty, interruption; finally my mother's voice rang out, loud and clear, and laden with terror and anguish.

"Helena," she cried, "come here, come here at once!"

I ran to the door, flung it open, and rushed in; she was sitting up in bed, her eyes so wide and dark in her white face that for an instant I thought she had become delirious again.

"Oh," she moaned, "I've been so ill, it's robbed me of my senses! All I could think of has been that I must see you safe with some one who would love and care for you! And what have I done! Thank Heaven it isn't too late! While you were upstairs dressing, it suddenly came over me that something was wrong; that you had never once spoken of a letter or a gift from Mrs. Lorraine; that Roger's parents knew nothing of the girl he intended to make his wife. O my darling child, my precious little girl! In ten minutes you would have married him!"

"What do you mean?" I said hoarsely. "In ten minutes I shall have married him! What do I care for Mrs. Lorraine, and for presents and letters? I have not even thought of her!"

"You have not even thought of her!" shrieked my mother. "Have you thought of your own childhood? Have you thought of your *father?* Do *you* wish to marry a man who has sacrificed everything to get you, and be reminded of it every hour until you die, or he does? Not in words, perhaps, if your husband should prove kinder than mine was, but by poverty and lonesomeness and the hatred of those who should love you dearly? Do you want to know why Roger did not join you at once when you came to me? You have not thought, I suppose! Well, I have thought, and I will tell you! It was because he had told his parents whose child you were, and they refused for a single instant to hear of such a marriage. He stayed, hoping to find some means of softening them, and of bringing you some message from them when he did come—and he stayed in vain. Do you know what he has been doing this last week? He has been telling them that your mother is dying, that there is no one you can go to but himself, and this is the result: he comes to you disinherited and disowned. You have been condemned without a hearing; no effort has been made to discover what you yourself are, even though your parents and grandparents were as bad as the Lorraines believe! If there is no pity at a time like this, do you imagine that there ever will be?"

"If Roger has given up all this for me," I said passionately, "the least return that I can make for so much love is to give him myself."

"To give him yourself!" she panted, "to marry him, and take him away

from everything and everybody in the world that is dear to him! To bring into the world children for whom you will have no food and clothing! To feel yourself, when the first heat of passion is over, a very curse to the man you love!"

She sank back, exhausted, but quickly raised herself again.

"You promised," she said, "when you were a little child I made you promise that this thing should never happen. Listen, Helena! I am dying—I have known it all along. If no word of yours can bind you, if you are so dazzled with what you call love that it blinds you to the memory of your own childhood, will you refuse the last request that your mother will ever make?"

There was a moment of terrible silence; she seized my arms and dragged me closer to her, so that I could not look at Roger's agonized face.

"Tell me," she commanded.

"I promise you again," I said, "I will not marry Roger Lorraine."

She gave a little gasp, and fell back on her pillows; her hands relaxed their hold, and fell, limply at her sides.

"Mother!" I cried in alarm.

My mother did not answer me. She was dead.

XIII

It was mid-August when my mother died; and when the glorious days of Indian summer came, late in October, Harry, scorning Miss Houston's help, began to carry me out to the old string-hammock underneath the maples.

There was a long period of time of which I have no coherent memory. I know that I lay in a darkened room, that the bed seemed to have no bottom to it, that there were sharp shooting pains in my head, and a queer, quivering ache that came and went in my back. I never seemed to go to sleep and I never seemed to wake up. Part of the time I was in pain, and part of the time I did not suffer, or feel anything at all. I merely existed.

At last I realized, without feeling enough interest in the matter to wonder why I should be there, that I was in the "spare chamber" at the Stones' house. It has a "painted bedroom set," dull brown with bright blue roses, and on the walls, papered in a gloomy yellow relieved by splotches of gold, hung pictures in black oval frames, of all the dead members of the Stone family. There are also some wax wreathes, and some mottoes done on canvas in cross-stitch: "Home, Sweet Home" (which has always struck me as being singularly appropriate for such a guest room), "The Lord Will Provide," etc. The fireplace has been blocked up and an air-tight stove reigns in its stead, but the mantel still remains, fringed with red worsted, and adorned with two white vases, two little simpering shepherdesses, and a china dog. The toilet set is bordered with heavy blue, and has a design of sea-shells; gradually so many varied charms began to pall on me.

"Just why am I here?" I asked, turning from the contemplation of a little girl in a very low frock and frilled pantalettes, a work of art that hung directly opposite my bed.

Miss Houston laughed. "That's the first question you've asked," she said, "I thought the glories of your room might rouse you to curiosity in time. Mrs. Stone felt she could not remain away from home any longer, and so we brought you here almost immediately after you were taken ill."

"Would you mind telling me how long it is since I was taken ill?"

"It is nearly two months."

"So it is now about the—?"

"It is the twelfth of October," she said.

I knew then that I must have fallen sick very soon after my mother's death. The funeral was vivid enough; my mother was buried in my wedding gown, with my bridal flowers in her hands; the little house was filled

with the village people who had loved my mother, and who mourned her from the bottom of their hearts; but there were very few—almost none—among them who came to me with help or comfort. Ever since I first went away to school, I had withdrawn more and more from my neighbors; each year I had found, or fancied that I found, them more dull, narrow and uncongenial. The Leightons had gone to California; and all the Hutchinsons, except Bobby (who had gone off camping alone in the Maine woods the day after he and Roger went to Boston together) were in Europe. Miss Houston, who had been a complete stranger to me a few weeks before, and Mrs. Stone, who for a long time I had only condescended to tolerate, were the only women to whom I could turn; and when, on the way back from the cemetery, Roger, with whom I rode alone, turned away from home instead of going towards it, I knew that the questions which must be settled between us sooner or later were coming then.

"My darling—is there anything on earth that I can do for you?"

"What is there that any one can do?" I asked dully. "I must have a little time to think—to adjust myself to conditions as they are now."

"Will it be easier for you if I stay with you—or if I go?"

"I really think"—my lips trembling so that they barely formed the words—"that it will be easier if you go."

"I think so too," he said gravely, "but there are a few things that I must say to you before I do. First, I must ask you to believe that I never meant to deceive you; remember that I knew nothing of your promise to your mother. I only felt that there were certain things that would cause you pain when you knew them, and that it would be easier for you to hear them after we were married—after you were my wife—than before. Then there is something else. I told you once that no power on earth or in heaven or in hell could keep me from marrying you—I mean it still. No—I'm not going to try to make you break your promise; but that promise holds good only under certain conditions. I must change those conditions. I haven't a cent in the world now, and I don't know just how I'm going to work to get any. But as soon as I can get a job somewhere, I'll write you, so you'll know my address; and as soon as I can earn two thousand dollars a year—"

"But, Roger, it isn't just the money; I couldn't—"

"Of course it isn't just the money; but by the time I can earn that, I can take care of the other complications, too. Remember that your case is a sequel to your mother's, not a replica of it. It'll all come right in the end somehow; *it has got to.*"

That was all. Not a single word of reproach for his father and mother, though they had done their best to ruin his life; not the slightest attempt to make me break my promise, though I knew he would have given his very soul to marry me. The realization of what I was losing was too much for me; I found that I simply could not bear it. We had reached the woods by this time—those same quiet, fragrant woods where I had first made my promise—and we were entirely alone. "Let us get out for a few minutes," I said.

He stopped the little patient, tired horse, tied him to a tree, and lifted me out. "What is it, dear?" he asked.

"O Roger," I cried flinging myself into his arms, "I can't give you up—I can't, I can't! I shall die without you—you're all I have left in this world—there's not another human being to whom I can turn. Don't—don't make me leave you."

"What do you mean?" he said, white to the lips.

"We can't get married, but won't you take me with you, just the same? Then if it's too hard—if I am a drag and a hindrance—there'll be nothing to bind me to you, don't you see?"

with the village people who had loved my mother, and who mourned her from the bottom of their hearts; but there were very few—almost none—among them who came to me with help or comfort. Ever since I first went away to school, I had withdrawn more and more from my neighbors, each year I had found, or fancied that I found, them more dull, narrow, and unsympathetic. The relatives had gone to California, and all the friends, except Bobby (who had gone off camping alone in the Sierras the day after he and Roger went to Boston together) were in Europe. Miss Hooton, who had been a comfortable stamper to me a few weeks before, and Mrs. Stone, who for a long time I had only condescended to tolerate, were the only women to whom I could turn; and even on the way back from the cemetery, Roger, with whom I rode alone, turned away from home instead of going toward it. I knew that the questions which must be settled between us sooner or later were coming then.

"My darling—is there anything on earth that I can do for you?"

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"Oh, you poor child!" he groaned, "you don't know what you're saying! Don't you suppose I've been wicked enough to think of that myself? What man who was half-human wouldn't? You don't realize what these days and—and—nights have been to me—alone. But if we—did—this—now—nothing could ever make it right; it would be worse, a thousand times worse, in the end, than your mother's case; though now, for a little while—"

He stopped abruptly, and taking my face in his hands turned it up to his own, speaking very gently and looking straight into my eyes.

"I shan't offer to release you from your engagement," he said, "you're mine, my very own, and some day I'm coming back for you. Wear your ring, in the face of the world, and tell every one that I gave it to you. Put your pearls around your neck. If we're brave, and hopeful, and *sure* that everything is coming out all right, it *will!*"

* * * * *

When Miss Houston, utterly exhausted, had gone to bed, and Mrs. Stone had returned to the farm, and the little house, still and dark, was in perfect order again, I crept back to the living-room, wrapped in my new black dressing gown and lighted the fire. It was a sultry, cloudy night, hot and close, and I was not tired or even sleepy, but so cold that it seemed as if I never should be warm again. I piled the wood until the blaze crackled and roared, and then I took all the funeral flowers which were left about the room, and flung them on the fire. I thought, perhaps, if they were out of sight, I might feel warmer; and while I was doing it the door opened, and Bobby came in, and stood with his back against it, looking at me.

I dropped the armful that I was carrying, a great sheaf of white roses, and ran to him.

"I'm so cold," I said, my teeth chattering, "and these flowers seem cold, too—they ought to have been put on the grave with the others; but, as they weren't, I'm burning them; maybe they'll get warm in the fire. Do you think I can get near enough to it to get warm, Bobby?"

"I think so," he said quietly, "I'll help you finish what you're doing, and then we'll see."

Afterwards I think he told me that Roger's telegram had been delayed in reaching him, and that when he finally heard of my mother's death, he hired a motor and drove straight through from Bangor without stopping; also that as he was passing the Stones', he saw Harry, who told him that Roger had gone and why; but he did not ask me any questions, and his own explanations did not come until he had brought me something hot to to drink and wrapped his overcoat around me, and we were sitting on the hearth together, while he chafed my hands and I tried to stop shivering.

"I wouldn't mind being cold," I said, "if I could help thinking."

"Thinking what?"

"What sort of girl I am; how blind, and—stupid. That's the worst of all—I've been so stupid—just what you called me—'a pretty, selfish, little fool; fond of dresses and candy and flowers, pretty speeches and split dances, sunshine and moonlight and rhapsodies!' Well, I've had them 'all I wanted' as you said you hoped I would; I've despised the people who would have been my best friends if I would have let them; I've played fast and loose with you and Harry; I've ruined Roger's career; and—I've killed my mother."

Robert put his arm around me and drew me up close against his big shoulder and rough Norfolk jacket.

"Do you feel as if you could cry?" he asked.

"No," I said, "I only feel cold; but not so cold as before you came. You're not going right away again, are you, Bobby?"

"I wish to Heaven I'd never gone,"

he said. "No, indeed, I'm not—until you're all well again."

"All well again?" I asked, puzzled.

"Yes, I'm afraid, dear, you're going to be sick. You don't feel first rate, do you?"

"I tell you I don't feel at all, except that I'm cold, and it's hard for me to think and yet I can't help thinking—and there's a queer lump where my heads joins on to my spine—what do you think it all means?"

"I think that poor little butterfly, Psyche, has found her soul at last, and that just at present it's too big for her body; but I think, if she goes to sleep, that Cupid will come again, in time."

I fancied that he said this more to himself than to me, and the words did not seem to have much sense; but perhaps that was because I was getting drowsy.

I was in the big spare room at Mrs. Stone's when I really waked up again, and that, as I have said, was many weeks later.

"What's the matter with me?" I asked, when the date and my whereabouts were both clear to me—which was not for some time.

"You've had brain fever—it's not to be wondered at."

"Where is Bobby?"

Miss Houston smiled. "He wasn't far off for a long while, I can tell you," she said, "but as soon as you were really out of danger, he went back to Boston and entered the Harvard Medical School. He's decided to be a doctor, and if he doesn't make a good one I certainly shall never prophesy again. We can reach him at any time that you need him. In any case, he'll be down to see you again before long, probably just when you want him very much. He has a happy faculty of turning up at the right minute."

"If you will bring me something to eat," I said, trying to sit up in bed and falling back again, "I think I should like it; I really feel quite hungry. And do take off this hideous nightgown, which looks as if it belonged to Mrs. Stone, and bring me one of my own, low-necked, with lace and ribbons."

A few days later I was propped up in bed, reading, and eating Mrs. Stone's good angel-cake; by the twentieth of October I was lying on the lounge, knitting, and feeling quite dressed in my kimono and suede slippers; and it was on the twenty-fifth that Harry began to carry me down to the old string-hammock underneath the maples. It was very pleasant to be out again, away from the kaleidoscopic glories of the spare room, to feel the wind blowing through my hair and see the sun glitter on the great jewels of my ring. I slept a great deal, and when I was awake a sense of peacefulness possessed me. I was getting well.

(*To be concluded.*)

AUTUMN IN A NEW HAMPSHIRE VILLAGE

By Arthur W. Anderson

Today I climbed the hill alone,
And stood beside the arch of stone.

The landscape smiled beneath the sun;
The strong wind waved the ripened corn.

And silently went sailing by
The fleecy navies of the sky.

I saw their changeful shadows play
Upon the mountains far away;

Each shape fantastic giving place
To others, in the onward race.

Beneath me lay the peaceful homes,
And churches raised their lofty domes

The sunshine glorified the trees,
And roused to life the drowsy bees.

Across the intervening vale,
I saw the tower on the hill;

Upraising high its massy eaves,
Above the tapestry of leaves;

Confining in its oaken cell,
Its giant clock, the sweet-toned bell.

The river flowed the hills between,
The birches o'er its banks did lean;

And strewed their leaves, no longer green—
Upon the water's silver sheen.

Far down the valley's winding course,
I heard the heron's challenge hoarse;

And from a distant farm there came
The sound of children at a game.

And cattle, lowing at the gates;
And horses, neighing for their mates.

Adown the waves of ether bright,
Came notes of wild fowl in their flight;

And sweet on the September air
Came odors from the pines afar.

The blue jay's thrilling cry I heard,
And saw him coming from the wood;

In all his gay habiliments,
To take the gardens' increments.

The wild grapes hung, of sweetness full,
In glowing clusters on the wall.

And orchards, from the hills sent down
Their fragrance—on the quiet town.

The frost had killed the pumpkin vines;
And passing through the garden lanes

Had touched each plant with hand austere;
And left it standing, brown and sere.

But beautiful the fruit they bore;
The crowning glory of the year.

Around the country school-house rude,
The red leaves of the sumac showed.

While 'long the peaceful road arrayed,
The elm trees stood—a tall brigade.

The flaming leaves of beech and oak
Were mingled with the fir trees dark.

And near the maples' scarlet hood
The yellow-mantled poplars stood.

The alders bent above the brook,
And tints from nature's spectrum took.

Where farmer boys, with line and hook,
Their quarry caught in shady nook.

Thus lay the land; in verdure fair—
And nature's music filled the air.

EARLY TOWN BOUNDARIES IN WESTERN NEW HAMPSHIRE

By George B. Upham

The history of town boundaries as they were formerly and as they now exist in southwestern New Hampshire is complicated to a degree perhaps unparalleled elsewhere in the United States. These complications have arisen from the various and conflicting bounds of Massachusetts Grants prior to 1740 when that province claimed the territory, from Mason Grants and the resultant litigation, from New Hampshire Grants, forfeitures, renewals, regrants, etc., and to some extent from subsequent changes by New Hampshire legislation.

The forfeitures were mostly occasioned by failure on the part of the grantees to cultivate the required acreage within the usual five-year limit, although if a really earnest effort had been made to settle and cultivate, the charter was usually renewed to the original grantees.

New Hampshire town histories, so many of which were published in the closing years of the last century, pay little attention to this phase of local history. Those of the Sullivan County towns make no reference to the facts herein recited. Examination of other town histories discloses many instances of the same neglect to mention forfeited grants and early boundary changes. The easy method of research, hereinafter described, pursued in finding the boundary lines of the vanished townships of Buckingham and Greenville, might be followed in many other localities in western New Hampshire, thereby disclosing similar forgotten facts of local history. The writer saw the names of these townships on the maps, parts of which are reproduced herewith. In the New Hampshire State Papers he quickly found their charters, and plans with the courses and distances thereon. Then with a two-foot rule, a carpenter's square, a protractor and Walling's Map of Sullivan County, 1860, a few minutes sufficed to determine the facts herein related. It must, however, be admitted that locating the boundaries of Buckingham and Greenville presents a very simple problem compared with that of determining the former boundary lines in places further south and east where there were Massachusetts and Mason Grants as well as New Hampshire Grants. But it is believed that a careful study of the old maps by anyone possessing the sense of locality, some slight knowledge of surveying or navigation, much persistence and considerable patience might result in determining, approximately at least, many of these old and at present undetermined boundary lines.

Many valuable early maps may be found in the collection of the New Hampshire Historical Society. The Boston Public Library possesses a collection second only, in this country, to that of the Congressional Library at Washington. Holland's and Carrigan's early maps of New Hampshire were republished, on a reduced scale, in 1878, in the Atlas accompanying Hitchcock's Geology of the State, and were also reproduced in four sections, at nearly half the scale of the original, in Volume xxiv of the New Hampshire State Papers. (See pocket in the cover.)

After careful study of the old maps the investigator should turn to Volumes xxiv to xxix inclusive, of the New Hampshire State Papers—to be found in every public library—which give the words of the charters and plans of nearly all the townships with

courses and distances. These plans should be enlarged, preferably on tracing paper, to the scale of the modern county map.—H. F. Walling, in 1860, published maps of all the counties in the state—then a definite starting point must be found, which having been determined, the rest is easy.

* * * * *

Buckingham? This distinctively English name recalls boating days on the Thames, the old villages, Eton and Marlow, Eton College and a finished, well-groomed landscape, all in that ancient county of England called Buckingham or "Bucks" for short. Nothing in the name reminds us of Claremont or of anything in its vicinity. Yet there was a time when about one fifth of the present area of Claremont was regularly and authoritatively incorporated as a part of the township of Buckingham. And this by no less authority than "George the Second by Grace of God of Great Britain France & Ireland King Defender of the Faith &c., on the first Day of January in the Year of Our Lord Christ 1753 and the 26th year of our reign."

This township first appears on the "Blanchard and Langdon Map" of 1761 as the most northerly in the Connecticut River Valley, and Thirteen years later on "A Map of the Inhabited Portions of New England" prepared by Thomas Jeffreys, Geographer to the King, published in London in 1774, which shows immediately north of Charlestown, Number Four, clearly outlined the township of Buckingham. It is placed on the Connecticut River, bounded on the east by Greenville and on the north by an unnamed township through which flows an unnamed river rising in "Sunipee Pond" and emptying into the Connecticut. If any doubt remains respecting the identity of the unnamed township it will be removed upon observing that on the map it is bounded on the north and east by townships plainly marked "Cornish" and "Newport."

Any resentment one may feel toward the "Geographer to the King," for failing to engrave the name Claremont where it properly belonged may be mitigated in some degree upon learning that Jeffreys, accomplished and learned geographer as he was, made a general mess of the geography in the vicinity of Claremont, and especially of Buckingham, which never was on the Connecticut River, never was north of Charlestown, and whose charter had been forfeited ten years before the publication of this map.

But if Buckingham was not on the Connecticut River and north of Charlestown where was it? Searching in the New Hampshire State Papers, in Volume xxv, page 583, we find the charter and a plan of Buckingham showing that its southwesterly corner was at the northwesterly corner of Burnet. If we can find where that was we can easily make an accurate map of Buckingham in its proper relation to other townships, for beginning at that point the charter and accompanying plan give us the boundaries by compass courses and distances to various "Stakes and Stones" and finally back to the northwesterly corner of Burnet, the point of beginning. Burnet is shown on the Blanchard and Langdon map, bounded on the north by Buckingham, on the west by Charlestown, on the east by Dupplin, and occupying the space occupied by "No. 9, Lempster" on the Jeffreys map. This aids us somewhat, but is wholly insufficient for the accurate placing of Buckingham, for there is a manifest error on one or both of the maps.

Referring again to the New Hampshire State Papers, Volume xxiv, pages 371–388, we find that Burnet—probably Number Three of the Massachusetts Grants of 1735–36—became, on December 30, 1752, a chartered predecessor of Acworth, and with precisely the same boundary lines as those of the Acworth of today.

courses and distances. These plans should be engraved, preferably on tracing paper, to the scale of the modern county map.—H. F. Walling, in 1856, published maps of all the counties in the state—then a definite starting point must be found, which having been determined, the rest is easy.

* * * * *

Bockingham? This distinctively English name recalls bustling days on the Thames, the old village, Eton and Windsor, Eton College and a fiddle, well-groomed landscape, all in that ancient county of England called Buckingham or "Bucks" for short. Nothing in the name reminds us of Claremont or of anything in its vicinity. Yet there was a time when about one fifth of the present area of Claremont was regularly and authoritatively incorporated as a part of the township of Buckingham. And this by no less authority than "George the Second by Grace of God of Great Britain France & Ireland King Defender of the Faith &c., on the first Day of January in the Year of Our Lord Christ 1753 and the 26th year of our reign.

This township first appears on the "Blanchard and Langdon Map" of 1761 as the most northerly in the Connecticut River Valley, and fifteen years later on "A Map of the Inhabited Portions of New England" prepared by Thomas Jefferys, Geographer to the King, published in London in 1774, which shows tremendously north of Charlestown, Number Four, clearly outlined the township of Buckingham. It is placed on the Connecticut River, bounded on the east by Greenville and on the north by an unnamed township through which flows an unnamed river rising in "Sunapee Pond" and emptying into the Connecticut. It may doubtless remains respecting the identity of the unnamed township it will be removed upon observing that on the map it is bounded on the north and east by



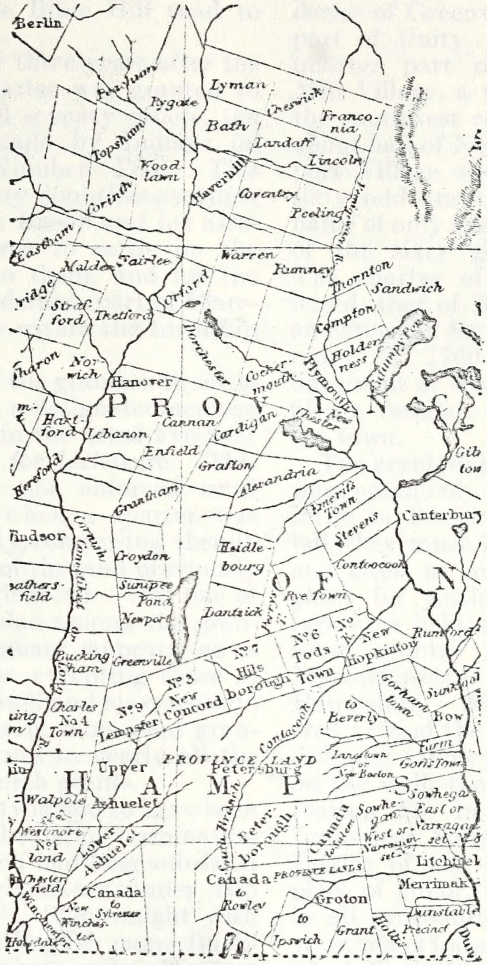
The Blanchard and Langdon map is the earliest known map of New Hampshire, giving town boundaries from the Connecticut River to the sea, prepared for publication in 1761. This is the Col. Joseph Blanchard who surveyed on the Connecticut River in the winter of 1760. A copy of this map from the original engraved plate is in the State Library at Concord. It is reproduced, without title or explanation, in Volumes xxiv and xxvi, of the New Hampshire State Papers. The original is inscribed as follows:

"An Accurate Map of His Majestys Province of New Hampshire in New England, taken from Actual Surveys of all the inhabited Part, and from the best information of what is uninhabited together with the adjacent Countries, which exhibits the Theatre of this War in That Part of the World, by Col. Blanchard, and the Revd Mr. Langdon. Engraved by Thomas Jefferys, Geographer to His Majesty—"

"To the Right Honorable Charles Townshend, His Majesty's Secretary at War, & One of His Majestys most Honorable Privy Council, &c. This Map of the Province of New Hampshire Is Humbly Inscribed, by His most Obliged and most Obedt Servts

Portsmouth
New Hampshire
21 Octr 1761."

JOSEPH BLANCHARD
SAMUEL LANGDON



The Jeffreys map is a part of a "Map of the Inhabited Portions of New England" published by Thomas Jeffreys, Geographer to the King, in London 1774. An engraving of the original is now in the Boston Public Library. This is reproduced in full on a reduced scale in Volume v of Palfrey's History of New England, and that part of it including New Hampshire, in Volume xxiv, New Hampshire State Papers. (See pocket in the cover.)

Drawing on tracing paper an enlargement of the original plan of Buckingham, to the scale of Walling's map of Sullivan County, 1860, and superposing it on the latter, with its southwest corner on the northwest corner of Acworth, we find that a small part of Charlestown, about two thirds of Unity, about one eighth of Newport and about one fifth of Claremont were within the township of Buckingham. That part of Claremont which was so included may be described as follows: All that part lying south of a straight line drawn from a point about forty rods southwesterly from the south end of Broad street to the Newport line at a point on Green Mountain a quarter of a mile north of the state road, and lying easterly of a straight line drawn from the first mentioned point in a southerly direction a few



rods east of the Bible Hill road to Charlestown.

Within two or three years after the Buckingham charter was granted to John Bissell and seventy others, ten attacks were made by Indians on Charlestown, Number Four. This disturbing activity doubtless accounts for the fact that Bissell and his associates never came to settle on the lands granted to them, and for the fact that a considerable part of Claremont is not now within the township of Buckingham.

The neglect of the grantees to settle on and cultivate a designated acreage of the land within the usual five-year limit was cause for forfeiture. This was apparently not enforced until July 13, 1764, when a charter was granted for Unity comprising therein the greater part of the land previously granted as Buckingham. Not one of the names recorded among the grantees of Buckingham appears as a grantee of Unity, excepting those of the governor himself and his secretary, Theodore Atkinson, who were grantees or beneficiaries in nearly all the Benning Wentworth grants.

The name Unity is said to have been adopted "from the happy termination of a dispute which had long subsisted between rival claimants under two different grants." Some might wish that the fine old English name Buckingham had been retained. The first settlement in Unity was made in 1769.

On the same Blanchard and Langdon map, also on the Jeffreys map, we find a township of Greenville between Buckingham and "Sunipee Pond." In Volume xxv, page 376, of New Hampshire State Papers, is a plan of Greenville which was chartered on the same day with Buckingham; enlarging and superposing this plan, in a similar way to that above described, we find within the boundaries of Greenville all of the eastern part of Unity, a little more than a quarter part of Goshen, including Mill Village, a very small triangle in the southwest corner of Sunapee and about half of Newport including Newport Village and Kellyville. Of the sixty odd grantees of Greenville the name of only one appears among those of the sixty grantees of Newport. The charter of Greenville was forfeited; that of Newport was saved by an extension for four years from February 2, 1769. In the extending document of that date it is stated that fifteen families were then settled in the town.

The grantees or proprietors, as they were commonly called, never came to settle in Buckingham or Greenville; but they must have met to organize and later, at sundry times, to make plans for settlement. These meetings were held, as was the custom, in some country tavern, probably in Massachusetts or southern New Hampshire. We can see them gathered around the big table, the flaring, dripping tallow candles, the shadows on the wall, the mugs of flip and the roaring fire in the great fireplace. Important business it was with the Justice of the Peace, seated in the place of honor, having the final word in all procedure. They discuss surveys, plans for settlement in the coming spring, the drawing of the fifty-acre lots, and especially recent reports of Indian attacks on the frontier fort at Number Four. Their records have long since been lost, their boundary markers have disappeared, the "Stakes" decayed, the "Stones" sunken beneath the leaf mould. Somewhere in wayside graveyards leaning, moss-grown tombstones mark the last resting places of the proprietors, but not in those vanished townships, Buckingham and Greenville.

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S NEW SCHOOL LAW

OPENING STATEMENT BY FRANK S. STREETER, CHAIRMAN OF THE STATE BOARD OF EDUCATION, AT THE JOINT CONFERENCE OF LOCAL SCHOOL BOARDS AND SUPERINTENDENTS WITH THE STATE BOARD AT REPRESENTATIVES' HALL, STATE HOUSE, OCTOBER 16, 1919

Gentlemen of the Conference:

This conference is made up of the three groups of educational officials upon which the Legislature of 1919 imposed the duty of administering the entire public school system of the state, namely: (1) the State Board of Education; (2) the 64 superintendents with 5 assistants; and (3) the representatives of the 256 local school boards.

Purposes of Conference.—The specific purpose of the conference is clearly indicated by the call issued by the State Board. It is to discuss, consider and adopt such methods of uniting the efforts of these three groups of officials as shall definitely improve the schools in every town in the state and will result in putting our public school system among those of the highest practical efficiency in the country.

We shall not try to consider here what are the most approved principles of pedagogy, nor the application of scientific methods to the problem of what constitutes the best and most practical education for our New Hampshire school children. Those are questions for expert advice. The law has provided such an expert for us in the Commissioner of Education, on whom the board and all of us will largely rely.

Responsibilities of Commissioner.—Under the present organization the broadened duties and responsibilities of the commissioner as our expert educational adviser are shown by the following rule adopted by the State Board on September 5, viz.:

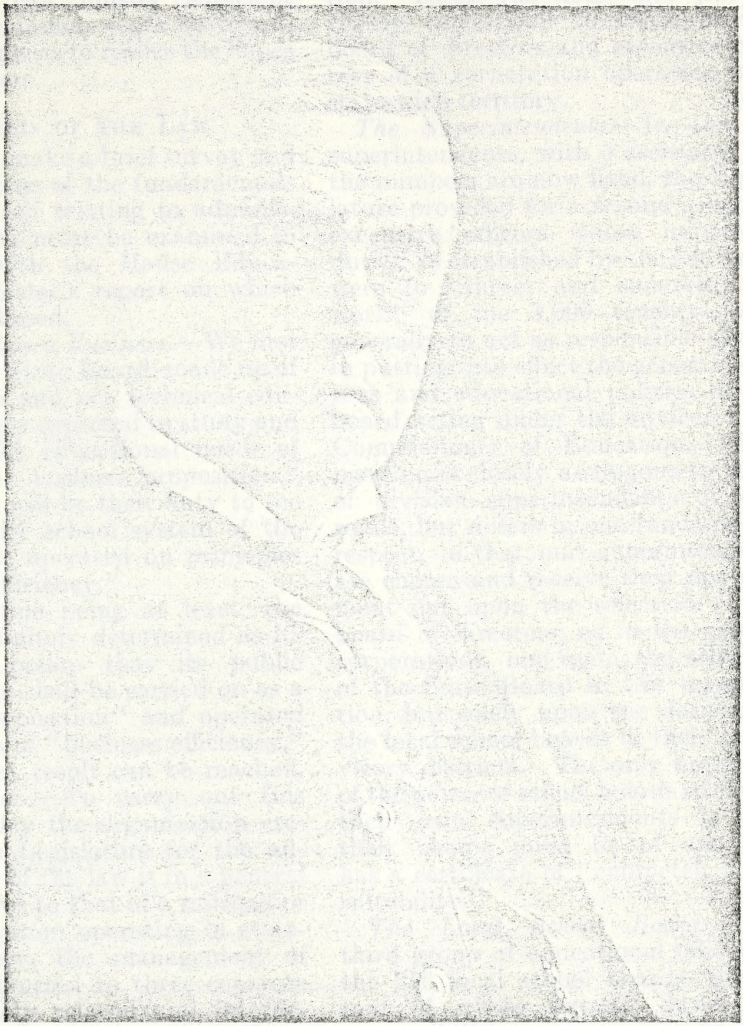
"The Commissioner of Education, as the board's chief executive officer and advisor, shall, for and on behalf of the board, keep himself fully informed of the educational needs of the various grades of schools in the state; shall follow closely the current events relating to educational processes and examine all efforts to advance educational efficiency in school departments outside the state and carefully consider their applicability to our school conditions in this state, and, upon his own initiative as well as upon request, confer with and advise the board upon all the foregoing and any other school matters; and, in general, shall faithfully aid and advise the board in all matters looking to the efficient and successful administration of our school laws, whether with regard to any peculiar needs of our own state or as a basis of comparative efficiency with other states."

We have confidence in the commissioner's ability and competency wisely and successfully to inform and advise on these questions.

With the understanding that the strictly technical side of our educational problems is thus being cared for, this conference is to consider the other question that immediately confronts us: How can the law be most effectively administered by the three official groups on whom that duty is imposed?

Problem of Joint Administration.—Our wise solution of this problem of joint administration by the three official groups—State Board, superintendents and local school boards—may be the turning point on which the success of the law will depend. Experience has taught the world that a bad law wisely and competently administered, with a liberal use of common sense, produces far better practical results than a good law unwisely and incompetently administered.

Our law has been hailed by the educational world generally as the best and most progressive educational legislation that has so far been incor-



FRANK S. STREETER

Chairman of the New Hampshire Board of Education



porated in the statutes of any state, and the solemn question which now confronts the three official groups in this conference is whether we severally and jointly can muster sufficient ability and common sense so to administer the law as to realize the hopes of its promoters.

Analysis of the Law

Let us first make a brief survey and analysis of some of the fundamentals of the law itself relating to administration, which must be examined in connection with the House Educational Committee's report on which the law was based.

School System a Business.—We first note that the State Board, made up of business men and not technical educators, "will be expected to study and administer the educational needs of the state as a business proposition," and that "it will be their duty to see that the entire school system of the state shall be operated on principles of business efficiency."

For the time being at least, the state has definitely determined as its educational policy that its public school system shall be carried on as a "business proposition" and operated on principles of "business efficiency," so far as that result can be reached.

Organization.—To carry out this business policy the organization created by the Legislature for the administration of the law is in a general way analogous to that of a railroad or other corporation operating in state-wide territory, the management of which is entrusted to three separate but intimately related and interdependent groups of executive officers and agents.

The State Board.—The general management, supervision and direction over all the public schools in the state was vested in the State Board of Education, with the Commissioner of Education, deputy commissioners, and department staff as executive officials, the commissioner being the educational adviser and chief executive officer of the board—the board to have the same powers as the directors of an ordinary business corporation have over the business of the corporation. These functions and powers closely correspond to those of the board of directors and executive officers of a corporation operating in a state-wide territory.

The Superintendents.—In the 64 superintendents, with 5 assistants, as the numbers are now fixed, the Legislature provided for a second group of executive officers whose important duties, as established by the act itself, were to "direct and supervise the work" of the 3,000 teachers, and generally to act as responsible agents in putting into effect the general business and educational policies of the board acting under the advice of the Commissioner of Education. Their position is closely analogous to those of division superintendents of railroads, but differs in one fundamental respect, in that our superintendents are chosen and receive their appointment not upon the selection of the board of directors, as in the case of corporations, nor upon the selection of the State Board in this organization, but solely upon the decision of the local school boards in their supervisory districts. The only limitation of the power of school boards to choose their own superintendents is that their choice must be of one who has a certificate of "competency and suitability."

The Local School Boards.—The third group of educational officials is the 256 local school boards, the extent of whose powers, duties and responsibilities seems not to be fully understood or appreciated.

While the work of the teachers is subject to the supervision and direction of the superintendents, the management of all school business in the 256 districts is vested in the local school boards, subject only to the general rules and regulations of the State Board—a matter to which I shall again refer.

porated in the statutes of any state, and the solemn question which now confronts the thirty official citizens in this conference is whether we severally and jointly can muster sufficient ability and courage even so to submit the law as to realize the hopes of its promoters.

Analysis of the Law

Let us first make a brief survey and analysis of some of the fundamentals of the law itself relating to administration, which must be examined in connection with the House Educational Committee's report on which the law was based.

School Supervisors a Fiction.—We first note that the State Board, made up of business men and not technical educators, "will be expected to study and administer the educational needs of the state as a business proposition," and that "it will be their duty to see that the entire school system of the state shall be operated on principles of business efficiency."

For the time being at least, the state has definitely determined as its educational policy that its public school system shall be carried on as a "business proposition" and operated on principles of "business efficiency," so far as that result can be reached.

Organization.—To carry out the business policy the organization created by the Legislature for the administration of the law is in a general way analogous to that of a railroad or other corporation operating in statewide territory, the management of which is entrusted to three separate but intimately related and interdependent groups of executive officers and agents.

The State Board.—The general management, supervision and direction over all the public schools in the state was vested in the State Board of Education, with the Commissioner of Education, deputy commissioners, and department staff as executive officials, the commissioner being the educational adviser and chief execu-

In certain respects their position is closely analogous to that of the local managers and agents of a state-wide railroad corporation, in that they are charged with the duty of carrying on the corporate business in the local communities, and on their competency and ability to secure and retain the confidence of the citizens in their locality the prosperity and success of the corporate business in their territory must largely depend.

At this point the analogy breaks, for the local school boards are not appointed as are the local managers and agents of a railroad by the directors, nor by the State Board in this organization, but are elected by the voters, including the fathers and mothers of the school children in each school district, and are practically responsible to them for their wise and efficient management of the business of the local schools.

But the local boards have far greater powers than the local managers and agents of corporations, in that they not only select every one of the 69 superintendents, including assistants, every one of the 3,000 school teachers, and every person employed in connection with the public school system of the State except the State Board and its organization staff; but with that exception the local boards have full power to determine, and do determine, the amount of public money that shall be paid in salaries and wages to every superintendent, teacher, and every employee in any way connected with the work of the public schools.

We are all more or less acquainted with the set up of the business organization of railroad corporations. If you can visualize such an organization so changed from the usual form that no division superintendent could be employed unless selected and his salary fixed by vote of the local agents in the towns and cities on the line of the road; and that every employee of the road outside the directors' office in Boston should be hired and his wages determined by the same local agents, you will perhaps get a clearer conception of the powers of the local school boards in our state school organization.

Do not misunderstand me,—the fundamentals of our organization are purely democratic and are set up on absolutely sound principles. I am calling attention to the powers of the local boards under the law to the end that the local boards themselves may recognize the propriety of the emphasis we put on their duties and responsibilities which go with the powers granted to them, and the absolute necessity of their warmest coöperation with the State Board and superintendents if our educational bill is to be successfully operated.

The foregoing is intended to be an accurate analysis of the powers, duties and responsibilities imposed by the Legislature of 1919 upon each of the three groups of educational officials to whom is entrusted the administration of the new educational system,—the State Board, superintendents and the local school boards.

If I have made any error in this statement, the superintendents and representatives of the local school boards, in the discussion which we shall have here today, will have opportunity to make proper correction, and we shall be glad to have them do it.

General Administrative Policy of the State Board

An intimate knowledge by all concerned of the general administrative policies of the State Board is essential, and, so far as they have been thought out and formulated, we desire to state them.

While the general powers vested in the State Board are large and comprehensive in giving the board the same control and direction over the business of the public school system as the directors of a business corporation have to control and direct the business of the corporation, this board believes that the highest value and

usefulness of the granted powers rests on the fact that they will enable the board, with the commissioner, deputies and the rest of its official organization, including the superintendents, effectively to aid the local school boards to create better schools in every school district in the state.

The State Board as now constituted will act in accordance with that belief. Their powers will not be used as a basis for issuing arbitrary decrees, but will be used solely for helpful coöperation with superintendents and local school boards for the general betterment of our public school system, which the educational bill was designed to accomplish.

The State Board is given power to make rules and regulations on all branches of public school business, and of course such rules and regulations will be made—but never without the fullest consideration of all the information we can obtain as to their usefulness and practicability. Such information must largely come from our official staff, the superintendents and the local school boards, and we must rely upon them to keep the State Board fully informed.

If unwittingly we shall adopt any general regulation which turns out to be undesirable or impracticable of execution, we shall, of course, quickly hear from you or others about it; and if, upon review, we become satisfied that a mistake has been made we shall not hesitate frankly to admit it and make correction.

One great virtue of the law is its workable elasticity, which does not confine the State Board to any foreordained or legally established course of procedure, but enables it to supervise, control and direct the business of the public school system with the same sort of common and business sense which you and other successful citizens use in dealing with your important business affairs.

We want the most intimate business relations with the superintendents and the local boards; we want every superintendent and member of local school boards to feel that he is an indispensable wheel in this educational machine and to feel that the office of the board in Concord, in a general way, is his office, and he has the right to all the information relating to his school business that the office can give him.

We want every superintendent and member of local school board, so far as possible, to know personally the commissioner and the deputies, and fully discuss with them their local problems and how they can best be met.

The commissioner, as the chief executive officer of the State Board, will have general oversight of the entire educational field. The deputy commissioners will have special charge of separate departments or divisions of the work. Through the commissioner, the deputies and otherwise, the members of the State Board will be kept closely in touch with the educational work in all sections of the state, and will be ready to act promptly on questions as they may arise.

The board, as now constituted, will not content itself by acting as the mere figure-heads of a "business" (so-called) department of the state, but intends to keep itself fully informed as to the conduct of the "business" and take such active part in the "management, supervision and direction over the public schools" as will satisfy the requirements of Section 5 of the act and the intent of the Legislature in adopting them. They will have regular meetings at least once in two months, and will hold special meetings as often as occasion may require. So far as practicable, they desire to know personally the superintendents and local boards, and will welcome any well considered suggestions looking to the betterment of the schools.

In other words, the State Board, to the best of its ability, intends faithfully to contribute to the success of the joint administration of our new

usefulness of the granted powers rests on the fact that will enable the board, with the Commissioner, direction and the rest of its official organization, including the superintendency, efficiently to aid the local school boards to create better schools in every school district in the state.

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Educational Law by the three official groups named, a common sense exercise of all the powers vested in it by the state and all the personal influence it may possess by virtue of those powers or otherwise. We feel that we can confidently rely upon a like contribution from the local boards and superintendents and that such unified administration cannot fail of success.

This statement of the general policies and purposes of the State Board is made for the information not only of the superintendents and local boards, but of all our people who are interested in the educational development of the State and in practical business administration of the law.

Further Coöperation of Teachers and Parents.—Let us depart from the main question for a moment to say that this board will not be content with its educational work until, in addition to the unified coöperation of the three official groups, there shall be added the organized, sympathetic coöperation of two additional groups, viz.: the 3,000 teachers and the fathers, mothers and guardians of the 62,000 children attending the public schools.

(In using these figures I do not overlook the 18 or 19,000 additional children attending the parochial and other private schools, in whose educational development the State has the same interest as in those attending the public schools.)

If and when these five groups,—State Board, superintendents, local boards, teachers and parents,—shall fully realize their individual responsibility and, inspired by a common purpose, unite their efforts, they will constitute an irresistible force for our educational betterment.

We are told that this is a vision or a dream impossible to realize; we do not believe it. To accomplish this result may require years—many more years than are left to some of us—but it can ultimately be realized. And is it not worth trying for? Pray pardon this digression. We must not lose sight of the problems that immediately press us; they are many and important.

The Educational Plant

It may give us a sobering sense of our joint responsibilities as joint managers of our public school system if we take a brief look at figures showing the extent of our educational plant and the materials we are to use.

The last biennial report of the Department of Education shows as follows:

Public Schools	2,075
High Schools	95
Teachers	3,121
All Scholars (between 5 and 16)	80,775
(Attending Parochial Schools)	19,647
School Houses (of all kinds)	1,575
Estimated cost including equipment	$7,244,229
Outstanding debt against school property	1,019,000
Total expenditures account schools (1918)	$3,248,708

We must not forget that the management and operation of a business of the size shown by the foregoing figures has been entrusted by the people of New Hampshire to the three official groups now gathered in this hall, and that there are practical questions to be seriously considered and that they cannot be solved by either group of officials acting alone but only by the joint, combined efforts of all of us.

Teacher and Other Problems

Competent Teachers.—The question of providing a continuing supply of more than 2,700 competent teachers now actually employed is perhaps the most immediately important of any now confronting us.

We do not have to suggest to an intelligent body of local school board men in New Hampshire that competent teaching is the foundation on which the entire structure of the public school system rests, nor that without a continuing supply of competent teachers we may as well liquidate the public school business and

go into voluntary bankruptcy. The responsibility for providing such a supply rests primarily on the local school boards and the superintendents —for the boards elect every teacher on the nomination of superintendents also selected by themselves. But in a broad way the responsibility also rests heavily on the state board as general executive managers of the entire school business. In other words, this responsibility for providing competent teachers is joint and not several, and the practical business question for the state board and local boards is: How can we practically combine our efforts most effectively to insure a continuing supply of competent teachers for the next five or ten years at least?

We shall ask the commissioner to review some of the details of this problem, but let us make in advance some general observations.

We have a large number of highly competent teachers, many of whom have devoted their lives to this work and are now continuing their work at a large financial sacrifice. We have a much smaller number of teachers without teaching experience and without professional training in our normal schools or otherwise.

Must Keep Up Standard

The commissioner estimates that nearly if not quite 1,000 of our 2,700 teachers in their education, training and general competency fall below that reasonable standard of efficiency which must be required if the state persists in its purpose to carry its school system into the highest rank.

Such conditions demand the most careful consideration on the part of all concerned: viz., the state board, the superintendents, the local boards, the teachers themselves, the parents and guardians of our school children, and the other voters at school district meetings.

The data for an accurate, intelligent and complete survey of the teaching forces in our schools is being gathered and is in progress of being so analyzed and arranged that we shall have a definite inventory of the teaching power of the state and its qualifications for the work. To us as business managers of the school system, two facts are plainly obvious:

1. That if the state is to build up and maintain our school system at a high degree of practical efficiency a continuing supply of competent teachers is an absolute necessity.

2. That, in such case, the compensation and general living conditions must be made sufficiently attractive to retain in service our present body of competent teachers, and to encourage a sufficient number of others to enter upon the work.

Because we want to arrest and hold attention on this matter of vital importance we shall not overload this statement with statistics. The following facts will suffice to compel our reflection upon a serious situation which must be provided against without delay.

Wages Too Low

From reports returned to our office within the last ten days with reference to the wages paid to 788 teachers in elementary mixed schools in 203 school districts, we find that

In 7 districts the average wage of 21 teachers is less than $400.
In 46 districts the average wage of 195 teachers is less than $500.
In 119 districts the average wage of 468 teachers is less than $600.
In 31 districts the average wage of 104 teachers is between $600 and $833.50.
216 teachers are receiving less than $500.
684 teachers are receiving less than $600.

The maximum annual wage to one teacher of an elementary mixed school is	$833.50
The minimum annual wage to two teachers is	288.00
The average wages of these 788 teachers for this present year is	532.40

These wages are for the school year of 1919–20, not for the year 1913–14.

Compare the foregoing annual wages paid to the women to whom

we entrust the care and development of the minds of our children during their tenderest years of educational growth, with the average annual wages paid to women employees in the ordinary work of the largest cotton mill in this state for the years 1913 and 1919, furnished at the request of the board by the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company.

Keeping the fact in mind that these wages were paid in 1913 on a 58 hour week and in 1919 on a 48 hour week.

	Avg. Wage 1913, 58 hrs.	Avg. Wage 1919, 48 hrs.
Spinners (cotton)	$440.34	$863.62
Drawing-in.....	503.67	948.48
Weavers.....	557.96	1,045.62

You will note that the annual wage of the women mill workers has advanced almost 100 per cent in the last 5 or 6 years. You will also note that they are now earning and receiving almost twice as much as more than 1-3 of our entire body of elementary school teachers.

Again compare the wages today being paid for domestic service. Ten and twelve dollars a week is a common wage for cooks and house maids. The room and board can at the very least be estimated at five dollars a week. The annual wage then, for these employees can be reckoned as from $760 to $884.

As sound business men you can judge whether a sufficient number of well-trained, competent teachers for the training of our children can be procured on the present basis of wages as against the wages now being paid to women for making our sheets, pillow cases and other cloths, and in domestic employment.

Making Analytical Survey

This subject seems to demand serious consideration not only by you and ourselves but by every citizen interested in the building up and maintenance of an efficient public school system.

As soon as our analytical survey of the teaching force in the state is completed from data now being compiled, the results will be furnished to you. Then we shall accurately see the character and size of this problem and can intelligently unite in planning a solution.

We do not hesitate to say that the unanimously settled policy of this State Board as now constituted will be to furnish all the assistance within our power to the local boards and superintendents for providing a sufficient number of suitably educated, well trained and competent teachers, and to encourage the payment of such compensation and the establishment of such other conditions relating to their professional work as will attract an adequate supply of that kind of teachers to our public school service.

We hope for a general understanding that this state intends to have 2,700 teachers all well equipped, well trained and competent to take charge of every school in accordance with its grade and location; that it will pay reasonable compensation for teachers of the class described, and further, that the employment of poorly educated, untrained and incompetent teachers will not be unnecessarily encouraged.

We would also like to have those who desire to equip themselves for teaching in this state understand that the local and state boards will use all practicable ways to give public recognition for meritorious and successful work.

Having a full body of competent, well trained teachers, the Board with the Commissioner will consider and try to work out some plan for giving the teachers a voice in the management of the local school business. This can probably be done if and when the teachers of the state acquire a larger feeling of personal responsibility for the successful operation of the schools as a whole.

There are other questions which require the close coöperation of the local and state boards.

School Houses

There are under our joint control 1,575 school houses. Many of them, especially in the cities and large towns, are of the highest class, well fitted for their uses, sanitary and in a wholesome environment. Some, mainly in rural districts, are unsuitable, unsanitary and must be looked after.

From data now being gathered we shall soon accurately know the exact condition of every one of the 1,575 school houses in the state, and shall be able to advise with the local board in each district what should be done to make every school house "suitable and sanitary" and having due regard for the care of the health and physical welfare of all pupils within the meaning of the new law.

Health and Physical Welfare

Section 27 of the Act requires "suitable provisions for the care of the health and physical welfare of all pupils." To put this provision of the law into practical operation we have appointed Miss Elizabeth Murphy Supervisor of Health. She has actively entered upon her duties, which we have reason to believe she will most competently perform.

These two matters, School Houses and Health and Physical Welfare, are under the special supervision of Deputy Commissioner Pringle. We shall ask him to discuss with you these questions so far as our time today will permit.

Americanization

One provision of the law which has attracted the attention of the educational world outside the state is the state's declaration of public educational policy in these words:

"To secure the efficient administration of the public schools and the work of Americanization in teaching English to non-English speaking adults and in furnishing instruction in the privileges, duties and responsibilities of citizenship which is hereby declared to be an essential part of public school education."

Every one of our citizens may be justly proud that his state was the first American commonwealth to put upon its statute books such a declaration of its educational public policy.

This declaration imposes upon all the administrators of the law the gravest responsibility. These provisions must be executed. Non-English speaking adults must be taught to speak, and, so far as possible, taught to think in our national tongue.

The school children must learn as much as possible the privileges, duties and responsibilities of their coming citizenship; and we must have teachers competent for such instruction.

The Commissioner is examining and advising the Board as to the most practical methods of teaching citizenship. The Board will omit no effort to carry out these provisions.

The work of teaching English to non-English speaking adults is under the special supervision of Deputy Commissioner Brooks and his assistant, Mr. Clark. We will ask Mr. Brooks to explain the steps now being taken, and will, we are confident, receive your sympathetic coöperation in this great work.

Consolidation of Schools

There is another important question pressing for consideration in many of our towns,—the question of consolidating all or some of the schools in town districts. We shall not here review the arguments for or against the proposition. In fact we do not believe any general rule can be adopted which will be universally applicable. Whether and to what extent consolidation should be adopted by a town must largely depend upon the geography, location of existing school houses, and routes of travel in that town.

Wherever a consolidation of schools is practicable and sensible the State Board will encourage it—otherwise not.

The Commissioner has made extended examinations of the subject as it relates to many of the towns. He is prepared to take up the question with the school boards of the individual towns and help work out a common sense solution for each town. We advise that such course be adopted.

The main purpose of this official statement by the State Board is to convince you all that our duties under the Educational Law are joint and not several, and that we must sympathetically coöperate in the performance of our joint duties if the operation of the law is to be successful.

The superintendents are the liaison officers between the State and local boards. It may be that no special organization of the local boards is necessary. It has been suggested, however, that our joint purposes might be advanced if the members of the local boards in each county should make an organization by the election of one of their most competent and interested members as chairman, hold meetings occasionally and consider the school situation in the county, and through their chairman be in closer touch with the State Board.

Whether you will take this course or will maintain your close relations with the State Board through your superintendents alone, is for you to decide. All that the State Board desires is successful results.

If any of you hesitate to devote yourselves to this public work, let us remind him that in twenty years the 80,000 school children of today will be the controlling factors in the civil life of the State.

Three or four years ago we were all aroused to prepare against the dangers then threatening us. Thoughtful men and women believe that the dangers now confronting our country and our form of government and the welfare of our children constitute a still greater menace.

Let me quote the final paragraph of the report of the Committee on Education to the House of Representatives last February. It is still more impressive today than it was when written nine months ago.

This bill "builds for us bulwarks behind which we may face, with reasonable confidence, the menace of the future. That this menace is real, no thoughtful man will deny. Half the world, crazed by the horrors of war, is turning to anarchy. The contagion of the world-madness is already felt in our own land. If we in New Hampshire escape its destructive effects, it will be through the common sense and education of the everyday citizen. It is our duty to make sure that the men and women of tomorrow are equal to the strain that tomorrow will bring. The children of the state must be trained to know good from evil, truth from falsehood. They cannot universally receive this training without the help of the state. If we set any value on our free institutions or on a government of law and order, we must accept the responsibility which this bill imposes."

We have accepted the responsibilities imposed by that bill. It is our duty to the state and to all our people, our children and ourselves, to see that that duty is well performed.

THROUGH THE YEAR IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

No. 9

By Rev. Roland D. Sawyer

November, the Autumn-Winter Season

Our calendar division into four seasons is not correct; for the year does not jump from fall to winter; we have a season of six weeks (all of November and two weeks in December) which is neither fall nor winter. I call it "autumn-winter," and November the "autumn-winter month."

The Rare Gray Days

Most people speak an ill-word for November; they think of it as drear, a type of death, yet there are many fine things about the month. First let us think of the charms of the November sky. The blue of October is now changed to gray, and there is something wonderfully rare in the gray sky of November; it gives a sobered effect to everything; it is as though God in painting the picture of today wanted to impress us with soberness, seriousness, reflection. And so November is the season for restful and contented reflection; it's the time to think, to review the world, sum up the year's work, take an account of stock. Again let us think of the many rare days we get in the month—days neither too hot or too cold. Again what a beauty we get in the evenings as we go out and see the frosted earth in the light of the big November moon. Still again there is a healthy snap in the snappy air. As the older poet says:

> "Nature always is in tune,
> Nature always hath a rune,
> Let it be a day in May—
> Let it be an autumn day."

All seasons are good; each month has its place; we should not despise or shrink from November.

Thanksgiving Days

In later November when the leaves are all down, when the puffs of wind have swept the last leaves from the branches and sent them scurrying away, then we come to Thanskgiving season. Now we face winter, but we face it cheerfully, for it comes with months of plenty and the comfort and cheer of warm homes. Even to the latest days we often find the sun in mid-day delightfully warm, and as its warming rays fall upon the earth we know we are assured of another summer, another "seed-time and harvest"; so we think of the winter spell as a time of rest and repose before we plant again. So it's not the time to be wistful and sad but the time to be planning quietly for another year. No man enjoys the summer more than I, but as I skuff today through the rustling leaves, look upon the shrubbage and grass beaten down by the frosts, watch the jay, as growing tame from scanty supply of food he becomes a neighbor, I do not allow myself to be mournful and sad thinking of the past summer, but I make myself eager and glad, looking forward to the next summer. But let me express my mood in verse:

Gone the golden days of fall,
  Thru woodlands bare
Comes with sweeping, buoyant breeze,
  Brisk wintry air.

The harvest all was gathered in
  Some weeks ago,
And now the seared brown earth
  Awaits the snow.

Here 'mid the scenes of summer days,
  In pleasant mood,
Around the wood I walk alone,
  Or sit and brood.

No sickly mourner I, for days
  Now past and gone,
But eager, plan the summer-time
  That shall be born.

THE PRICE OF A DAY

By Clark B. Cochrane

If fortune gave me largess of her gold
And filled my lap with jewels like the sun,
With pomp and circumstance of wealth untold,
And lofty place and pride in victory won,
What would I crave and cast all these away?
Another day with thee—another day.

Another day of beauty and of youth
Wherein to count what we have gained and lost
What we have gathered from the fields of truth
That in the judgment may be worth its cost,
What marks of high endeavor that endure,
What love to carry where all love is pure.

Honors and gold we may not carry far,
Death writes no titles on the final scroll;
The gems of earth would pale on that bright star
Where life's stern record dooms the naked soul;
And I would buy, dear heart, another day
To wash the stains from that long scroll away.

Another day? With dead days we are dead:
Which way we turn old days are out of range;
Youth comes no more whatever prayers be said—
Fate, time's recording dial will not change,
Nor Heaven's sweet mercy stay the moving hand.—
Life fades like water dropping in the sand.

Life fades away like water in the sand,
But water is not lost forevermore;
The winds return it to the thirsty land
From the far ocean and the nameless shore;
So love that fails from some high place may yearn
To its beloved, and, like the rain return.

Then breathe, O Spirit winds, in some sweet hour
Across the long divide with message fine,
That were a guerdon with an angel's dower
To me who lingers by the sage and pine;
And one that sees with psychic vision clear
Will speak the words I waited long to hear.

Aye, one will know I was a friend to close
Protecting arms around her, holding fast,
Though wayward as the fretful wind that blows
From the four quarters—blowing fair at last,
I could not measure to the standard set
By one of old, the Lord of Olivet.

By one unique in all the lists of time,
The marvel of the ages set on high,
Upon whose hands there was no stain or grim,
Nor on his lips the shadow of a lie.
One followed Him with banner and a creed,—
I stand afar and His compassion plead.

Antrim, N. H.

THE 1919 THRIFT MOVEMENT IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

By Marguerite W. Stoddard, Publicity Manager for the N. H. War Savings Society

During the war we solemnly spoke of the problems of reconstruction; in the spirit of those times we dedicated ourselves "to the unfinished work which those who fought had so nobly begun." Then came the Armistice, and with it a tragic "settling back" on the part of the American people. We went our several ways in the sublime belief that economic conditions would overnight settle down to where they were in the spring of 1914. Today it begins to dawn on us that a stricken, wounded world must go through a period of convalescence, trying, and uncertain in its outcome.

As President Wilson said in a recent message to Congress: "We cannot hastily or overnight revolutionize all the processes of our economic life. We shall not attempt to do so. What we must attempt is, by wise and constructive action, to bring about the return of normal conditions, not forgetting that the process must be slow. Fifteen years passed after the Civil War before financial conditions were normal, and an even longer period elapsed after the Napoleonic Wars before European affairs became settled."

The reaction from the careful use of money during the war is widespread and alarming, and it is largely for this reason that the Savings Division of the Treasury Department of the United States is maintaining War Savings Organizations all over the country. Their work is not alone, as many people erroneously imagine, to sell Thrift and War Savings Stamps. Their duty is to perpetuate, among the people of these United States, the habits of *Thrift* and *Systematic Saving* which were inculcated during the war.

The financial needs of the Government might more easily be met by placing Government securities through financial institutions, but the need of every citizen for a medium through which he may be helped to help himself could not so be met. This is an organized effort to ameliorate the financial condition of every man, woman and child in America.

When one thinks it over, there really is no argument at all about thrift. It is a one hundred per cent one-sided proposition, and in convincing the body politic of that fact, lies our only hope.

The War Savings Organization (or the Thrift Organization, as we prefer to call ourselves) of New Hampshire talks *thrift* from these four viewpoints,—that it will help finance the War Budget, found a sturdier citizenship, enlarge the nation's resources, and make America invincible. They are not attempting to stimulate parsimoniousness, but they are waging a war against the spirit of unbounded prodigality which today holds sway throughout our nation. They are preaching Stevenson's creed, "Happiness consists in earning a little and spending a little less;" and Dickens's words, "Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, nineteen, six,—result, happiness; annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, twenty pounds, ought and six,—result, misery;" and the theory of Charles M. Schwab—"Everyone achieves successful accomplishment who spends his income to advantage, who gets the most possible for his money."

Thrift has four elements—steady earning, wise spending, careful saving and judicious investment. In con-

nection with the last named, the Treasury Department offers Thrift and War Savings Stamps because they are a security on which the government pays a higher rate of interest than on any other, and one which is issued in a small denomination. Furthermore, it is an investment which can be made absolutely safe by having the stamps registered; and it means that each and every person who buys even one stamp of only twenty-five cents value, is a shareholder in Uncle Sam's great company. This works for better citizenship and acts also as a stabilizer of labor.

The Thrift Organization functions through all possible avenues of approach—the home, which is the basic unit in society; the church, the club, the labor union, and the schools.

When we realize that in New York in one year, over 80 per cent of those who died left no estate whatever; that more than one million people in the United States are never three days from the bread lines; that there are 1,250,000 dependent wage earners in this country because they could not, or would not, save during their working days; and that the support of these people costs $220,000,000 a year, it seems as if it was high time that some thought and action were put on making a success of *the business of living!*

Against the above arguments, we have these possibilities: If one of the Pilgrim Fathers had invested $100 at 4 per cent compound-interest, it would now amount to over $13,000,000. Money drawing interest at 4 per cent compounded semi-annually, doubles in seventeen and one-half years, quadruples in thirty-five years and grows eightfold in fifty-two and one-half years.

If Columbus had invested in a United States War Savings Certificate, it would now be worth $2,000,000,000 to him.

Here in New Hampshire, we have many citizens of prominence who have substantiated their approval of the 1919 Thrift Movement by becoming members of the Limit Club. That means that they have purchased as many War Saving Certificates as the Government will allow them to hold,—a total valuation of $1000. Among them are Huntley N. Spaulding of Rochester; Allen Hollis of Concord; Charles B. Henry, Miss Katherine S. Henry, and Miss Katherine E. K. Henry of Lincoln; Dr. H. A. Cheney of Campton; Henry Clow, Isaac Sakansky, the H. H. Wood Company, Charles Pitman, and Arthur D. O'Shea of Laconia; the Amoskeag Textile Club and the Fireman's Relief Association of Manchester; both the National and the Savings Banks of Pittsfield.

Governor Bartlett and the members of both his staff and council have been generous purchasers also.

It looks as if the people of New Hampshire were beginning to realize that the practise of peace-time thrift in America is the only safe basis for building up individual success and national strength. A nation rises or falls with the practises of the individuals composing it. Carlyle years ago wrote the first theory on which we must act if we are to rise out of the present state of chaos and disaster: "Produce! Produce! Were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a product, produce it in God's name! 'Tis the utmost thou hast in thee; out with it then!" And to this we most add the more recent but equally urgent words of S. W. Straus: "Thrift finds concrete expression in savings. Through thrift and thrift alone can the rebuilding come—the rebuilding of America—the rebuilding of the world."

EDITORIAL

The State of New Hampshire made a very interesting and informing exhibit at the Eastern States Exposition in Springfield, Mass., this fall, and afterwards transferred as much of it as possible to our own fine fair at Rochester. In both places it attracted much attention and amply justified the comparatively small cost in money which it represented. That it was possible to do so much, especially in these times, with so limited an appropriation, was due to the great amount of hard work, intelligently directed, which was put into it by various state officials, who had the cordial coöperation of such private interests as were called upon for assistance. Within necessarily restricted space limits, a remarkably comprehensive and coördinated display of New Hampshire life was made; and the industries, the resources, the attractions and the progress of our Granite State, were strikingly and yet truthfully illustrated. Thus was secured for New Hampshire a large amount of profitable and creditable publicity; and from the number of inquiries made of those in charge of the exhibit, especially at Springfield, it was evident that real interest had been awakened in the possibilities of pleasure and profit inherent in life in our state. But all the benefit to New Hampshire from this exhibit will not take the form of increased immigration for all the year or summer time only residence; nor will its chief value, perhaps, come from the new markets which it may develop for New Hampshire products. Of equal importance, at least, will be the increased appreciation by New Hampshire people themselves of what New Hampshire is and can be, as well as of what she has been. It is to be regretted that all of the people in our state could not have seen the entire exhibit which New Hampshire made at Springfield. It would have educated us and encouraged us; and there can be no more important factors in the future progress of our state than knowledge by her own people of her possibilities and courage on their part to undertake their development and utilization. Such has been the success of New Hampshire's participation in the Eastern States Exposition that it is likely to be continued in 1920 on a larger and more inclusive scale. It is to be hoped that this may be done. It is possible that it may be desirable for our state to send exhibits to other fairs without the state and to take a greater part in the fairs within the state. Both would be good advertising. And equally good, in our opinion, would be the location, somewhere at the state capital, of a permanent exhibit of New Hampshire products, as skilfully and attractively arranged as that which we sent to Springfield and so designed and situated as to be capable of such expansion as would keep step with state progress. Meanwhile, those of us who attended this year's Merrimack County fair at Contoocook and rejoiced in its success, as that of a genuine "farmers' fair," were inspired by it, in connection with other signs and portents of the times, to believe that the new era in New Hampshire agriculture not only has dawned, but has risen to a point of clear visibility above the horizon. The farmers and their wives, and, especially, their boys and girls, whom one met at this fair, and at others in the state; the automobiles in which they came to the fair; the stock and the farm and orchard and garden products which they showed at the fair, all gave evidence sufficient to convince any court that the verdict upon New Hampshire agriculture today must be in every respect a favorable one.

BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

THE CAREER OF LEONARD WOOD. By Joseph Hamblen Sears. With frontispiece portrait. Pp. 273. Cloth, $1.50. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This up-to-date, thoroughly appreciative and highly interesting sketch of one of the principal figures in our national life today records the fact that its subject was born in Winchester, N. H., October 9, 1860, and was transferred at the age of three months to Massachusetts. That is all the attention which the present biographer of General Leonard Wood gives to the place of his nativity, but in view of the method and plan of the book nothing more could be expected. Mr. Sears touches only the high spots of General Wood's life and activities, but he illuminates those spots so well that in the end we feel that we have been given an excellent bird's eye view of a great career; and we are not disposed to cavil in the least at the omission of a mass of detail, which will be interesting enough in some future, more extended biography, but is not necessary to the success of what this present author has undertaken.

Mr. Sears shows us General Wood as "administrator, organizer, patriot, statesman, soldier and American." We see him a medical student at Harvard; a contract surgeon with the American army on the border, seeking eagerly for active service as an Indian fighter and finding it in overflowing measure; the personal physician of Presidents Cleveland and McKinley; the Colonel of the Rough Riders; the man who cleaned up, civilized and made prosperous, first the city of Santiago, and then the whole of Cuba; the man who pacified the Philippines and made men out of Moros; the man who was the prophet of Preparedness and preached it day and night through a nation-wide wilderness of indifference, doubt and denial; the man finally who did his duty as a soldier in the recent war and in the doing proved anew his ability as an organizer, administrator and executive, even while he was suffering in silence under as cruel a blow as ever was dealt to the professional pride, proved merit and worthy aspirations of a great leader.

Mr. Sears says of his book that it is "a frank attempt to express, as at least one person sees it, the character, the accomplishments and the service rendered by one man to his country throughout a life which seems to have been singularly sturdy, honest, normal and consistent, and which, therefore, is an example to his countrymen that may in these somewhat hectic times well be considered and perhaps even emulated."

ALL THE BROTHERS WERE VALIANT. By Ben Ames Williams. Pp., 204. Cloth, $1.50. New York: The Macmillan Company.

THE SEA BRIDE. By Ben Ames Williams. Pp., 305. Cloth, $1.75. New York: The Macmillan Company.

In the long and honorable roll of Dartmouth College alumni there are not to be found many names of famous writers of fiction. Richard B. Kimball, of the class of 1834, wrote the best sellers of his day, but they were forgotten even before their author's life was ended. He was a native of Plainfield, N. H., though most of his life was spent in New York City. Gordon Hall Gerould, born in Goffstown, graduated from Hanover in 1899, and for some time a teacher of English in Princeton University, writes some of our best short stories, yet is fated to be known, principally, not as their author, but as the husband of another writer, Katherine Fullerton.

But within the past few years a

Dartmouth alumnus of the class of 1910 has been attracting the attention of the critics and the favor of the people. Ben Ames Williams, born in Macon, Miss., came a good ways to school in the New Hampshire back country, and his stories are the best evidence that his thirty years of life have covered a wide range of country and of experience. He writes of all sorts of men and women, under all sorts of conditions, in all sorts of places, and no one, reading, can doubt that he knows that of which he writes. He is not a finished craftsman yet, but he has within himself the spirit and the fire and the raw material out of which—who knows?—the long-awaited "great American novel" some day may be created.

His two books now at hand are stories of the sea, the strenuous, tumultuous, soul-stirring sea of other days when ships were of wood and sailors of steel, instead of the other way about. It is a great compliment, justly paid, to Mr. Williams, to say that he reminds one immediately and constantly of Jack London; but there is no imitation in his work. Cap'n Noll Wing, who took the Sea Bride upon a whaling voyage is no copy of London's "Sea Wolf." If anything, the living author's type of brutal skipper is superior in its character drawing and analysis and not inferior in strength and verisimilitude.

"The Sea Bride" is a more ambitious work than its predecessor, "All the Brothers Were Valiant," but not in all respects a greater accomplishment. Each, however, is a fine tale of adventure, worthy of praise in itself and full of promise for the author's future.

OLD NEW ENGLAND DOORWAYS. By Albert G. Robinson. Illustrated. $3 net. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

There is no more delightful diversion in the world than "collecting" and the number of those who pursue it is legion. Thus its scope becomes wellnigh universal and its manifestations take a myriad forms. One of the most interesting of them all has some of its results embodied in the handsome volume titled above, in which the author publishes 67 full page prints from his unique collection of photographs of old-time New England houses and doorways. In an all too brief introductory chapter he writes of early architecture in this corner of the Colonies, explains the whys and the wherefores of the different types of doorways and initiates us into the delight of searching for them. "Salem is probably the most widely known and best advertised field for hunters of Old New England doorways," he tells us, "but Portsmouth is quite inclined to regard itself as, at least, a rival claimant for the honor of presenting the most and the best." And he himself chooses no less than seven doorways in our city by the sea for picturing in his beautiful pages. Mr. Robinson's hunting grounds seem to have been along the coast and in the lower Connecticut Valley. Farther up that valley, in both Vermont and New Hampshire, and in some of the older inland towns of the latter state we have seen doorways preserved in fine old houses in every way worthy of being included in even the choicest section of his collection. And doubtless he will deem one of his purposes of publication achieved if many are aroused to rivalry in the pictured preservation of this variety of the charms of old New England.

ROSEMARY GREENAWAY. By Joslyn Gray. Illustrated. Pp. 255. Cloth, $1.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This year's story for girls by Miss Joslyn Gray of Hinsdale, now an established favorite as a writer for juveniles, with an assured and eager clientele, is Rosemary Greenaway. Like all of Miss Gray's books, it tells

an interesting story with clearly defined characters and a "lesson" in it, not too much insisted upon, but inescapable nevertheless. By a variation from a familiar formula, Rosemary has a stepfather, instead of the usual stepmother, whom she does not appreciate until the end of the tale; in fact why she did not like him, and what he did for her, and hers, and how she came to know about it, make up the story. As is very fitting for a New Hampshire author, Miss Gray introduces an Old Home Day celebration as the setting for the final curtain of her pleasant play.

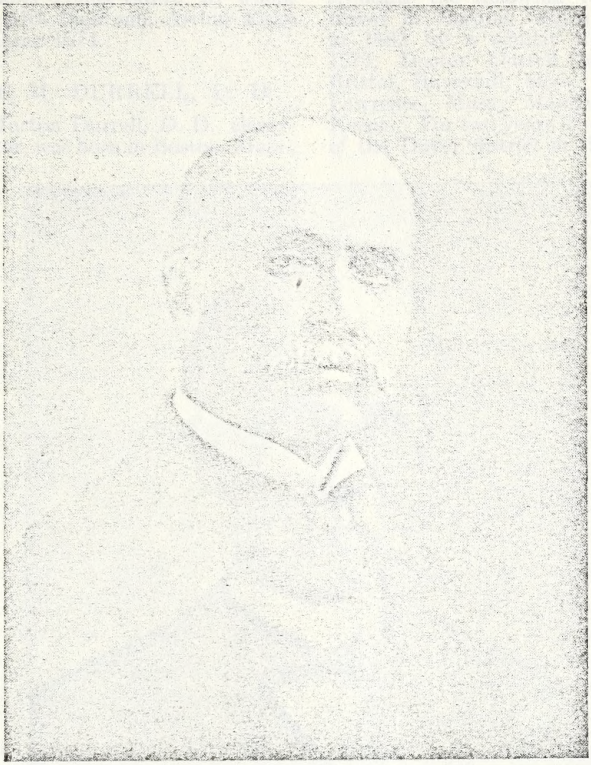
MOOSILAUKE

By Elizabeth T. McGaw

Serene, majestic—Moosilauke, thou stand'st,
A lofty sentinel at the approach
To that fair land, that beauteous wide expanse
Of meadow, stream, and rising mountain peak;
The summer home of Nature's sweetest smiles,
The winter place of ice and chilling wind—
That region, called by those who know it well
And love it far beyond the power to speak
Its hidden meaning in their simple lives,
Those, who with pride and deepest joy can claim
Their home among its hills—The "North Country."
To the returning traveller, as he wends
His northward way, and seeks with eager gaze
Remembered hills and yet far distant peaks,
Thou seem'st the familiar guardian of the place;
And seeing thee and knowing that once more
He stands in his own land, he blesses thee.

Woodsville, N. H.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY



The late Hon. A. F. Howard

Alfred Franklin Howard, one of the best known and most influential men in the business and political circles of New Hampshire, died at his home on Middle street, in Portsmouth, late in the afternoon of September 24. He was born in Marlow, February 16, 1842, the son of Erwin and Philinda (Simmons) Howard, and was educated at Marlow Academy and the New Hampshire Conference Seminary at Tilton. He then studied law at Newport with Hon. W. H. H. Allen and Hon. Shepard L. Bowers and was admitted to the bar, September 6, 1868. For the practice of his profession he located at Portsmouth, where he has since resided.

He was city solicitor, 1869–1871; deputy collector of United States customs, 1870–1871, and collector for 12 years; police commissioner for 12 years; and delegate to the state constitutional conventions of 1876, 1902 and 1918. A Republican in politics, he did not seek preferment for himself, but took a sincere and potent interest in the policies and candidates of his party.

When the Granite State Fire Insurance Company was formed in 1885, Mr. Howard became its secretary and one of its directors and served in those positions until his death, rendering service whose value was seen in the growth of the company's business through the years and its present splendid standing. He was also a director of the New Hampshire National Bank of Portsmouth, a trustee of the Portsmouth Trust and Guarantee Company and Piscataqua Savings Bank, a director of the Portsmouth Fire Association and Piscataqua Fire Insurance Company, and a trustee of the New Hampshire Historical Society.

His ability as a business man was of a high order and had won wide recognition. In his death, city and state lost one of their most valuable citizens.

Mr. Howard was a member of the Warwick Club at Portsmouth and of the Masonic

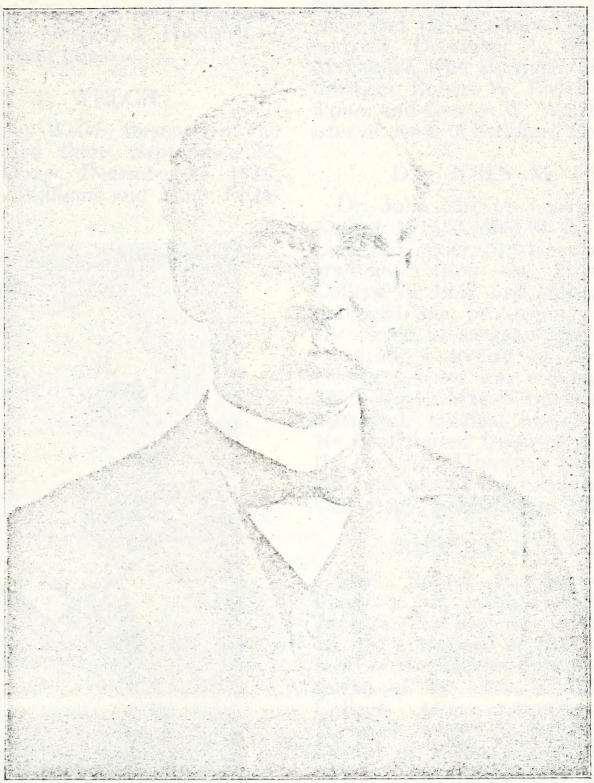


bodies of that city, St. Andrew's Lodge, Washington Chapter and De Witt Clinton Commandery.

He married, October, 1869, Eliza Fiske of Marlow, who died in August, 1877; and in April, 1880, Mabel Young Smith, by whom he is survived, with their son, Arthur Fiske Howard, born June 1874.

REV. JESSE M. DURRELL, D. D.

Rev. Jesse Murton Durrell, D. D., clergyman and educator, was born in Boston, Mass., June 26, 1843, the son of William Henry and Sarah (Averill) Durrell, and died at Tilton, October 8. He was a descendant of Philip Durrell, who emigrated from the island of Guernsey and settled in the Piscataqua region previous to 1679, and of his son, Major Benjamin Durrell of Revolutionary fame. He attended the Eliot School and Boston Latin School and studied and practiced dentistry for a few years. He then felt a call to the ministry and, giving up his business, entered Tilton Seminary, graduating in 1869 and studied at the Boston University School of Theology, graduating in 1873. While at Tilton he preached as supply for the Methodist churches in Tilton and Rumney, and while a student in Boston for the Allen Street Church in New Bedford, Mass. He was ordained deacon in 1871 and elder in 1873, spending the following year in study and travel in Europe, which he supplemented in 1882 by a similar trip. Beginning in 1874, Doctor Durrell held pastorates in Bristol, Haverhill, Mass., Rochester, Dover, Lawrence, Mass., Manchester, Nashua and Keene. For two years he was superintendent of the Dover district of the New Hampshire



The late Rev. Jesse M. Durrell, D. D.

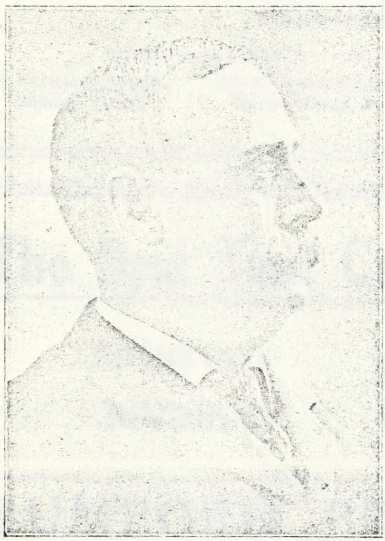
Methodist conference. For four years he was president of Tilton Seminary, of which since 1905 he had been field agent. In 1918 he started to raise a fund of $150,000 for the institution and in the end went $30,000 above that total. Doctor Durrell was a 32nd degree Mason and grand chaplain of the Grand Commandery and Grand Council. He also belonged to the Society of the Colonial Wars. He was a Republican in politics, but never had held public office, except upon the Nashua School Board during his pastorate in that city. July 23, 1878, he married Irene Sarah Clark of Plymouth, who died November 9, 1914.

PROF. JOHN V. HAZEN

John Vose Hazen, Woodman professor of engineering and graphics at Dartmouth College and second in seniority on its faculty, died at his home in Hanover, October 2. He was born at Ralston, Mass., November 22, 1850, and graduated from the Chandler Scientific School at Dartmouth in 1875, with the degree of B. S., receiving that of C. E. from the Thayer School the following year. Two years later his connection with the faculty began. Professor Hazen was a member of the Sigma Chi Fraternity and of the American Society of Civil Engineers and other professional bodies. In 1881, Professor Hazen married Miss Harriett A. Hurlbutt of Hanover, who survives him.

JOHN T. WELCH

Hon. John Tapley Welch, treasurer of the city of Dover, died there, September 22. He was born in Dover, December 15, 1856, the son of Joseph Williams and Mary Elizabeth (Tapley) Welch. He was educated in the public schools and at Dartmouth College and for a number of years was engaged in journalism in the West and at Dover. A Republican in politics, he was an active worker for party success and for many years a member of the state committee. Among the public offices which he held were clerk of the Dover police court, member of the school board, trustee of the public library, register of probate of Strafford county, member of the House of Representatives, State Senator, chief time clerk in the government printing office at Washington, postmaster of Dover from 1898 to 1915 and city treasurer from the latter date until his death. Mr. Welch was a member of the Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Red Men, Sons of the American Revolution, New Hampshire Historical Society, New Hampshire Genealogical Society and the Bellamy Club of Dover. He married, December 1, 1884, Elizabeth A. McDaniel, who survived him, with his two brothers, Robert W. Welch of the *New York Times* and George W. Welch of Dover, register of deeds of Strafford County.



The late Hon. John T. Welch

DR. JOHN M. CURRIER

Dr. John McNab Currier, born in Bath, August 4, 1832, died at the home of his son, Linn P. Currier, in Claremont, July 14. He graduated from the Dartmouth Medical College in 1858 and during his active life practised his profession at Newport, Vt. He served as surgeon-general on the staff of Governor Converse of Vermont, 1872–74. Doctor Currier was a Knight Templar and 32nd degree Mason and a member of many historical, medical and scientific societies. He contributed frequently in past years to the GRANITE MONTHLY and other magazines and was one of the compilers of the Currier Genealogy, published in 1910.

ROBERT H. FLETCHER

Prof. Robert Huntington Fletcher was buried in the village cemetery at Hanover June 28. He was born in Hanover, February 18, 1875, the son of Prof. Robert Fletcher, head of the Thayer School, and was valedictorian of the class of 1896 in Dartmouth College. After graduation he studied at Harvard, where he received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in 1901, and abroad under a travelling fellowship from Harvard. After his return to this country he was professor of English Literature in Washington University, St. Louis, Butler College, Indianapolis, and Grinnell (Iowa) College, being located at the last named institution when his health first gave way in 1915. He had written and edited a number of works in the field of English literature.

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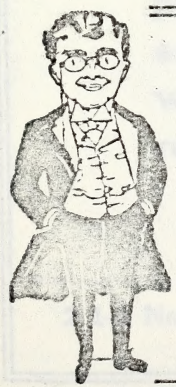
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GRANITE MONTHLY

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE MAGAZINE

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The Granite Monthly

Volume 51

January to December, 1919, inclusive

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Volume 51 DECEMBER, 1919 Number 12

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GENERAL LEONARD WOOD
Born at Winchester, New Hampshire, October 9, 1860

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. LI DECEMBER, 1919 No. 12

SURRY ANNIVERSARY

1769–1919

By Frank B. Kingsbury and Mrs. James E. Harvey

Surry, one of the smallest towns in Cheshire County, celebrated the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of the town in connection with the usual observance of Old Home Day, August 20, 1919. Surry has always observed Old Home Day since the movement was first inaugurated by Governor Rollins twenty years ago, until last year, when so many demands for war work were made that it was decided to pass it by, and to doubly celebrate the following year, which would be the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary.

At the town meeting in March, a sum of money was raised to defray expenses, and at the annual meeting of the Old Home Day Association the following officers and committees were chosen to make arrangements and carry out the affair:

President, George A. Hall; vice-president, Hollis W. Harvey; secretary, Mrs. Harrie E. Scripture; treasurer, Sidney J. Wilder; executive committee, Sidney J. Wilder, George B. Conley, Harrie E. Scripture; program committee, Mrs. James E. Harvey, Mrs. J. Vinton Stillings, Samuel Ball; decorating committee, George W. Ray, Miss Lois M. Ball, Arthur D. Britton; reception committee, Mrs. Sidney J. Wilder, Mrs. Hiram F. Newell, Miss Kate H. Porter. Mr. Frank B. Kingsbury, who is at present engaged in writing the history of Surry, was chosen to give a historical sketch of the town.

Later the several committees met and developed their plans for the celebration. The exercises began at the Town Hall in the forenoon at ten o'clock, with the opening of the loan exhibit in charge of the program committee. The people in town had heartily responded to the call of the committee for articles for this exhibit; and from attic and treasure closet brought forth many interesting things used in bygone days.

It would be quite impossible to give a complete list of the things on exhibition, and space will allow mention of but a few of the many interesting things that were arranged in cases and filled one side of the hall. Among them, and of more than usual interest, was the communion service and hand woven linen cloth used when the Town Hall was a church; books from the library of Rev. Perley Howe, who was the pastor for forty-five years, his diploma from Dartmouth, dated 1741, and his sermon case; china and spoons that belonged to Mrs. Howe, china and spoons that belonged to their daughter, Mrs. Jonathan Harvey, Jr.; china that has been in the Joslin family one hundred and thirty-five years; a black dress made for John Kidder Joslin by Miss Lucy Abbott when he was two years old, to wear to his grandfather's funeral; a shawl worn by Mrs. Betsey Smith; a cap worn by Mrs. Simon Baxter, Jr.; a bedspread knit by Mrs. Susan Field over

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

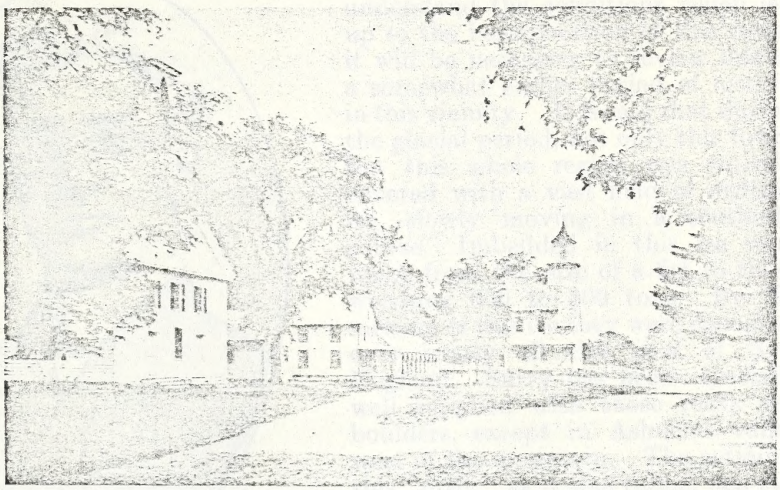
Vol. LI DECEMBER, 1919 No. 12

SURRY ANNIVERSARY

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one hundred years ago; a silk autograph quilt made by Miss Lucia Field; a coverlid spun and woven by Mrs. Vine Porter, Sr.; a quilt made by Mrs. Eliza Reed; hand woven blankets, wool spun by Mrs. George B. Britton when she was fourteen years old; a rug made by Mrs. Chandler Wilbur; the gun used by Peter Hayward, the first settler in Surry; a bass viol over two hundred and fifty years old; a corn popper two hundred and eighteen years old; the slippers worn by Nancy (Harvey) Reed when she married Capt. Asa Wilcox and wife, Bradley Britton and wife, Peter Hayward, grandson of the first Peter, and his son, Peter Baxter Hayward, and wife, Joshua D. Blake and wife, Benjamin Hills, Augustus Johnson, Eliphaz Field and wife, etc.; also an oil painting of the Joshua Fuller buildings. Another feature was a collection of old documents, among them a check-list for the year 1800, and the original deed of the Perkins' farm.

At eleven o'clock the vice-president introduced Mr. Kingsbury who gave the following historical address:



Surry Village—Looking North

Wilcox, Jr.; carved wooden bracelets worn by Mrs. Joseph Allen; a plate and some spoons that belonged to Mrs. Gaylord Wilcox; a boot-jack made by Capt. Thomas Harvey who settled in town in 1766; Dr. Samuel Thompson's book on the "Thompsonian Practice of Medicine"; the Sun Tavern sign of Dr. Philip Munro, 1799, and the ale muller used by Capt. Francis Holbrook in the bar-room of his tavern.

One feature of the exhibit was the portraits of many of the old residents and pictures of buildings now gone. Among the former were the pictures of Capt. Asa Wilcox, Jr., Hollis

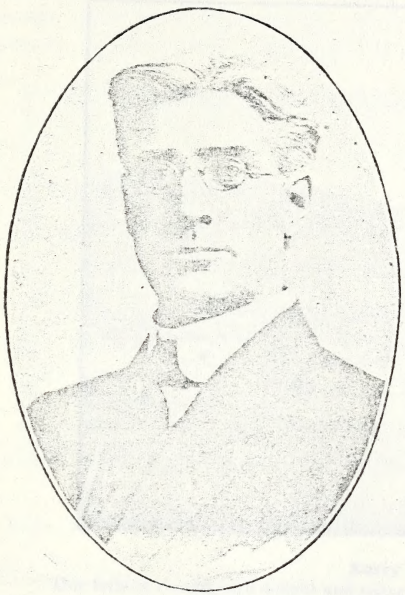
Mr. Chairman, Sons and Daughters of Surry, and Friends:

We are assembled here today under conditions of peculiar interest; under circumstances which we cherish and revere. We have met under one common bond of kinship and friendship to celebrate the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the commencement of the civil life of this town; the place of our nativity and childhood; the old home of our parents; to commemorate the deeds of valor of our forefathers and to perpetuate their memory.

By an act of the New Hampshire Legislature, Surry was incorporated

as a town on Thursday, March 9, 1769, just one hundred and fifty years ago last March, deriving its name from Surrey, a county in the southern part of England said to have been the Old Country Home of some of our pre-Surry ancestors. We have, however, been content to drop the letter "e" in spelling our town, instead of Surrey as is used in England.

This town has less territory and is from five to twenty years younger than most others in this vicinity. It



Frank B. Kingsbury
Who Delivered the Historical Address

was carved out of two older towns; Westmoreland Leg, as it was called, and that part of Gilsum west from the top of Surry Mountain.

It is our keen regret that the work of writing a history of this town could not have been taken up forty or fifty years ago, when those then living could have rendered so much valuable assistance. Some years ago Mr. F. F. Field, one of your citizens, gathered some material which has been very acceptable and used to good advantage, but it is now too late to obtain more than a few fragments of the "unwritten history," which deals directly with the very life and character of those early pioneers, and now, in only a general way can we span those years or bridge the chasm.

The honor which your committee has at this time conferred upon me should have been given to a native, or at least one who was reared in this town, neither of which I can claim. In preparing this paper, I confess I am not egotistical over the results, nor unconscious of what you may desire and your final disappointment.

In order that we may more fully understand the conditions which led up to the incorporation of this town, it will be necessary to review briefly a somewhat earlier period of history in this vicinity. It is said that during the glacial period, not only this town, but this whole region was entirely covered with a vast field of drifting ice, slowly moving in a southerly course. Imbedded in this ice were rocks from the size of a fist to those weighing 600 to 800 tons. By the melting of this ice they were deposited over nearly all this part of New England. Surry has been especially well supplied with those rocks and boulders, except in Ashuelot valley west of the mountain. The action of this "drift," as it was called, can still be found on top of Bald Hill, also on a large ledge which comes to the surface in the northwest part of the town, and doubtless in other places.

At a later period a lake several miles in length extended southward from the upper part of Surry. The land on which this village is built, also the City of Keene, was entirely submerged.

Now coming down to the race of mankind, the first people to inhabit these parts were the American Indians, found here by our forefathers during the seventeenth century.

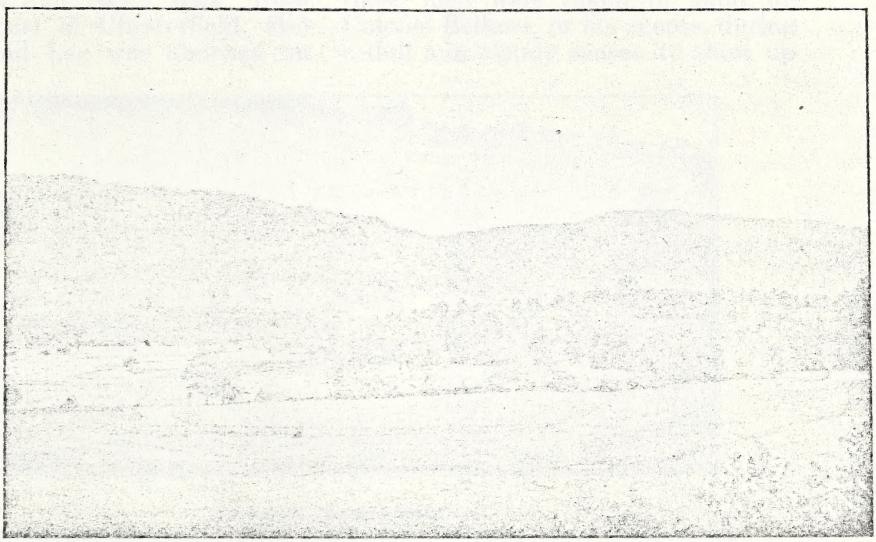
For a long term of years this part of Cheshire County was disputed territory; being claimed by both Massachusetts and New Hampshire. The former state through her charter

claimed as far north as a line running east and west from near the town of Lebanon,* while our charter placed the line between the two states, as running east and west through the north part of Chesterfield, and not until 1741 was the boundary between the two states finally established, practically where it is at the present.

Moreover, for some years prior to the final settlement of this dispute the Massachusetts authorities in order to protect certain of their frontier towns from the Indians, or feeling their claim to this land was in jeopardy, proceeded to grant several new townships in this immediate vicinity, trusting thereby, in a measure, to stay the tide.

It was the custom in laying out new townships that each should be made six miles square and to contain thirty-six square miles.

In the year 1733 surveyors from Massachusetts came up and laid out Upper Ashuelot (now Keene) and Lower Ashuelot (now Swanzey). A few years later Chesterfield was chartered as No. 1; Westmoreland as No. 2; Walpole as No. 3 and Charlestown as No. 4. All the above with other towns in this vicinity received their present names under a New Hampshire charter, at which time Benning Wentworth was governor of the state. The settlement of these towns, however, was retarded and prolonged owing to the French and Indian War which broke out in all its fury in 1744; a trouble which was not finally settled for over sixteen years.



Surry Mountain, East of the Village

Our fathers viewed with delight and contentment "the everlasting hills" and searched their cragged slopes for hidden treasures. The sag on yonder mountain has formed our Lily Pond.

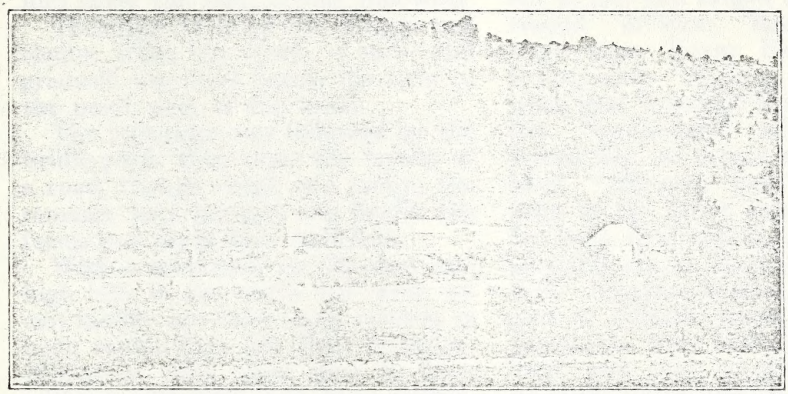
In rechartering the towns Governor Wentworth required that each should be resurveyed and the boundary lines reëstablished. It may not be very generally known, but in the light of history it would appear that the very life and existence of this town is almost wholly due to the changing of the original lines of Walpole and Westmoreland, at which time about eight square miles of some of the choicest meadow land was severed from the north side of the latter town and annexed to the south part of Walpole, in the Connecticut River Valley.

*Or, on a line from "Endicott Rock" in Lake Winnepesaukee, at The Weirs.

From what few facts can now be gathered, it appears that when Col. Benjamin Bellows or his agents were resurveying the town of Walpole they changed the original south line of that town and moved it about two miles farther down the Connecticut River into Westmoreland, thereby making his town nine miles long up and down the river; three miles wide at the north end and four wide at the south end. In order to make up for lost territory Westmoreland was given the "barron and rocky hills" from the north part of Chesterfield, also Westmoreland Leg was annexed on what is now Alstead and Gilsum were surveyed, and that extra land fell to Bayle—now Gilsum.

Owing to the topographical conditions, Westmoreland cherished no desire for this valley nor Gilsum as far as known.

In 1760 two men living in Connecticut hearing that the town of Boyle—Gilsum—lying in a wilderness in New Hampshire was for sale, sent men here to look over the land. According to history and tradition, those men were taken in hand by Colonel Bellows, or his agents, during a dull and cloudy season to show up



Samuel L. Newton Farm
Peter Hayward settled here and about 1770 built the present house, the oldest dwelling in town.

the extreme east, thereby extending the town line over Ashuelot River in what is now the south part of Surry. When the citizens of Westmoreland discovered the true conditions they were bitterly opposed to their allotment and soon after sent a petition to the governor to have its former lines reëstablished, but without avail, doubtless owing in some measure to the friendship which existed between the colonel and the governor at that time.

By extending the latter town into this valley we find a "Leg," as it was called, had been formed, thereby causing a similar tract of land farther north to be taken up by some later town. A few months afterward the land, and they traveled for a day or two in a dense forest up and down and around on Surry meadows. Finally, being convinced they had been taken over "a large tract of country," they returned to Connecticut and reported that it was a very level town, "without a stone large enough to throw at a bird." The colonel soon after purchased 18,000 acres of that "level" land in Boyle, most of which he conveyed a few months later to citizens in Connecticut, who with others became the "proprietors" of the new town. The town of Boyle was rechartered July 13, 1763, and by taking the first syllable in the surname of two of the leading proprietors, Gilbert and Sumner, we have the

coinage of a new and unique name for the new town, viz., Gil—Sum.

Westmoreland had at this time already been chartered for eleven years.

The decade from 1760 to 1770 saw a large number emigrate hither from Massachusetts and Connecticut. Those hardy pioneers found their land not all "level," but much more too hilly, rocky and mountainous for tillage, covered with a dense forest of massive trees and infested with wild beasts. The men usually came first and cleared a small plot of land and erected a rude log cabin and their families came the early spring following.

To supply food for the hungry and shelter from the storm, a saw- and gristmill was built beside the river in the north part of the town.

The foot-path was followed by the bridle-path; then came the layout of a road, though rough and rocky; the streams were bridged and finally the farms and roads were walled-in.

With a mountain on the east and high hills to the north and west, we can readily see those early settlers in both towns soon felt their isolation. Moreover, they were shut in from without and shut out from within, and scarcely a year passed after Gilsum received her charter that some mention was not made in town meeting about setting off that part of the town west of the mountain. The settlers living in what was "Westmoreland Leg" were as anxious as any for the formation of a new town in this valley.

On July 4, 1768, a petition for a separate township was signed by twenty-one citizens living in this district as follows:

Obadiah Willcox	Joseph Mack
Samuel Hall	Jonathan Pareish
Job Gleason	Peter Hayward
Joseph Spencer	William Barns—Barron
Moses D. Field	Thomas Smith
Ichabod Smith	Charles Rice
Eliphalet Darte	Nathaniel Darte
John Marvin	Jonathan Smith
Abel Allen	Jonathan Smith, Jr.
Benjamin Whitney	Woolston Brockway
Joshua Fuller	

This petition, as previously stated, was granted in the month of March following. Thomas Harvey was at that time living in town, as were probably some others, but for some reason did not sign the petition. It is doubtful if there is another town in this vicinity, incorporated during that period, which received its charter more freely and willingly by all parties interested.

It may be well to dwell for a few moments upon the layout of the land which was taken in the formation of Surry. That part taken from Westmoreland had previously been laid out in lots and ranges and was in the second division. Running northward from Keene line there were twenty-nine "10-acre meadow lots" lying near Ashuelot River. Except a few "wedge-lots" which adjoined Keene line, all others appear to have been "100-acre lots." The exact form of the latter lots has not thus far been determined, but they were probably about square, or possibly a little diamond-shaped. The major part of Gilsum taken by Surry had previously been laid out in "50-acre lots" and they were nearly square in form. One tier of 100-acre lots on top of the mountain ran the whole length of this town from north to south and there were also several of the "Gilsum-wedge-lots" which adjoined Westmoreland on the south.

The dwelling houses now occupied by George A. Hall, William H. Rollins, Edward H. Wright and Francis F. Field stand on the old Gilsum-wedge-lots, and all those now standing in Surry northward of the above are on the original, "50-acre lots."

Our Indian history is meagre and somewhat traditional. It is known, however, that a tribe of the Red Men lived near the mouth of the Ashuelot River in Hinsdale in early times; that upon their fishing and hunting expeditions they traveled up this river to its source in Washington. At a point of land seventy or eighty rods east of the village cemetery,

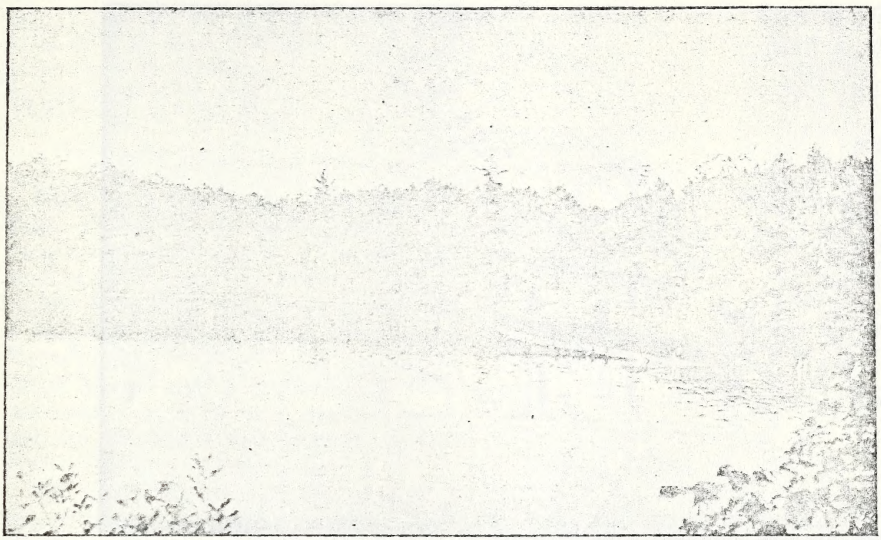
where the "plane" suddenly drops down to the river bank, is a place known prior to 1781 as "Whoppanock" and is said to have been a "camping-place" for the Indians while in this vicinity.

Early in the morning of April 23, 1746, a large band of Indians suddenly fell upon what is now Keene and after killing two people, Nathan Blake was taken prisoner to Canada.

According to Keene history his captor took a drink of water from a spring in the bank about forty rods east of Harry F. Knight's house in the north part of Keene, then passing up through this valley and over the hills to the Connecticut River.

During another murderous raid on Keene in June, 1755, they captured Benjamin Twitchell and he too passed through what is now Surry on his way to Canada. It appears that this prisoner probably spent his first night in captivity lashed to four stakes driven in the ground on the meadow land now owned by Mr. Henry L. Phillips and son in the south part of this town.

About 1775 three or four peaceable Indians in traveling through town were discovered early one morning, they having spent the night on the hay-loft in Capt. Thomas Harvey's barn; a building still in use by its owner, Edward H. Joslin. It is stated that soon after the Revolutionary War an Indian from some tribe in New York state was seen lurking around town in search for Col. Jonathan Smith, Jr., who was at that time living on the farm now occupied by M. D. Carpenter. Now the colonel having still further use for his "scalp" also lay in wait for his treacherous foe, which resulted, according to tradition, that the rascal was soon after buried near the brook a few rods north of the buildings on that farm.



The Lily Pond on Top of Surry Mountain
Covers a few acres, and from its altitude is looked upon as a natural curiosity.

In early times the bear, wolf, wildcat and deer were numerous on the mountain and hills in the edge of Alstead, and were often savage and dangerous to encounter. The bears were fond of visiting cornfields in the fall, and occasionally the farm yard in search of fresh pork.

Deacon Moses D. Field frequently feasted on fresh bear steak, and Capt. David Fuller and old Jesse Dart succeeded in killing eight one fall. One day, Henry Scovell hearing the squeal of his shote, took up the trail; the pig was released, but Mr. Scovell soon found a tree as his only place of safety, and where he was kept prisoner for several hours.

While John Thompson was living on the late Charles W. Reed farm in the edge of Alstead, his daughter, Lucy, returning from a neighbor's early one evening, was followed by a wolf, but by jumping, flapping her skirts, shrieking and nimble feet she reached her home in safety. While Benjamin Carpenter, Sr., was living on the late Stephen H. Clement farm his daughter discovered and shot a wildcat from off the barn. About sixty-five years ago William Kingsbury, the old fox hunter, shot a large Canadian lynx while hunting on Surry Mountain.

Venison was quite a common food for the early inhabitants, but protected by law, as in recent years. Wild pigeons were numerous as late as 1845, flocks could be heard when in flight several seconds before being seen, and now as far as is known not one remains in the United States—a most regrettable fact.

The men who fought for liberty and justice during the struggle of '76, we all respect, yes, we honor those old heroes. Of the exceptionally large number of men who served from this town "in the days that tried men's souls," I feel we may justly be proud.



Edward H. Joslin House

Capt. Thomas Harvey settled here in 1766 and built this house about the time of the Revolutionary War—said to have been the second two-story house erected in Surry; that it was built for a tavern, but never used as such.

From the records it appears this town did her full share in that struggle, and held an honor which some towns cannot claim; every man signed the Association Test. They were as follows:

Woolston Brockway	John Marvin
Joshua Darte	Delevan Delance
Samuel Smith	Abel Allen
Nathan Hayward	Eliphalet Darte
Jonathan Carpenter	Ebenezer Daniels
Jonathan Smith	Moses D. Field
Abia Crane	Obadiah Wilcox, Jr.
Jonathan Smith, Jr.	Thomas Redding
Samuel McCurdy	Trusty Chapins
John McCurdy	Job Gleason
William Hayward	Job Gleason, Jr.
Joseph Whitney	Abner Skinner
Joshua Darte, Jr.	Aaron Chapin



Nathaniel Darte
Thomas Smith
Peter Hayward
Ichabod Smith
Obadiah Wilcox
Thomas Darte
Joshua Fuller
William Barron
Moses Ware
Hiram Chapin
Cornelius Smith
Thomas Harvey
Joshua Fuller, Jr.
Nathan Carpenter
Benjamin Carpenter
Charles Rice
Total, 42

The above test was taken by Obadiah Wilcox, Thomas Harvey and Thomas Darte, selectmen of Surry, on May 31, 1776.

A "war census" of Surry was taken on "Sept. y^e^ 13, a.d. 1775" with results as follows:

Males under 16	59
Males from 16 years old to 50	37
Males above 50 years old	8
Persons gone to the army	7
All females	104
Total	215

Now for a few facts: The population of Surry in 1910, your last census, was 213 people. The population in 1775 was 215 people. Nearly eighty men from this town served for a longer or shorter period during the Revolutionary War. No complete list of all the men who served has thus far been compiled, nor perhaps ever will be, as the State Papers do not give a full and complete list.

We have compiled to the present a list of over one hundred soldiers who lived in Surry, prior to, during or after the Revolutionary War, together with a few men living elsewhere, but whose services were credited to this town.

The following is that list:

Adams, Peter
" Thomas
Allen, Abel
" Daniel
Barron, William
" William, Jr.
Baxter, Simon, Jr.
Benton, Abijah
" Adoniram
" Elijah
Bonney, Jacob
Bundy, Elias
Carey, Arthur
Carpenter, Benjamin
" Benjamin, Jr.
Carpenter, David
" Jonathan
" Nathan
" Stephen
Chapin, Hiram
" Justus
" Sewall
Church, Joshua
Cole, Ebenezer
Conant, Roger
Crane, Abiah
Dart, Eliphalet
" Jesse
" Joshua
" Josiah
" Justus
Dart, Nathaniel
" Roger
" Thomas
" Thomas, Jr.
" Thomas, 3rd
Dassance, Jesse
Delance, Delevan
Dodge, Thomas
Durant, Joshua
Field, Moses D.
" Thomas
Fitzgerald, Michael
Foster, Joseph
Fowler, Joshua Cheever
Fuller, Joshua
" Joshua, Jr.
" David
" Levi
" Samuel
Gilman, Anthony
Gleason, Job
Hall, Samuel
Hancock, Levi
Harvey, Thomas
Hayward, Nathan
" Peter
" Sylvester
" William
Heaton, Jonathan
Hill, John
" Moses
Hills, Benjamin
Holmes, Lemuel
Isham, Benjamin
Kilburn, Joel
King, John
Knight, Elijah
Liscomb, Samuel
Mack, Nathan
Marvin, Giles
McCurdy, John
" Samuel
Nourse, Daniel
Page, Lemuel
Perry, Silas
Reed, David
Russell, William
Rice, Charles
Ritter, William
Robinson, Jonathan
Silsby, Samuel
Skinner, Abner
Smeed, Darius
Smith, Ichabod
" Jonathan
" Jonathan, Jr.
" Samuel
" Thomas
Spencer, Joseph
Still, John
Streeter, Zebulon
Watts, John
Wetherbee, Abijah
Wheelock, Phinehas
Whitcomb, Enoch
Whitney, Benjamin
" Joseph
Wilcox, Asa
" John
" Obadiah
Willard, Josiah
Willey, Barnabas
Wright, Moses
" Oliver

Joshua Fuller, Jr., killed at the battle of Bennington, Aug. 16, 1777, was the only man from this town, so far as known, who was killed in battle.

A few men from this town enlisted in the War of 1812, but none so far as known saw any service, except guard duty.

About eighteen or twenty men enlisted from Surry in the Civil War, and so far as known, all have been "mustered out" except one—the father of the speaker.

During that war ten or twelve men were drafted, but all hired substitutes.

There were eight or more young men connected with this town who served in the recent World War—some of whom enlisted from other places: Maj. Ralph H. Keller, Clarence E. Perkins. Frank C. Britton, Lewis A. Durant, Capt. Lee C. Stil-

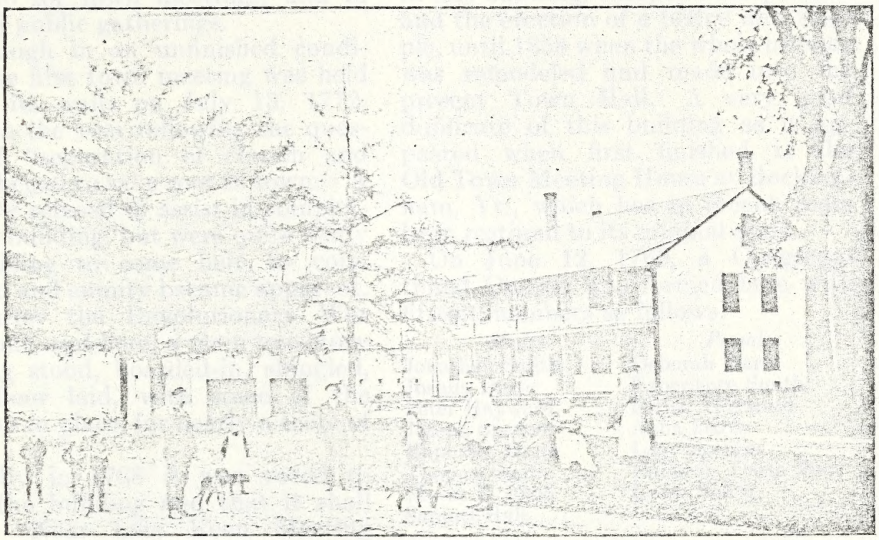
lings, Robert M. Crain, William N. Durant and Lewis E. Jackson.

The four former men were engaged in active service "overseas."

Now taking up the town as it appeared in 1769 and during a few years which immediately followed. A road had already been laid out up through this valley, farms established and probably fifteen or twenty log cabins and dwelling houses erected, and there were two burying yards—the Lower and the Upper. Nothing else whatever marked this village, except the latter burying yard and the periodical farm buildings. John Marvin, Sr., lived on or near where George B. Britton now lives. His farm extended from the fence by Francis F. Field's house, northward to near the "Joslin road." On the east side of the road and directly opposite Mr. Marvin's farm was the home farm of Jonathan Smith, Sr., who lived in a dwelling which stood then, or at a later date, in the garden-lot about seventy-five feet south of Samuel Ball's present house. Mr. Smith was "innholder" here as early as 1773 and this was the first tavern in town of which we find any record. Here were held several of the early proprietors' meetings, and also the first "town meeting of Surry," on April 10, 1769, at which time Peter Hayward was moderator and Obadiah Wilcox, Sr., was chosen town clerk.

The third town meeting was held at Mr. Smith's house on October 4, 1769, when it was voted to "Build a House Sufficient to hold all public meetings in and for a Schoole House" and to build said house 22 feet long, 18 feet wide and to place it "on the East Side of the highway against the Buring Yard Bars." We, therefore, can fix the location of the first public building in Surry as having stood about four rods north of Mrs. Hattie R. Emmons' new cottage house. It may be said without apology—the village grew around the Upper burying yard.

The new building, however, soon proved inadequate, from the action taken in a town meeting held December 13, 1770, when it was voted to build a meetinghouse 45 by 35 feet and 20 foot posts. This was the first



The Village Hotel
Built by Capt. Jonathan Robinson, who opened a tavern here in 1793. Destroyed by fire in 1907.

action taken toward the erection of this building in which we are here met.

They immediately set about gathering timber, boards, shingle, glass, etc., and at a subsequent town meeting it was voted to enlarge the building "if the timber would permit." Thomas Harvey, Peter Hayward and Jonathan Smith were chosen the "building committee." At this period each man was taxed according to his property for the erection and maintenance of the meetinghouse, which was used not only for religious purposes, but also for town meetings, and in fact, all public gatherings.

Although in an unfinished condition, the first town meeting was held within its walls on July 13, 1772. Early in the year following the question of "separation of church and state" began to take root in town. A very few refused to assist in completing the building, but were quite ready and willing to come here to vote. Discord and enmity became apparent, soon after the Revolutionary War broke out, and here, a plain two-story building stood, boarded-in, shingled, under-floor laid, with some of the windows in place, for nearly a score of years.

Finally in 1788 it was voted to finish the building and that it shall be as "Near Like Keen Meeting House as the Bigness of said house will admit." A porch was built at each end of the building and at a town meeting May 23, 1792, it was voted to "accept the Porches as they now stand and to raise money to finish the same." This meetinghouse, after an elapse of over twenty-one years was now practically finished. The auditorium was entered by three doors; one through a porch at either end and one in the south side still in use. The gallery, which was entered by a flight of stairs in the east porch, extended around three sides of the room. There were thirty-five box pews on the ground floor and eighteen in the gallery, not including the singers' seats. The pulpit on the north side and in center of the room was reached by a flight of eight or ten steps, back of which was a window with a circular top. Suspended by a rod from the ceiling was a bell shape, octagonal sounding board about four feet in diameter, and below and in front of the pulpit were the "deacon's seats." There was also a large conical shape wooden chandelier in which were many wooden candlesticks all of which were raised and lowered by a rope to light and refill.

No very marked change took place in this building, except in the porches and the erection of a belfry and steeple, until 1858 when the whole interior was remodeled and made into the present Town Hall. A very good duplicate of this building as it appeared when first finished is the Old Town Meeting House at Rockingham, Vt., which has in recent years been restored to its original state.

On June 12, 1769, a Congregational Church was formed here with fifteen members as follows:

Males	*Females*
Jonathan Smith	Deborah Darte
Joshua Darte	Experience Smith
Peter Hayward	Esther Hayward
Joseph Spencer	Anna Darte
Eliphalet Darte	Lucy Spencer
Thomas Smith	Deborah Darte 2nd
Moses D. Field	Lydia Smith
Samuel Hall	

Religious services were held in town from 1769 and until 1773 by ministers from adjoining towns.

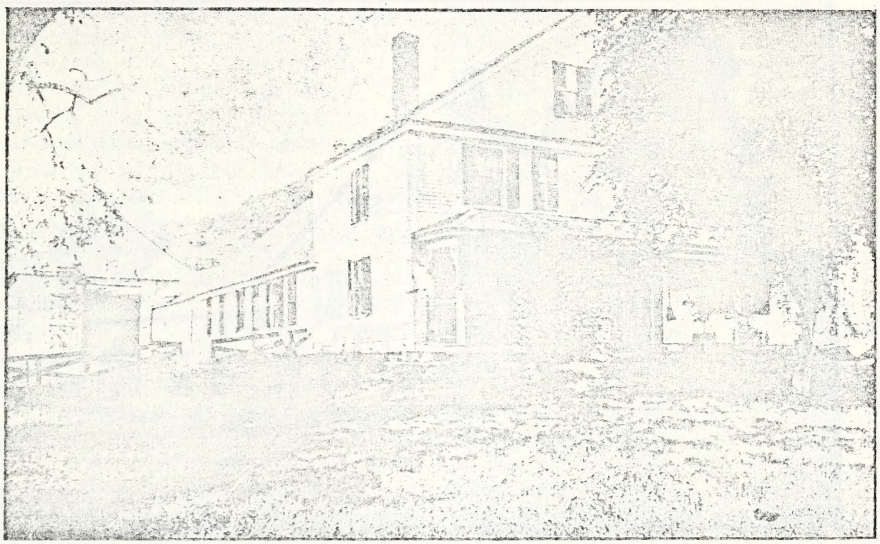
Rev. James Treadway came here as early as the summer of 1773, and as far as known, was the first to live in town. He was followed by Rev. George Gilmore and Rev. David Goodell. Rev. David Darling was ordained and settled over this church as its "first pastor," on January 18, 1781. In 1794 Rev. Perley Howe became pastor and remained for a period of over forty years; he is buried in the village cemetery.

There were six school districts in town one hundred and ten years ago, namely: the North, Middle, South, Southwest, West and Northwest, at

which time there were five schoolhouses. Pupils from Westmoreland and Walpole attended the Southwest school, while those in the Northwest district attended school in Walpole. In 1820 about one hundred and forty-five pupils between five and twenty years of age were instructed in "the little red schoolhouse" and in 1850 there were four schools with about one hundred and fifty pupils. As a comparison, there were three schools in 1918 with a total of forty-seven pupils.

sufficient force to do much damage. Capt. Francis Holbrook, innkeeper, had two barns and a shed, under which were several loaded teams, thrown down. His ox-cart standing in the yard was caught up, taken across the road and brook, where the pole was driven into the bank with such force that a yoke of cattle were required to extract it.

A thunder and hail-storm passed over this and several other towns doing much damage, on August 9,



Capt. Simon Baxter's Tavern

Capt. Simon Baxter, Jr., son of the "Tory," settled here and in 1796 opened a tavern. Later David Shaw, the County Sheriff, lived on the place—known for many years as "Shaw's Corner." Destroyed by fire 1902.

Time is too limited to give an account of many things of interest which have taken place, yet some mention of a tornado which crossed this town should not be overlooked. On Sunday afternoon, August 4, 1822, a whirlwind took up its flight on the highland in the east part of Walpole, then taking a northeasterly course, crossed the north part of Surry, part of Alstead and into the edge of Gilsum. Shade trees were twisted entirely off, stone walls laid low, several barns demolished and orchards destroyed. It seems almost impossible that a tornado could cross the narrow valley in the north part of this town with

1813. Eighty lights of glass were broken in one house in town and ninety in this old Town Hall.

Surry is so situated that two noted Turnpike roads crossed the town in the early part of the last century. It is doubtful if there is another town in the state of similar age, area and population in which so many taverns and blacksmith shops have existed. No less than fifteen of each have been established and thrived prior to 1900, but both have now become extinct.

All here assembled may be a little interested to learn something of the old landmarks, the places where our forefathers formerly lived and

points of interest about town, from what has been gleaned after several months of labor and research. I therefore invite you to take a free passage upon a speedy, old-time stage-coach. From Keene line we will go up through the valley to Alstead line, then up the Gilsum road; returning we will take in the northwest part of the town, then the west and finally the southwest section, along with a few short side trips. As a rule we will deal with people and



Captain Holbrook's Tavern

In 1796 James Kingsbury opened a tavern here, followed by Ensign Asa Wilcox. In 1811 Capt. Francis Holbrook came and built on the two-story front portion and this became a famous hostelry, known by freight teamsters from Boston to Montpelier and Burlington. The Captain usually kept an extra yoke of oxen to help heavy teams up the Alstead hills.

conditions as they appear prior to 1850, with modern terms to bring the same within our reach; trusting no one will feel he has been slighted, in case he is not mentioned.

Again—this journey must be swift—the mind must revert over a period of one hundred and fifty years—for a brief time, we nullify and obliterate three or four generations of mankind and even defy "Old Father Time."

We will start on the "Great road" through town, on east side of the river: Samuel L. Newton lives in the large old colonial house built about 1770 by Peter Hayward. This dwelling is 38 feet square on the ground, with a massive chimney in the center, in which there are seven old time fireplaces. Capt. Calvin Hayward opened tavern here in 1804. Near the river is the "Austin road" which runs to the top of Surry Mountain where Thomas and Robert Austin built and settled over one hundred years ago. We have no knowledge when the first bridge was built over the river, but in 1771 it was voted to build a "new bridge" near the "old one." The Lower burying yard was in use before 1768. William Hayward probably built Frank E. Ellis' house as early as 1780 at which time the front door was on the north side of the house facing the "Great road." In 1789 William's widow and son, Sarel, owned a sawmill that stood where the John H. Rogers' mill now stands. Not until 1806 was the road built through "Nigger hollow"; prior to that time the road ran just west

of George D. Gillis' house, then northward into Surry passing in the meantime an old toll gate which was hung to a large rock. The first schoolhouse in this district was built about 1796 and stood near a large rock north of Mr. Ellis' barn.

In 1772 Samuel McCurdy settled where Mr. H. L. Phillips now lives; he was succeeded by his son, John, who opened a tavern here before 1793, and a store and blacksmith shop soon after. That was the first two story dwelling built in town and stood twenty-five or thirty feet west of the present house, near where the road ran at that time. Edmund Woodward lived here for many years. On the north side of the Wilbur road, nearly one-half mile west of the above place, is the site of the Hayward loghouse where old Dinah Armstrong lived prior to her death. "Dinah's Rock" has been named for her.

In 1762 William Barron, Sr., settled where Mr. Jasper N. Keller now lives. In April, 1775, Mr. Barron was at work building a wall on the west side of the road opposite his house when the "Paul Revere" of Surry, bearing a red flag and spreading the alarm of the Concord fight rode past. Mr. Barron upon hearing of that dastardly act immediately unyoked his oxen and started early the next morning with the Keene company for the seat of action. In the lot north of this place is where Willard Smith formerly lived; the house was taken down and rebuilt in the village about 1841—now the house of F. F. Field.

On the west side of the road near the foot of the hill below "Dinah's Rock" was where Benjamin Whitney's blacksmith shop stood in 1772, and the first shop, so far as known, in town. About 1800, a house was standing on the west side of the road about midway between the late Cyrus Kingsbury house and the small trout pond.

The "Bachelder Farm," so-called, was where Rev. David Darling lived in 1781. Dr. Philip Monroe purchased the farm a few years later and in 1799 opened a tavern here. This was his home till death and at the funeral it became necessary to remove the door-casing in order to remove the coffin from his house, owing to its great size. Josiah Kingsbury lived here for nearly thirty years, prior to 1866. On June 6, 1915, a fire destroyed all the buildings on this farm. April 22, 1760, Charles Rice settled on the farm recently owned by Hiram F. Newell and in 1773 he sold to Col. Jonathan Smith, Jr., who opened a tavern here in 1800. The old house stood in front of the present dwelling and quite near the road. On the east side of the road near the foot of Sand Hill was a house where David Stone lived in his old age and where he died; this house has been gone for over sixty years.

About 1835 Elijah Norris lived at the "Cones"; his blacksmith shop stood in the corner of the lot above the house and near the highway.

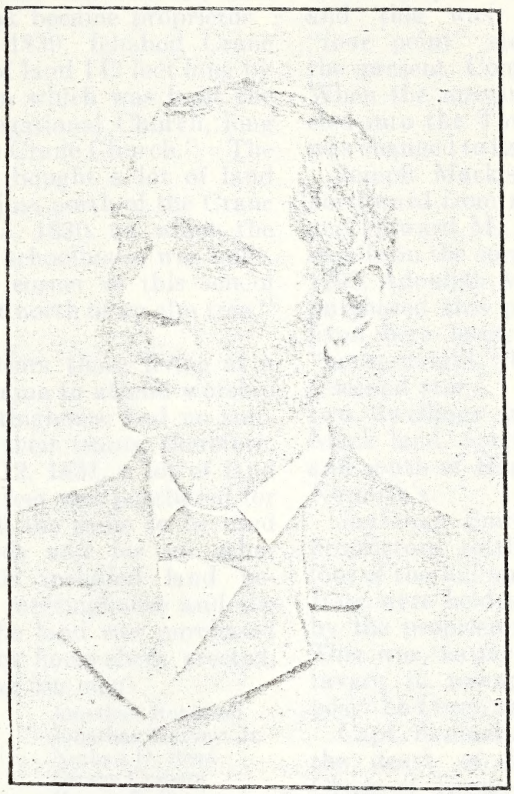
Sylvanus Hayward was living on the John W. Conley farm in 1784. All the buildings here were destroyed by fire in 1878. Where the widow Carter now lives was formerly the Capt. Almond Stevens store and stood in the village. Mr. Oscar B. Dean's place was owned by Joshua Dart in 1781 at which time a "mansion house and barn" was standing on this farm.

Frederick Reed, son of General James Reed of Fitzwilliam, lived here, then Maj. Nathan Hayward, the pound-keeper, and his "cow-yard" was used as the town pound for some years. About fourteen rods above this set of buildings is the old town line between Westmoreland Leg and Gilsum, now marked by a stone wall running westerly from the road.

Woolston Brockway, one of the proprietors, settled before 1768 where George A. Hall now lives. Formerly a "pent road" ran easterly from near this house to a house near the foot of the mountain where John Still lived about 1770. The old whipping-post—where justice was dealt out on the naked back—stood by the road

as you enter the lane to late Lewis F. Blake's house. Nathaniel Darte settled at the latter place as early as 1766. It is said the first road laid out up this valley left the present highway near Dinah's Rock, then taking a northwesterly course, passing near the foot of Bear Den Hill, then lives was formerly part of the Jonathan Smith, Sr., original farm. Otis Daggett lived here and had his blacksmith shop just north of the house. In 1838 Samuel Robinson sold the farm to Amos Adams.

Otis Daggett later lived on the old John Marvin farm where George B.



Mason A. Carpenter

A great-grandson of Jedediah Carpenter, who came to Surry during the Revolutionary War and settled on "Carpenter Hill," where Mason A. was born. During the past 40 years he has served the town as Constable, Justice of Peace, Moderator, Selectman, Treasurer, State Representative and a member of the Constitutional Convention.

passing this house, and finally entered the village street not far from George B. Britton's house.

Where Edward H. Wright lives was the northwest part of Woolston Brockway's home farm and which he sold in 1783 to his "loving son," John, at which time there was "a mansion house" standing on the same. The farm where the widow Martin now Britton now lives and had his shop in the yard. Cushman Smith lived on the Britton place in 1802 and opened a store here in 1806. Not long after he became involved in financial difficulty and soon after left town. The present parsonage was the home of John May in 1822.

Joseph and Hannah Allen were living on the late Otis W. Kingsbury's

place before 1850. Jonathan Robinson, Sr., settled on the village hotel property about 1791 and opened a tavern here in 1793. It is supposed he built the first house here about that time, and which stood with some additions, until 1907, when destroyed by fire. Mr. Robinson was succeeded in business by his son Samuel, then Elijah Holbrook became proprietor.

On July 5, 1839, Ichabod Crane bought a plot of land 142 feet long by 70 feet deep on which was built the present Congregational Church, long known as "The Crane Church." The town of Surry bought a lot of land 40 feet square just north of the Crane Church, May 5, 1830, on which the present village schoolhouse was built. The southeast corner of this school lot was "30 feet north of an elm tree," still standing.

For many years those living at a distance who came to attend worship in the old meetinghouse had no suitable place for their teams, therefore, on November 12, 1831, a lot of land 18½ feet by 90 feet was purchased for the sum of $10 the same to be used for "horse-sheds and for no other purpose." This included land between the old meetinghouse and the school lot. The land was purchased and the present horse-sheds erected, by the following ten men:

Eliphaz Field	Jonathan Robinson
Eliphalet Dort	Jonathan Harvey, Jr.
Peter Hayward	Nathan D. Reed
George Wilcox	George Crehore
Hollis Wilcox	Horace B. Shaw

It appears an effort was made on "June y^e^ 28, 1797," for the erection of suitable horse-stalls, under certain specified conditions, on a lot, "10 feet back from the fence and 138 feet to the south of the burying yard," but no action appears to have taken place. This was before carriages were in use in the town.

A word in addition to what has already been given in regard to the present Town Hall. The bell was presented to the town by Dr. John Thompson, a native of Surry and dedicated July 4, 1836, at which time Jonathan Robinson, Jr., delivered an address. The belfry not being completed for this occasion, a frame was erected on the "common" on which the bell was hung. The belfry was constructed by extending the old "east porch" several feet above the ridge-pole of the meetinghouse and this was surmounted by a "four point" steeple, the same as the present Congregational Church. When the meetinghouse was remodeled into the Town Hall, the steeple was changed to its present appearance.

Joseph Mack's farm in 1766 ran northward from near the Joslin road, and Edward M. Britton's house now stands on the corner of that land. In 1792, Adonijah Marvin, a shoemaker, purchased this place. Samuel Allen lived here later; Ichabod Ballou, a "house-wright," before 1840, built on a second story. Formerly there were two dwellings which stood on the Mack land, north of the Joslin road and south of Harvey brook near Mr. Nesmith's.

Jonathan Smith, Sr., one of the proprietors, settled in 1763 near the foot of the hill on Samuel Ball's farm. Here were held many meetings, both by the proprietors and by the town. This was, as far as known, the first tavern in town; near by a "Sine-post" had been set up as early as 1770.

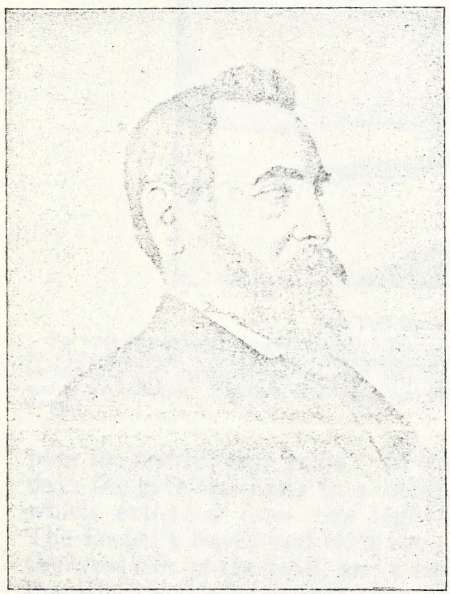
Capt. Samuel Allen lived here after the death of his father. Stephen Chase of Keene owned this farm in 1828, and in 1845 Levi Durrell came here and in 1857, he built the present house. It is probable the original Smith dwelling was built of logs and stood on or near the site of the second house, which was removed by Mr. Durrell. The second building stood in Mr. Ball's garden south of his house and was a low medium-size, frame dwelling, standing side to the road with the front door in the center.

The present Crosby house is said to have been the old schoolhouse in the village. Phinehas Wheelock, a shoemaker, was living here in 1835,

being followed by George Brown and family, and the widow Converse.

Abel Allen settled where Frank E. Nesmith now lives about 1762 and was one of the proprietors. Thomas Humphrey, an old salt sea captain, opened a tavern here in 1827. In the second story of the ell part of this house can still be seen the old tavern "dance hall," whose walls vibrated from the old time fiddle, or to the "do's and ra's," of the "singing school."

This hall formerly ran north and south and stood cornering onto the southeast part of the house. Across the yard south of the house was a long driveway, open at the north and south ends, through which stage teams could pass. A fire nearly destroyed this house about 1848.



Dr. William H. Porter

Born in Morristown, Vt., May 10, 1830; died Jan. 2, 1894. He settled in Surry soon after his marriage in 1854 and here during the remainder of his life attended to the physical wants of the people, as well as serving as Town Clerk 24 years, Town Treasurer 10 years, Representative to the Legislature 1868-69 and Postmaster over 16 years.

In 1852 Rachel Allen, the widow of Phinehas, lived and died where Miss Kate H. Porter now lives. Soon after that date, Harry D. Randall, a shoemaker, came here. He moved, built on and changed the buildings as they have remained to the present. The old Allen house stood side to the road and is the ell part of the present dwelling. Dr. W. H. Porter lived and died here.

Rev. Perley Howe built the James E. Harvey house about 1835. Jonathan Harvey, Jr., lived here many years. Joshua Fuller, Sr., settled about 1765 on the Hollis W. Harvey place. In 1783 he sold to his son, Levi, who opened a tavern in the old house in 1811, and a store a year later which stood across the field north of the house, by the corner of the wall. A small dwelling formerly stood east of the Harvey house where the ice house now stands. Justus Chapin lived here in 1777; Elijah Norris, the blacksmith, in 1821. His shop stood in the bank south of his house and near the road.

Elijah Fuller was living in 1814 on Myron H. Porter's farm. John Johnson lived here and lost his house by fire in 1870. Another of those old time taverns is where George Malcolm now lives. Jonathan Harvey, Sr., kept "open house" here in 1817, and Isaiah Robbins in 1830. Willard Marsfield lived and died here in 1855—very suddenly, while in his barn.

The house where James V. Stillings now lives, is said to have been built for a tavern, at which time the road ran near the west end of this house, then north through the field, passing on the east side of the house on the "Holly farm" then up the hill and entered the present highway near Mr. Green's house. Rev. Joseph Allen and George Blake were here before 1850. Mr. Lamminen now lives on the old Dort farm. Obadiah Wilcox, the first town clerk, settled about 1764 on the "Holly farm"; this old homestead has ever since remained in the Wilcox family. Mr. Nason's place was owned by Gaylord Wilcox at the time of his death in 1815. Asa Wilcox, Jr.,, purchased this property

soon after, at which time there was a dwelling, and a malt-house for making cider-brandy. The latter stood by an excellent spring just north of the present buildings. Levi Brooks came here in 1828 and owned this place until his death.

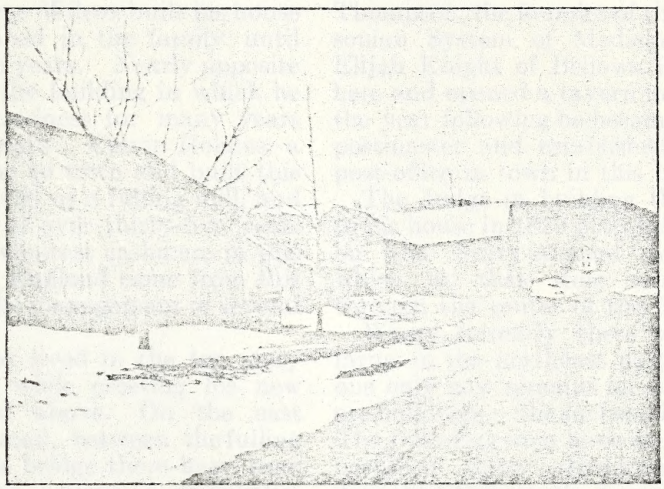
The famous old toll-gate of the Cheshire Turnpike road is now marked by a few rocks and a sag in the ground—nearly obliterated and fast passing into oblivion. Here toll was extracted from both the rich and poor for nearly forty years. In those days the gate was hung in a building which extended over the highway. The keeper's house and barn were on the west side of the road, and a store, shoe-shop and wheelwright shop were opposite, on the east side.

Moses D. Field settled on the Allen L. Green farm about 1766. In 1809 a tavern was opened here by his son, Isaac Field. Jonathan Robinson, Sr. and Jr., lived here later. The old buildings were all destroyed by fire in 1900.

In 1812 Asa Wilcox, Jr., purchased land and built buildings on the Kampe place. Dr. Jonathan E. Davis and Sumner and Daniel Wilder were here in later years.

Samuel Sawyer, a goldsmith from Alstead, was living at the time of his death in 1812 on the Widow Perkins' farm. John Haile, the father of the Hon. William Haile, governor of New Hampshire, 1857–58, came here in 1824.

Lewis L. Cotton was living 1848 on Newton Reed's farm and he moved and made repairs on the buildings. Several rods northeast of Mr. Reed's buildings is where a house stood until about 1855. Aaron Chapin or his sons probably built here about 1771, at which time they erected a saw- and gristmill where Mr. H. N. Scripture's mill now stands. The present mill is at least the third, if not the fourth mill on this site and fifteen or twenty men have at various times conducted business at this stand. The North schoolhouse was erected as early as 1795; it stood very near the present building until 1853, when it was sold and moved to the village and is now the west end of Mason A. Carpenter's dwelling house.



The Toll-Gate Building—Looking North

For over 35 years prior to 1844 Cheshire Turnpike was a toll road and toll-gates were placed every 20 miles, or so, along the route. Nearly two miles north of Surry Village was this house, built and used for a toll-gate. The building formerly extended over the road where the gate was hung, and at one time there was a store in the east end of the building. Until about 25 years ago the above house was used as a dwelling, but has since been torn down.

Capt. Simon Baxter, Jr., son of Simon of Alstead, the "tory," lived at "Shaw's Corner" and opened a tavern here in 1796. Later, Esq. David Shaw, the county sheriff, who could arrest a man for a debt of $5, lived and died here. This house and barn was destroyed by fire November 9, 1902.

Not far from one hundred years ago a Mr. Butler was living in a house on the west side of the road opposite the Large Rock, formerly called "Butler's Rock," although in more recent years, "Ascutney boulder." In 1831 George Wilcox built his house which remained in the family until within fifteen years. Nearly opposite his house is the building in which he carried on business for many years as a wheelwright. Calvin Holmes, a clothier, came to town and built this building in 1791 as a fulling mill, and for a period of over thirty-five years some of the choicest cashmere in this part of New England came from this mill, under the management of several proprietors.

Mr. Wilcox lived in the top story of this mill while erecting his new house, noted above. On the east side of the road, between the fulling mill* and the bridge there have been four dwelling houses, a malthouse and brick blacksmith shop, but all have disappeared, save one, the old home of the late C. Wharton Wilcox. In 1799 Asa Wilcox, Sr., erected a malthouse on the bank of the brook below the bridge. To supply power to grind the malt he built a dam across the brook and put in a waterwheel, but the project was a failure.

Eliza Hatch, a five-year old child of James Hatch, who lived near this pond, went out one Sunday morning in 1830 to its edge to pick some raspberries when she accidentally fell in and was drowned, and when found, was still clutching the cup in her hand.

Capt. Francis Holbrook's tavern is now owned by Mr. M. C. Lewis. In 1796 James Kingsbury opened tavern here; being succeeded by Ensign Asa Wilcox and his son, Asa, Jr. Capt. Francis Holbrook came here in 1811 and owing to his business ability and social qualities he did an excellent business for many years. Samuel Hills was living in 1822 on the Charles H. Hodskins place and carried on the tanning business. A girl living here many years ago, while picking chips in the dooryard, discovered a young wildcat.

The late Charles W. Reed place was the old home farm of John Thompson and his son, Dr. Samuel Thompson, the founder of the Thompsonian System of Medicine. Judge Elijah Knight of Bellows Falls came here and opened a tavern in 1820 and the year following he became the first postmaster and established the first post-office in town in this house.

The Judge in building the upright to his house in 1820 placed it squarely on the Surry-Alstead town line, which at that time ran directly through the center of the front door.

Where formerly there were eight farms in the northeast part of Surry, one only now remains on which there are buildings,—the Jackson Reed farm. The following men have at some time occupied those abandoned places: Jonathan Harvey, Sr., Lemuel Holmes, John Cannon, John Dustin, a descendant of Hannah Dustin of Indian fame, David Reed, Jr., James Kingsbury, Jonathan Robinson, Jr., Nathan D. Reed, Asa Wilcox, Sr., and "Bill" Baxter, the tory.

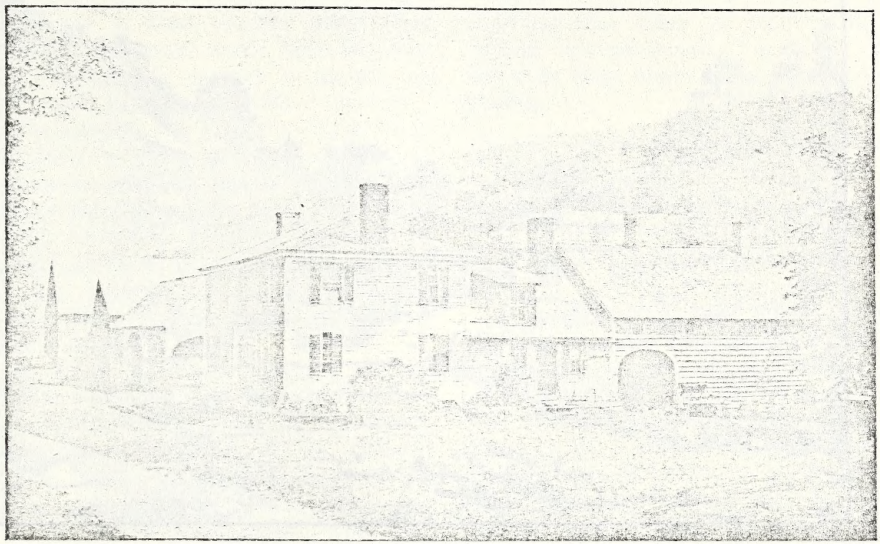
In the northwest section of the town there were ten or eleven farms in former days, but none have been occupied for over thirty years, except possibly by a few wood choppers. Some of those who have lived in that section were: Henry Scovell, Zebulon, Jesse, Daniel and Willard Streeter, Elkanah Hixon, Delevan Delance, John Marvin and the Perkins family, Sylvester Smith, Benjamin and Timothy Isham, Charles, Warren, Aaron, Jedediah, Ezra and William Carpenter.

* This mill was removed in September, 1919.

In taking in the west part of the town, the first dwelling on the Joslin road, where Mr. Wilkins of Keene now lives, was owned in 1815 by Samuel Hawes, a shoemaker. Stephen and Mary Withington and B. Franklin Horton have also lived here. At the top of the first long steep hill were two houses, occupied a little over one hundred years ago by the Harvey brothers.

Asahel, an excellent penman and town clerk for many years, lived on the south side of the road. His saw- and gristmills stood down the hill a few rods from his house. Jonathan Harvey, Sr., settled on the opposite side of the road. George Joslin lived here many years and finally lost his barns by fire.

Capt. Thomas Harvey settled on the Edward H. Joslin farm in 1766. His first dwelling was a cabin, without a floor, except "mother earth," and which stood across the road south of the present house. The captain built the present house, "the second two-story building" erected in town, at which time he expected to open a tavern here. It is a well established fact that 3,000 Revolutionary soldiers marched over the Joslin road in August, 1777, on their way to the battle of Bennington. The West schoolhouse which stood a few years, prior to 1811, was on the north side of the road, west of Mr. Joslin's house and near the cross road. At the corner of these two roads is a field, long known as the "Whackle lot." John Stiles was living here in 1805 and had a good house and barn and a "hop-yard." David Stone came here about that year. The buildings have all been gone for over seventy years.



The Charles W. Reed Farm

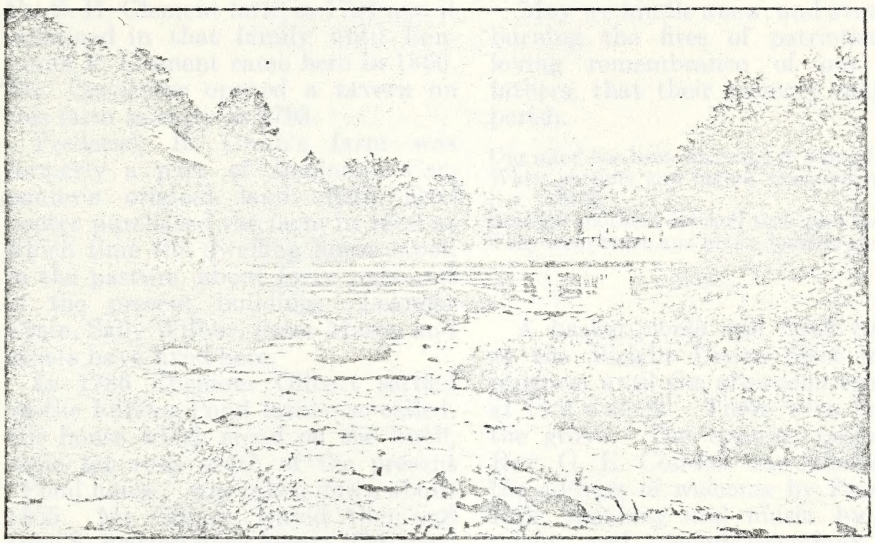
Dr. Samuel Thompson, founder of the Thompsonian System of Medicine, was born here in 1769. Formerly the house stood over the town line a few rods in the edge of Alstead. Judge Elijah Knight came here in 1819, built on the present two-story front portion and opened a tavern the year following. In 1821 he became the first Postmaster in town and established a Post-Office in his house.

David Cushing lived at the foot of the hill near Harvey brook in 1854, in a house built by Dea. Ichabod Ballou in 1821 or 1822. Philip Thomas of Rindge settled where Everett E. Wilbur has lived for over forty years. North of this set of buildings is a large tract of pasture and wood land known as the "Hartwell lot." It is an old, but well

founded tradition, that men were at work reaping rye on this lot on August 16, 1777, and that they could distinctly hear the boom of the cannons at the battle of Bennington.

Where Alonzo F. Wilbur has lived for many years was an old time tavern, being on the line of a turnpike which ran from Keene to Walpole, and as early as 1835 this was called the "half-way house." Joshua Cheever Fowler came here prior to 1800. Jonas Pollard who built the "Pollard road" lived here and opened a tavern in 1825. Southwesterly from Mr. Wilbur's there were formerly six farms within this town, but all have been vacated and the buildings removed for over a score of years. The following have occupied those various places in former years: Levi Hancock, Freeman Wilbur, Tyler Bissell, Ebenezer Crane, Jr., Daniel Allen, Chauncey M. Kenney, Philip Thomas Jr., Daniel W. Aldrich, Daniel Abbott, Charles B. Hall and William Wright who lived on the town farm before 1850. The first schoolhouse erected in the Southwest district stood on the north side of the East Westmoreland road, fifty rods or so westerly from the junction of the roads, north of the cemetery.

Otis Hancock died in 1792, and so far as known was the first to be buried in the Southwest cemetery. The second schoolhouse in this district stood northerly of Walter H. Britton's barn, near the pasture wall, and on the line of the old stage road. A fire destroyed this house December 9, 1835.



Scripture's Mill, built 1880

The first saw- and gristmill erected in the township was built here by Aaron Chapin & Sons in 1771. Was known for many years as Baxter's Mill.

The third schoolhouse in this district was erected in 1836 in the southwest corner of the pasture, north of Mr. Britton's house. Daniel Allen, Calvin Wright, Benjamin M., and Hiram Britton have lived on W. H. Britton's place, though not all in the present house.

Where Mrs. George L. Britton now lives, was the Benjamin Merrifield farm prior to his death in 1825. This place has been in the Britton family for about ninety years.

At the foot of the long hill is where John Cole (the grandfather of Daniel R. Cole of Keene) lived; had a store

and died in 1807. Stephen Stimpson, Elijah Mason and others lived here prior to 1832.

In 1835 Mr. Mason purchased of Royal Watkins the farm which has since been in the hands of that family.

On the Wilbur road, east of the last mentioned farm, was where Hercules Hayward settled as early as 1799. Moses Wright, Amasa, Barney, Chandler Wilbur and others have lived here prior to 1860.

Benjamin Carpenter, Sr., purchased the S. H. Clement farm in 1784 and it remained in that family until Benjamin F. Clement came here in 1866. Mr. Carpenter opened a tavern on this farm as early as 1793.

Frederick R. Crain's farm was formerly a part of Benjamin Carpenter's original land. Seth Carpenter purchased the farm in 1830 at which time the dwelling house stood in the pasture, about forty rods east of the present buildings. Leander Crain, Sally Wilbur, Peter Mason and others have lived here.

In 1786 Ebenezer Gilbert settled on the Luman Pond farm—so-called. His house which stood on the knoll, some ten rods south of the present "Pond house," was taken down about 1855. Mr. Gilbert, David Allen and John S. Britton lived here. This road was known as the "Gilbert road" in early times, then as the "Pond road," and quite recently as "Cottage street."

Benjamin M. Britton built the present Pond house about 1831—though now in a dilapidated condition—and here he lived a few years. About 1847 Luman Pond came, lived and died here. He had some odd ideas and outspoken in his opinion; one was that, "the world was flat and he knew it."

We have now been over a larger part of the town, usually stopping for only a moment at the places of interest and old landmarks. So much more might be given—so much of interest not only to the living, but to those who may follow along the path of life in the years to come—but I must refrain as the time has expired.

In 1969—fifty years hence—we trust another gathering of citizens and friends of Surry will meet to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of this town. Doubtless a few of the younger generation here will be present on that occasion, though white with the frosts of many a winter. Such a one will, with pleasure, recall this day.

May we kindle anew, and ever keep burning the fires of patriotism, in loving remembrance of our forefathers, that their memory may not perish.

Our mind has been traveling in days of old,
When patriots and heroes were zealous and bold,
And our mothers did well their part too,
They were brave and noble, humble and true.

A basket-picnic and band concert at the Wright Grove filled in the program until the afternoon exercises at two o'clock. These were held at the grove. The opening prayer by Rev. G. E. Condon was followed by the address of welcome by President Hall, speaking and music by local talent, and several selections by a male quartet from Keene. A souvenir booklet had been prepared and placed on sale at the Town Hall and the grove, which contained, in addition to a brief historical summary of the town, many interesting pictures of old homesteads and points of interest in the town.

Never before have so many old residents and friends of the town been gathered within its borders; and never before have they been made more royally welcome. The historian, the officers of the Old Home Week Association, and the various committees, all gave of their time freely, and in spite of the limited resources of a small town, they made it a day long to be remembered.

NIGHTTIME

By Frances Mary Pray

Come heah to yo' mammy now,
  Honey chile, Honey chile.
Soon de big ole Boogy Man
  Be erlong dis way.
He tak all de naughty chiles
What stays ow' doors at nighttime.
Come now, min' yo' mammy, boy,
  It's time yo' quit yo' play.

Come heah to de fiah now,
  Honey chile, Honey chile.
See de shadder folkses dar
  A-walkin' cross de wall.
Pappy'l mak som' mo' fo' yo'
If you'll come to yo' mammy, boy.
Look, dar Brer Rabbit go,
  Yo' laks him bes' of all.

Brer Duck a-comin' nex'
  Honey chile, Honey chile.
Come up heah in mammy's lap,
  Lay yo' haid back, so.
Sho: I knows yo' wide awake,
Both dose eyes a-shinin' bright.
Yo' ain' nevah tiad, boy,
  San' man mighty slow.

Lil' feet feels mighty cole,
  Honey chile, Honey chile.
Hol' 'em out an' get 'em warm
  While de red coals glow.
Cayn't yo' see dat house in dar?
Sho', I spec' it made fer yo'.
Haid's a-gettin' heavy now.
  Guess ole mammy know.

Concord, N. H.

THE SEQUEL

A Study of Three Men and a Girl

By Frances Parkinson Keyes

(Synopsis of first thirteen chapters: Helena Castle is the child of a love match between the son of an old Boston family and the daughter of a patent medicine millionaire and a chorus girl. Her father died; her mother's people lost their wealth; and her mother supported herself and her child in a small New England town by doing needlework. Harry Stone, son of the wealthiest farmer in the county, loves Helena and asks her to marry him. But she goes away to school where she meets Nancy Hutchinson, of a Boston family in a different social stratum from the Castles. Nancy's brother, Robert, becomes very devoted to Helena, but she cares no more for him than for Harry, whose graduation from the State Agricultural College she attends at the earnest desire of her mother, who would like to have her marry Harry. Then she attends Commencement Week at Harvard and is a guest of the Hutchinsons at their Beverly summer place, where she meets Roger Lorraine, famous Harvard athlete and coach, whose methods of love-making differ from those of Harry Stone and Robert Hutchinson. Her engagement to Roger is followed by a few days of perfect happiness, ended by the news brought by Harry Stone that Helena's mother is seriously ill. Mrs. Castle improves and Helena and Roger are about to be married when Mrs. Castle discovers the opposition of his parents and refuses her consent. Soon after she dies and Helena herself is prostrated for months but finally recovers.)

XIV

The first of November came on a Sunday, a day as warm and glorious as June. Mr. and Mrs. Stone and Lucy went to church, Mr. and Mrs. Stone together in the automobile, and Lucy in a gorgeous new runabout buggy, with rubber tires and much red paint. Jim Powell took her. Jim has come to live at the farm, as an extra man was needed, and he and Lucy are "keeping company." This means that after going to church and "prayer-meeting," and "buggy riding" in the evening and dancing the first dance together at all the village "balls" for five or six years, they will get married, without any real proposal or engagement. The thing will simply take place. Then they will settle down in some house very near the Stones (if they do not actually live with them) and Lucy will do her own work, washing and all, and Jim will be a sort of "hired man" to his father-in-law, just as Mr. Stone was before him. They will never go away from home, unless it is to Boston twice a year for the "best shopping"; they will never have any company for ten years or so, and then Lucy will give a "tea-party" twice a year. There will be the most loyal kind of affection between them, perhaps even a real devotion; but there will be no demonstration, and, above all, no ardor. They will get a great deal of solid contentment out of life, but very little actual happiness, and they will be no farther ahead in mind, body, or soul when they die than when they were married. Yet every year they will be putting sums of money into the bank, and buying farm implements or thoroughbred cattle with them, which spent in another way, would enable them to live in actual luxury, to travel, to give their children a good education in every sense of the word, and, above all, to find leisure to love and enjoy each other. But this will never occur to them.

I was thinking of all this, lying in my hammock under the maples, and wondering if it were not better to have all the beautiful things of life for a little while, and lose them than to maintain such a sodden existence as I foresaw for Lucy, when Harry appeared at the barn-door, waved his hand, and came rapidly towards me. He was dressed in a red flannel shirt, considerably the worse for several weeks of steady wear, turned open at a V in the neck and thus displaying a grey undershirt, faded blue overalls

and dirty boots; he had a dingy cap on the back of his head, and he was chewing tobacco, though he considerately spat that out just before he reached the hammock. He leaned over me with that kind of smile that is meant to be so cheering, and stroked my brow.

"Your head isn't a bit hot any more," he said, "you'll soon be quite yourself again."

I jerked away from him; theoretically, I was sorry for Harry, and meant to be gentle and kind to him; but every time he came near me he did or said something that filled me with such aversion that my good intentions vanished into thin air.

"Harry," I said, "I do wish you would learn not to paw me over—you know I hate it, and if you will excuse me for saying so—you're awfully—barny. Why didn't you go to church with the rest?"

"One of the best cows was sick," he said, "so I stayed to look after her. She's better now, so I thought I could come and talk to you for a little while." He looked hurt, and also a little apologetic. He was hurt because I had not welcomed him with open arms; but he was apologetic because he had been helping a sick animal on Sunday. In the eyes of the Stones, it seems to be considered more pleasing to the Lord to go to a stuffy little church, listen to a stuffy little sermon, and pray a few hypocritical prayers, than it is to relieve an animal who is sick, or water the garden if there has been a drought, or clean up the broken limbs after there has been a storm. This point of view irritated me afresh.

"It was inconsiderate of the cow to be sick on Sunday," I said, "I should think after living in this righteous Congregational family she would know better. Or is she a recent acquisition? If so you should teach her better. I do not feel a bit like talking, so, if I were you, I would go and read the Ten Commandments to that cow."

Harry blushed. "I wish you wouldn't be so sacrilegious, Helena," he said, "of course I know you don't really mean it, but sometimes you sound very irreverent."

"I don't mean to be irreverent," I replied, "did you ever read the parable Christ preached to the Pharisees about the Sabbath day?" I closed my eyes, and turned over; my hair fell over my face, and I put up my hand to push it back. As I did so, I suppose he noticed my ring; for he said, abruptly, and rather peevishly,

"What have you got that wound with string for, Helena?"

"To keep it on," I answered, "my fingers have grown so thin that it kept slipping off and Miss Houston suggested this plan. It works finely."

"I don't see what you want to keep it on for," said Harry shortly, "let it drop off, the sooner the better. Your fingers will keep on getting thin until you stop brooding and put this whole business behind you."

I sat bolt upright with anger and opened my lips to reply, but Harry held up his hand.

"You may as well listen to me now as any time," he commanded, stubbornly, "it's time some one talked a little sense to you. I don't think much of that Miss Houston anyway. I never saw a nurse around here like her, or a doctor like that cross French man. Why, she admits that she doesn't give you a particle of medicine and seems to think that by feeding you on egg-nog—with sherry in it, too!—and keeping all the windows open, and giving you a bath with alcohol in it every single day and coddling and cuddling you she's going to make you well. What you really need is some good strong dosing, and a little sound advice."

Harry paused for breath, but I did not interrupt him. I knew that what he said was true—that if he had made up his mind to talk to me, he might as well do it then as any time. He went on again almost directly.

"You've promised your mother not to marry Lorraine, and I guess you're not the kind that breaks promises; and I heard Robert Hutchinson say that he wouldn't marry you for anything, which shows that he didn't really care much for you after all. He's so clever he could easily persuade any girl into doing it if he wanted to. He said—but I won't tell you what he said. Of course he didn't mention your name, but it was plain enough who he meant. He didn't say it to me, either; he's the most close-mouthed chap! I overheard him talking to Miss Houston one night. If you want to know why I won't tell you what he said it's because I don't think it's suitable for any nice girl to hear."

"I certainly don't wish to hear anything that I wasn't intended to," I said hotly, "I'm not in the habit of eaves-dropping. But if you're trying to make me think that Robert Hutchinson ever said or even thought a coarse thing in his life, you won't succeed. If you're insinuating that he has a little red blood in his veins, I knew that long ago."

"I didn't exactly mean anything against him, Helena," said Harry apologetically, "only he was so—well, frank, it did sound queer—I never should say such things myself."

"You never would feel that way."

"Helena, if you'll excuse me, you make the strangest speeches yourself for an innocent young girl—"

"Oh Harry," I cried, "do go on, and be done with it."

"I will. What I was coming to is this: you've got three men in love with you—one of them you can't marry; one of them won't marry you. You're only eighteen years old. You've not the kind of education that fits you for any useful work, and even if you could teach, you wouldn't be strong enough for months. You haven't a relation in the world except your father's people, and I guess you wouldn't turn to them in a hurry. You haven't a dollar to your name. There's only one thing in the world that you can do."

"What is it?" I managed to ask. My sense of peacefulness and contentment was gone; and that of helplessness and lonesomeness and poverty had taken its place. Before this, I had not realized my destitute condition; and yet, it was not so much with despair as with anger that I answered him.

"Why, to marry me, of course. Listen, Helena. It's time to have done with—er—hysterics—and come down to every day life. I love you; my family loves you; we have plenty of money. You can have absolute freedom. You can fix up this old farmhouse any way you like; you can have a bathroom and steam heat and electric lights; you can have a veranda and a cement walk and a flower-garden. You can ask your swell friends here all you want to. You can have all you need to spend on clothes and things, and I'd never ask you to account for a cent of it, even if you should go as high as three hundred dollars a year. If it's that trip to Europe that you're so set on, we can go there even. Not that I'd care for it much. I'd a good deal rather see a good neat barn, and some first class cows than all the ruins and picture-galleries there are in the world. But if it'll make you feel any better, we'll go. I'll take you to all the places Lorraine would have, if you'll tell me their outlandish names; I never can remember them from one day to another."

It seemed as if I could not bear another word. But Harry did not stop.

"Of course I know you're in love with him, or think you are, and don't particularly care for me. That's all right. I can wait. I certainly have waited a good while already. I told you once before that if anything of this sort happened, I'd be thankful enough to marry you afterwards. I don't feel the same way Robert Hutchinson does. I want to marry

you on any terms; and that, of course, means your own terms." He stopped, stammered, and blushed. He was trying to finger a delicate situation with gloves, instead of taking it quietly in clean hands. "You couldn't, of course, really be my wife—yet; but it would come. Girls always love their husbands in time if the men are—considerate. In the meantime, you'd be your own mistress."

"And in the end," I blazed, fairly aflame with anger, "I should be Roger's!"

Harry turned from red to deep purple, and called my name in accents that were deep with horror. I slipped from my hammock, and for the first time, stood bolt upright on my feet.

"Harry Stone," I said, "if you ever ask me to marry you again, I will kill you. If you ever hint again at my dependency and lonesomeness, I'll leave this house. I'd go today (I don't know where, I'm sure, but *somewhere*) if it weren't for hurting your mother's feelings—she's been an angel to me, Heaven knows! I didn't realize before how—how poor I was; but I don't mind telling you that I'll—I'll beg in the streets before I'd do what you propose!"

"Helena, Helena!" cried Harry, "I only meant to be kind! Do lie down, darling, and try to be calm. I wouldn't hurt you for the world; for years and years I've loved you dearly, and only succeeded in making you hate me like this!" He tried to put me back into the hammock, and I struck him, with all my might, in the face; he caught at my hands, and I could see that, as once in June, his eyes were full of tears. "If you will let me lift you into the hammock," he said, "I give you my word of honor that I will never touch you again as long as I live!"

"No, no, no," I cried, "won't you go away? Haven't you done enough mischief for one day already?" And so, utterly cowed, Harry left me. I watched him out of sight; then, too weak to stand another instant, sank to the ground and burst into a torrent of tears so violent that it seemed as if it would never pass.

XV

"Why, my dear Lady Delight, whatever in the world is the matter with you?"

I could hardly believe my ears. "Lady Delight" was a pet name that Mr. Hutchinson had given me when I was a little girl, and that had been used by that family ever since. The next instant I had my arms around Bobby's neck, and was laughing and crying together against his old Norfolk jacket.

"Here, let me help you climb back into that hammock," he said, disentangling himself, "not that I blame you for getting out, and crying about it. It looks about as comfortable as a rack. However, as there doesn't seem to be anything else handy, I'm afraid you'll have to use it until I can send you down a good one from town."

"Oh, Robert," I said, settling myself, "I never was so glad to see anyone in all my life. Where did you come from, and how?"

"Here's a handkerchief," he said, producing a dirty piece of linen, "if that is what you're burrowing around in vain for. I've dusted the seats with it twice, but it's better than nothing. I came from Boston in my automobile. Is there anything extraordinary about that? If you will take the trouble to glance as far as the road you will perceive my trusty steed waiting there. By the way, I have brought you something pretty, straight from Paris. Mother and Nancy docked Friday, bearing much war paint, and spent the day trying to make the Customs officials believe that eight trunks, two hat boxs, five suit cases, two catch-alls and four bags contained nothing but some postage stamps and their tooth brushes. They were not successful. They sent you lots of love, and the assurance that you must come straight to them as soon as you were strong

enough to be moved; they're pretty well used up by the harsh treatment of their government, or I'm afraid at least one of them would have wanted to come with me today. I preferred to come alone, and I do hate to be obliged to use violence. Well—Mother sent you this," he ended, laughing, and shaking a lovely white silk tea-gown out of a big box, "and as there's not a soul in sight, do get into it while I go and see if the radiator's all right. I hope you'll burn that garment you have on."

"It belongs to Mrs. Stone," I said laughing, too. Then, when he came back, "Is that better, Bobby?"

"Much better. In fact if you will take your hair out of those hideous pig-tails and pile it on top of your head—like that—and fasten on this bunch of violets—like that—you will make quite a good looking girl. Now open this box of marrons-glacé, and while you devour its contents, tell me what you were grovelling in the earth and wailing for when I arrived."

I could not have told anyone else on earth, not even Roger (perhaps Roger least of all) what had just passed between Harry and me. But though I did not eat the candy while I did it, I managed to tell Robert. When I finished, breaking down completely again, he stood and swore for some minutes without taking breath.

"It's a damned shame," he said at length, "and I'm strongly tempted to lay violent hands on the bovine Harry myself! Steam heat! Three hundred a year! Platonic friendship! Drivelling idiot!"

"Oh, Robert," I said, "you're awfully profane, but you sound like the angel Gabriel himself to me!"

"Just the same," Robert said gravely, "you ought not to have slapped Harry's face. Harry's an idiot, but he's a good idiot. You're—almost too fond of that particular form of chastisement, Helena."

"I never did it before—" I began.

"My dear girl, it isn't necessary to do it literally."

"It isn't necessary to do it at all," I said contritely. "Bobby dear, if I could ever make up to you what I said that day—?"

"Will you beg Harry's pardon?"

"No," I replied promptly.

"Oh, yes, you will," he said, speaking more gravely than I had ever heard him do before, "if you think things over a little. You ought not to marry him, and Harry ought not to try to make you, but the reason is the same that would make it wrong for you to marry me—simply because you don't love either of us. It has nothing whatever to do with his being a farmer. Haven't you discovered yet all the good stuff inside that red flannel shirt of Harry's? Have you forgotten that he was the man that your mother always hoped you'd take? She had lots of good reasons for hoping so, too. Harry's as honest as daylight, and as clean as a whistle, and what's more, he's absolutely unselfish in the way he cares for you. That's a kind of love I don't believe many girls get, Helena, the kind your mother knew she'd missed, and the kind you won't get either, from—anyone else. And as far as material things go—why, he could buy and sell Roger four times over, if it comes to that! It's been the fashion, I know, lately, to laugh at 'hayseeds,' but I guess you'll find, ten years from now, that's as *out* of fashion as the dresses you're wearing now will be. You just stop and turn over in your mind some day when you haven't anything better to do, what would become of all the rest of us if the farmers should suddenly quit? For instance, to make a personal matter out of it, if Roger and I dropped out, how much difference do you suppose it would make, economically?"

"None at all, I suppose," I said, rather weakly and reluctantly.

"Right you are. But if Harry dropped out—and some more fellows like him—how long do you think Roger and I could go on living on Commonwealth Avenue? Where'd we

get our butter and our eggs and our milk? Where'd we get the grain to feed the animals that we, in turn, eat? Where'd we get our sugar, and the cotton and wool for our clothes? Farmers aren't confined to New England, you know, Lady Delight! We'd soon be starving to death in an—er—awfully unclad and chilly state! Why, bless you, if you take Roger, you'll be marrying a farmer as it is—but I'm getting ahead of my story! You went to Harry's graduation, and entertained a dinner-party making fun of it afterwards. Did you ever think of what Harry had to learn those four years at the Agricultural College before he *could* graduate? Of course not! Well, you wouldn't have found anything to laugh at in that! And you went to my graduation and had 'a gorgeous time.' But what I learned—or was supposed to learn—at college would be a pretty big joke if I tried to earn my living on the strength of it alone, let alone helping anyone else to live! But you enjoyed yourself because, as your mother said, you preferred puff-paste to doughnuts. And believe me, doughnuts stay by a darned sight better than puff-paste if you've got a hard day's work to do."

He stopped and laughed. "Don't they?" he drawled.

"Oh, yes, of course they so," I said, desperately.

"Well, will you beg Harry's pardon?"

I took a long breath, and met his eyes, "Yes," I said.

"I knew you would. Well, we'll call it quits now. This is Sunday. Thursday afternoon I shall be down again and transport you, bag and baggage, to Commonwealth Avenue. In the meantime, I should like to correct a few of Harry's extremely incorrect statements."

He settled his back comfortably against a tree and took out his pipe. "I believe," he said, "that you've passed all your examinations for Bryn Mawr? Got a scholarship, too, didn't you?"

"A second one. But—"

"And before you and Roger mutually came, saw and conquered, your plan was to divide your winter between Nancy in Boston and Eleanor in Philadelphia 'coming out' for all you were worth, go abroad with us again next summer and then enter college a year from this fall?"

"Yes," I said, "it was a very selfish plan and—"

"It was a selfish plan. But some people have such a passion for self-sacrifice that they make every one with whom they come in contact selfish. Your mother was one of those people."

"Why, Bobby, she was a saint on earth."

"She was. She was. I'd be the last to deny it, but she gave up too much—first to your father, and then to you; you all would have been not only much happier, but much better, if she hadn't."

"Don't condemn yourself too much, Helena," he said after a moment's pause, so gently that I was amazed that any man could speak in such a voice, "don't ever even think again of—of what you said the night of your mother's funeral. If you have been a 'selfish pretty little fool,' which I never would have called you, as you know perfectly well unless you had—er—slapped my face—first, you're not one any longer. You're as brave and as true and as strong a girl as there is living in this world today. And though I confess I didn't like the—the slapping, it was what I needed, perhaps. I can't speak for Harry of course; but you haven't played fast and loose with me; you've made a man of me. You haven't 'ruined Roger's career'—you've given him one, and he never would have had one without you, I can tell you that—but I'll tell you about that later. And you didn't kill your mother, she killed herself."

"Bobby," I said putting out my hand, "do you know that if *you* asked me to marry you today, I should say yes?"

"Sure I know it," he said, quite cheerfully again, "and then there'd be hell to pay, I can tell you, for Harry and I are made of almighty different clay, and as soon as you got strong enough to come to your senses, and realize that you'd married me because I comforted you, and that I'd married you for something quite different—Lord, how we'd fight! You better be thankful that I've sense enough not to ask you."

I laughed, with the tears still in my eyes.

"Now I am proposing," he said, puffing away at his pipe, "that you should carry out your plan as if nothing had happened. Cut out the parties, of course, until you feel like going to them again. But do all the rest."

"But you forget, Robert, I haven't a cent to my name. I can't afford—"

"I don't forget it; mainly, because it isn't true. You haven't been strong enough to talk business, or Father would have been down to see you before this. He's executor of your mother's will. She had about ten thousand dollars left from the wreck of your grandfather's immense fortune; that didn't go far with a family, but for you alone, it's quite a different matter. Besides, she'd managed—Lord knows how—to carry a little life insurance. You'll get another five thousand from that. I've a notion, too, that Mr. Stone wants to buy your house for Lucy; and you've got that scholarship. Of course, you've got some awfully heavy bills to pay off—doctors and nurses do cost like the deuce; but even after those are all settled, living the way you will, I think you can be pretty comfortable for the next five years."

"Comfortable!" I exclaimed, "why I feel like a multi-millionaire! This isn't much like Harry's story! But, Bobby, at the end of five years—what then?"

"At the end of five years," he said, "you will be possessed of good health, a good education and considerably more good looks than you really need. You will be twenty-three years old, and you'll have an independent income of about seven hundred dollars a year. As far as I can see, you can enter upon any career you choose. You will probably choose that of matrimony."

"With you?"

"Helena, will you please stop throwing yourself at my head? How many times have I got to tell you that I *won't have you!* No; with Roger, of course."

Robert got up, stretched himself, and came and sat down nearer the hammock.

"Listen to me, my dear Lady Delight," he said, "your mother did the wisest thing in all her wonderful life when she made you promise not to marry Roger. If you had, it would have ruined you both. First there'd have been the financial straitness, which would have been awfully hard, though you both would have made the best of it. There's been a good deal said lately about the simple life and love in a cottage and going back to nature. Some of it's good sense, and some of it's sentimental tommy-rot. It's very pleasant to see a girl who's capable and gritty enough to do her own housework, especially if she hasn't been used to it before she was married. It is very praiseworthy for a fellow to work hard enough with his hands, or his brains, or both, to pay the rent on a little flat and still not get into debt to his butcher. There's something pretty fine and wholesome about it. But there's another side to all this. It's almighty hard for a girl twenty years old to get up in the morning and cook three meals a day, and keep the house clean, and make her own clothes after she's been up all night with a colicky baby. There's some-

thing more to do for infants than sprinkle 'em with talcum powder and teach 'em to patti-cake—magazine covers to the contrary! and by the time there are three or four of them, instead of one, if their mother's still doing the household act, she's apt to be pretty nervous and faded, and perhaps a little irritable—not at all the peaceful rosy little creature that her husband wants to see smiling over the soup at him when he gets home at night. As for him, if he's any backbone, he likes the hard work, and if he really loves his wife, he loves her through everything, I guess. But it's tough on him, too, if he's worked just as hard as he can, to see his wife struggling about when she ought to be in bed because she hasn't any maid, and hesitates to call the doctor because there isn't a cent in the bank to pay him with."

"Bobby," I said in astonishment, "how did you find out all this? Every word you've said sounds sensible and—and true, and yet I never thought of any of it."

"Well, do," he said a little grimly, "it'll bear thinking of. And aside from the financial side of the question, there'd have been something worse: a lot of hard feeling, inevitable bitterness, scandal even—if Roger had broken with his family he would have done wrong—oh, I know you don't see it that way, but a mother's a mother whatever she does; and if he hadn't, you'd have felt all the time that he didn't love you quite enough—that if he'd made a greater effort to secure your rightful position for you, things might have been different. Now, five years from now the financial conditions ought to take care of themselves. You've got a little money of your own, and Roger ought to be earning at least twice as much more. You'll be able to own a little house, and hire one maid if you want her, and a trained nurse if you're sick; you'll be able to have a few pretty clothes, and get off with your husband for a little fun once in a while. Well, I believe the other side of the question will take care of itself, too. Conditions won't be ideal; I don't suppose you'll ever be angelic enough to forgive the Lorraines this extremely disagreeable episode. However, as Roger said himself, your situation is a sequel to your mother's, not a replica of it. Your mother's parents—forgive me, dear Lady Delight—were kind-hearted and affectionate, but they were ignorant and vulgar, and they splurged a good deal with some money which had been newly acquired and in a very questionable way, at that; your mother was even younger than you, badly-educated, very beautiful and very impulsive. Appearances were certainly against her. I think you must admit that the Castles had something on their side. Of course, it was unfortunate that they were not able to discover later on that they had misjudged your mother, but, believe me, it was a good deal more their loss than hers—a more stupid, bigoted, half-baked, blue-blood-dried-out-to-nothing tribe than the entire Castle family in all its branches I never hope to see! Then, when they had quarrelled with your father, they had several other children left. And as for him, he didn't half stand by your mother—why, you know yourself that his life was just one perpetual mistake.

"Now, in the first place, the Lorraines are almighty different from the Castles. I don't know them very well, for they consider mere Hutchinsons as quite beneath their notice, of course; but I know that much—They're awfully proud, and I guess it touches them in the raw to have this old story raked up in connection with their only son. Roger's all they've got in the world; he hasn't so much as an own cousin. They'll see you before long; they won't be able to help it; and they won't see you many times, Helena, before they'll realize the error of their ways. They won't come around in a mouth or a year, even; but they'll have to in time.

For even if you weren't all that you are, Roger has been so darned clever!"

Bobby met my eye, and broke into his funny grin.

"I suppose you think there's nothing to the good that I can tell you about Roger," he laughed, "but you're in love with him and I'm not, so I know more about him than you do. You've done mighty well not to interrupt me with a lot of questions, and you'll get your reward now. I don't mind telling you that though I've always liked Roger pretty well, I thought there was a good deal of the matinée idol about him. There *was*, too. But that idol's smashed for good and all. There's nothing stagey about him any longer. He had a little money of his own, and when he left you, he went up to town, settled his debts, and waited round until he got an answer to a letter he'd written to a classmate of his who owns a fruit ranch out in California, asking for a job. Meanwhile he made known his engagement, quietly, but perfectly conclusively, saying that as your mother had just died, and you were far from strong, no time had been set for the marriage, and that none would be, until he was settled in business. Finally the letter came from Jones, the fruit grower, saying that he didn't have any easy office work lying around loose for favorite sons—or words to that effect—but that if Roger wanted to come out and dig weeds for twenty-five dollars a month and his board with a chance to rise as soon as he was worth more, he might. Roger showed the letter to his father, told him he was quite convinced that Boston wasn't the place, or law the work for him, and took the next train."

"You don't mean to say that Roger is out in California—*gardening!*" I gasped.

"Exactly; wearing overalls and eating pork for dinner probably. Best thing that could have happened to him, too. There's his address; if you feel inclined to write to him, once in a while, I should."

"Bobby," I said, taking the little slip of paper, "you are a messenger of hope."

"I am a student at the Harvard Medical School," he said, "and of course, one of its shining lights. I might practise a little on you. Have you been vaccinated lately?"

"You put everything in such a different light," I said, "that I don't see how I ever was discouraged. But—five years is an eternity, and then—supposing at the end of that time things shouldn't come out as you say? Supposing I couldn't marry Roger, even then, without breaking my promise to my mother? Supposing—oh, Bobby, supposing he should die before then?"

"Supposing Hell should freeze," drawled Robert, "and the North Pole thaw out. Don't talk rubbish. But even supposing the worst *did* come to the worst, that everything you say should happen, haven't you grit and pride and common sense enough to go on just the same? Can't you find anything else on earth worth doing except getting married? Have you got to sit around in a chair and moan because you think you didn't have a square deal, when you can sit up and see that someone else gets one?" He paused, turned and looked away, then broke out, his face white, "Haven't you any memory? You had a week, didn't you, a solid week of perfect happiness? Supposing—if you're bent on supposing disagreeable things—supposing you had never even had that?"

"Bobby," I said, stretching out my arms, "come here."

"I won't come," he said savagely, "I don't want to come. I wouldn't touch you with a five-foot pole. I wanted you for years before Roger Lorraine ever set eyes on you, and I thought, like a fool, that I was going to get you, too; but I don't want you now. That is—" he stopped suddenly. "Oh, Helena!" he cried, passionately, "for Heaven's sake

don't say 'come here' like that to me again! Because, if you did, I might, and then, God help us both!"

Robert flung open the gate, and walked out to the automobile. For some time he busied himself about it examining the supply of gasoline, inflating the tires, dusting the seats, and even tooting the horn noisily several times. Then he came leisurely back again, grinning peacefully, and holding between his thumb and finger a tiny package.

"Here's one more thing I'd forgotten to give you," he said, "It occurred to me that you might grow pretty thin and I see you have, so I'm glad I bought it. It's jewelry, but I'm sure it's perfectly proper for me to give it to you just the same. I've wrapped it up in a 'pome'; you know I'm not very keen on 'pomes' as a rule, except the 'Barrack Room Ballads' and so on, but this struck me as rather suitable for you. Now I'm off; but remember I'll be down on Thursday to bear you away from here for the present."

I watched him disappear in a cloud of smelly dust, and then I opened my box. It contained a tiny guard ring of twisted gold. I undid the hideous string, and put the ring securely over my lovely jewels. Bobby was helping to keep them on, in more ways than one.

Then I read the poem—Shakespeare's immortal sonnet:

"Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments; that is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
Oh, no! it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken
It is the star to every wandering bark
Whose worth's unknown, although its height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom—
If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved."

THE WAY OF LIFE

By L. Adelaide Sherman

Sunshine and rain and sunshine,
With the light in a golden drift;
And a clean-washed dome of azure
When the clouds in the west uplift.
Rain and the clearing spaces—
Sun and a spangle of rain,
With a bow of holy promise
'Ere the sky be blue again.

Grief like a sentinel stalking,
Joy on the outpost gay;
Fear in the gloom of nighttime,
Faith in the glow of day.
Glory of life eternal,
Love in her armor bright;
Terror and death but shadows
Lost and dissolved in light.

Contoocook, N. H.

THE AMERICAN LEGION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

By Paul F. Stacy

Victory is ours!

The spirit of democracy, mothered wisely through one hundred and thirty-three years of travail, years of anxious nursing, years of proud, virile development, was thrown in the balance and the champions of might over right crumpled before it—their armies, their despicable snakes of the sea and their vicious philosophy "shot full of holes."

Hundreds, thousands of fervid addresses, with lung-testing sincerity and much waving of eloquent arms, have been delivered already on this gloriously truthful topic. They are but the beginning. Down through the ages, the test of American stamina abroad in the trench, on the sea and in the air will serve as subject matter for budding or decaying orators in every hamlet in the land, for graduation essays in the country's every school.

Very few, if any, of these speeches have come from the lips of men—or women—who served in uniform. Countless scores of valiant people served necessarily at home and it is these who, in the wholesome earnestness of their joy in seeing son, brother, or friend home again, safe and sound, forget all the work done back of the lines in the home area and generously credit every vet in olive drab, blues or greens with full responsibility for turning the tide.

I'll wager that there isn't a man who has swapped a uniform for "Cits" recently who has not been embarrassed by being called a hero; whose composure, perfect under the hell of shell-fire or in that tense moment when a periscope has been sighted, has not gone all "blooey," completely befuddled in the home town when he was fêted; hailed as the conqueror and savior of all that is dear to our land and flag, and, after having been elevated upon a dizzy pedestal, asked to deign to "tell in his own words" to the eager folks gathered below him "how it feels to be a hero."

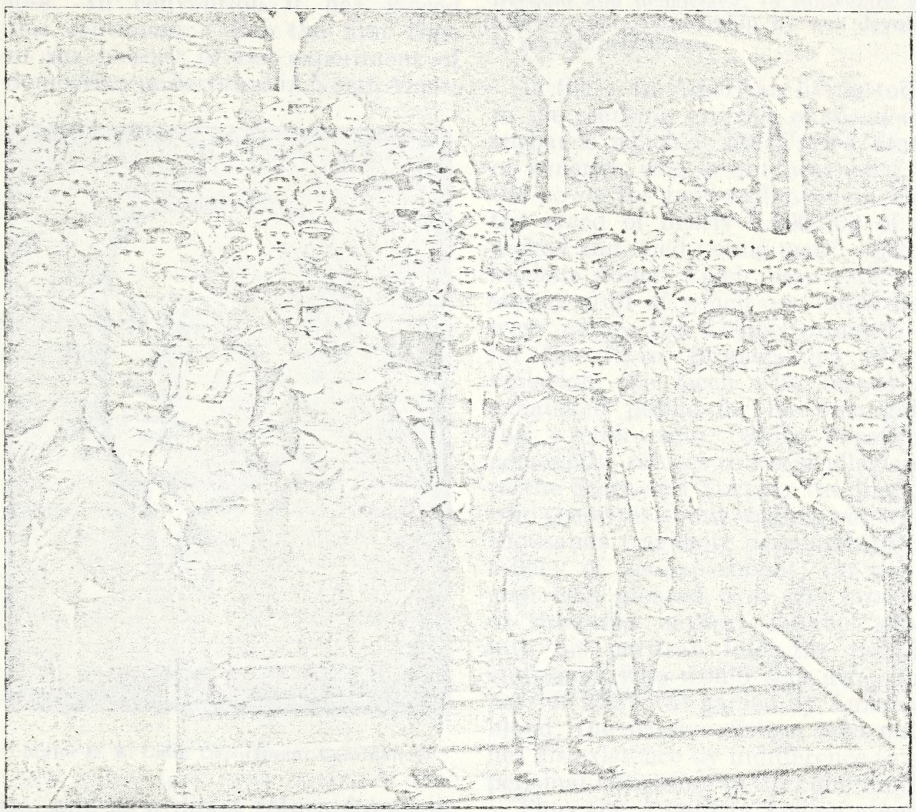
It has seemed to him, after these warm home-comings, that the job is done, that all for which he donned a uniform has been accomplished and that, at last, he is free to return to life as he lived it before April, 1917.

However, only a few weeks as a civilian have been needed to rob him of this cherished illusion. Delusion is better. He finds life far different from that of pre-war days. Rendered keen and alert by one, two, three gold stripes' worth of service, he sooner or later becomes conscious of a great unrest abroad in the land for which he risked his life, the land he is reputed with having saved. And this discovery quickly develops a curious mixture of wonder and alarm.

"Was it all worth while," he wonders, "the buddies we left over there, the suffering and horror? Let's get this straight. We licked the Boche over there all right, all right, but—, hang it all, is there or isn't there somebody trying to lick us over here? A lot of this hero talk doesn't ring true somehow. Going over to save the world for democracy, did we lose some of it somewhere on the way back? Am I seeing—or hearing—straight or are there some people in this U. S. A. who have forgotten why we did it all? Having settled up the argument overseas, must we remind some folks here what prompted our part in it? Is every element of this country putting into men the stuff that makes fighters for

an ideal? Must we remain in the ranks, facing enemies of democracy, now that we are home?"

Empty victory, indeed, Mr. Orator, were the suspicions of the returned service man borne out by facts. Hollow mockery were the rows of wooden crosses gleaming under a foreign moon in fields where poppies grow. Breed-



General Edwards and Governor Bartlett at The Weirs

ers of disbelief in everything sacred were the armless sleeves, the crutches, the sightless eyes if this be so.

Rank hypocrisy were the words from lips of orator and high school graduate if the returned soldier's fears be verified.

To nearly 5,000,000 men these same questions are occurring. From as many young, lusty throats comes the determined shout, destined to fame equal with the brave French cry, "They shall not pass!"—the shout, "It shall not die!"

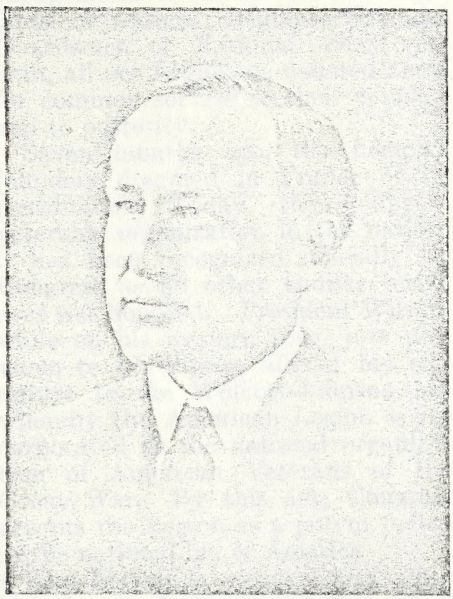
"The principle for which we fought —the democracy we defended—the freedom we gave up that we might hold it for all posterity—the flag we followed to victory—they shall not die. They shall not pass nor shall any group succeed in besmirching them—principle, democracy, freedom or flag. Our comrades sleeping their last sleep in strange fields, our maimed and blinded, our hardships, even though victory honored our arms, shall not have been in vain."

By the thousands and hundreds of thousands, these former soldiers, sailors and marines are banding themselves that their voice may have greater influence in preserving inviolate the principles for which they risked all.



Rapidly, the American Legion is growing—this organization through which a body of civilians who formerly wore the uniforms of their country intends to continue the fight in times of peace for civic righteousness and for a 100 per cent Americanism in America.

Not for a minute does the Legion count the sacrifices of its members as loss. In convention it has voiced this sentiment: "For the first time in the history of the experiment of democracy undertaken in North America, and as a direct return from our investment of life, time and money in the Great War, we have, as a living, sane, healthy fact, in a world of mad new theories and exposed old lies, the United States of America."



Major O. E. Cain, Department Commander

Rewarded in such gloriously noble manner, the Legion defies any belittling of this thing they have earned—their country.

The preamble to the Legion's constitution best denotes its purposes. It reads:

For God and Country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a 100 per cent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.

Is there an American living today in the seething crucible of social disturbance which is the United States of America who is not heartened by the power for good embraced in this, the creed of nearly 5,000,000 of its picked and tried young men? Like a nucleus about which may rally the sturdy stuff of which our forefathers were made, the Legion promises ill for the Slavic propagandist of red violation; the leech who bleeds an exhausted public for his own gain; the wretch who, while benefiting personally, refuses to swear allegiance to the Stars and Stripes; the jingoist who theorizes about waging war while thousands tragically demonstrate the fallacy of his experiment; the politician who gloated over the prospect of directing several million sheep into his partisan fold; the pseudo-statesmen who would sign away any part of what was gained by American blood; the passive citizen who nullifies his existence by indifference to his personal obligation to the community.

Thus the American Legion stands, a bulwark of hope for the future. It is an organization exclusively of men and women veterans of the World War. Only those soldiers, sailors, marines or women who were regularly enlisted or commissioned in the army, navy or marine corps and who served between April 6, 1917, and November 11, 1918, are eligible.

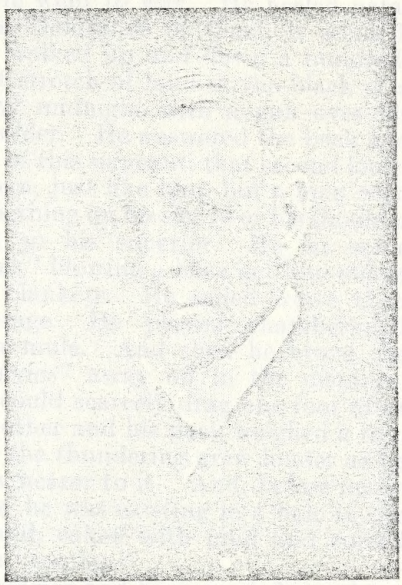
Its principles surmount beyond measure partisanship or politics. Composed largely of men who were civilians before the war and who again are civilians, it is wholly civilian in

nature without desire to be military or militaristic. Distinctions of rank sink into the background, every man—whether colonel or buck private in 1917–1918,—standing on his own feet, the equal of his comrade and with as great a voice in the function of his post. The chap who was so unfortunate as not to be able to serve overseas, being left on Armistice Day in a training camp in this country, is as much a member of the Legion as the veteran of all the major engagements or sea service in foreign lands or waters. Regular, National Guardsmen or National Army veteran, all are Legioners, enlisted anew for common service to their country and to posterity.

Seven months ago, the Legion's founders dreamed in France of its possibilities. Today, the youngest veterans' organization in the nation, it has been recognized officially by Congress as no other similar outfit ever was honored. President Wilson, while on his western tour, just previous to his illness, affixed his signature to the Wolcott-Johnson bill whereby the American Legion is incorporated as the national organization of American Veterans of the Great War. By this act, Congress accepts the Legion as a potent factor in the national life of America.

The Legion is composed of state branches and these are made up of local posts. Of the latter, there are 6,000 today, scattered through every state, territory, and island possession of the country.

The high purposes of the Legion are not confined to its leaders. Into every hamlet from which at least fifteen men went into service, there is going this leaven of vitalized Americanism. Show me a town or city where there is a Legion post a year from now, and I'll show you a community where young men are paying strict attention to the way public business is being transacted; a group of square-jawed, clean, clear-thinking young men who somehow are assuming a leadership through their proved high intentions and unflagging application to civic and national improvement; a body of men upon which the community may depend for detection and prosecution of anything anti-American; maturing men upon whom the youth of the town may draw for wholesome guidance along he path of devotion to the ideal, the constructive, the sane and the patriotic; young men into whose hands the older generation will gladly entrust the



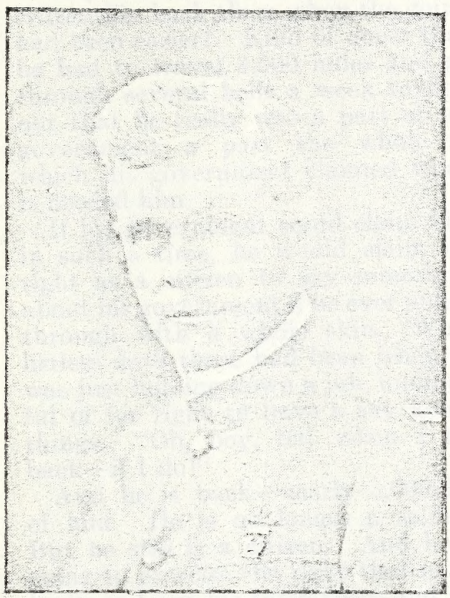
Major Frank Knox

public duties of which it has grown a-weary; an aggressive, vital factor in the community, in all the activities of the community, whose mind will be worth consulting and whose action will ever be decisively for the right, unmistakably blunt and American to the core.

These same young men, before their great adventure in the maelstrom of war, undoubtedly were less concerned about the way the town or city was conducted than they were in the decision of Referee O'Hannigan in the 10-round bout at the "Athletic club" the night before.

But they did not return from France the same youngsters who left Hoboken or Halifax. One can see the difference in the reliant swing of the returned soldier as he strides down the street; in the steadiness of his eyes; in the quickened answer to one's question. The common summary of the change in Tom or Jack is that "he has grown older. Why, he was only a kid when he went. Now he's a man."

Similarly a change is noted in those



Major Frank J. Abbott

men of greater maturity who saw service, the business and professional men who dropped all and answered the call to the colors.

Before war cemented them together, these classes of men did not feel their personal closeness to their government. They voted and elected some "guy" whose name looked good to them on the ballot. And if things didn't go right, they shrugged their shoulders and voted for some other meaningless name the next time, in the meantime plugging along at their work, business or profession without consciousness of the fact that in their hands lay the power to alter conditions that didn't square with pre-election expectations.

In short, citizenship did not mean much more than an opportunity to make a living, have some fun, vote once in a while and win or lose a bet on the election.

But when the time came, they offered their lives for the maintenance of that government. That is one reassuring fact.

He went to war. He peeled potatoes, thousands of them, it seemed. He walked up and down a hundred-foot stretch of land in the black of a rainy midnight with a gun over his shoulder. He answered the beck and call of this sergeant, that second louie, a man, just like him, but a man with something on his sleeve or his shoulder and so his superior. He let some "geek" blowing a horn get him out of his blankets. He sailed worse than steerage. He played chambermaid to a mule. And then he heard the "heavies" away off in the distance. He could scarcely drag one foot after the other and his pack weighed a ton. But the thundering grew louder as he grew nearer to it. And, before many days, he was existing in a hole in the ground, caked with mud and cursed with "cooties."

Buddies had been carried past him, ominously quiet or moaning, in spite of their grit, leg, arm, hip or cheek a red, wet pulp.

Why all this? Why was he there? What was the whole blooming thing about, anyway?

A buddy says: "Goin' to write a note? Folks back there might like a word, you know how they are, eh? We're going over at three."

And then the mad hell of it—noise that split the heavens, big and little noises, crashes far away and shattering explosions a few feet to the right, to the left, in front, behind. Death filling the air—whizzing, swishing, thundering, whining, and still he pressed on.

A lull—and night. Perhaps the same thing over again in a few hours—or perhaps a relief.

What was it all about? And what was he there for, anyway?

Then the light dawned.

This was citizenship.

He never had lived up to it before.

He was living as a citizen should in time of war—in the service of his country.

But, by George Harry Boy, it was some rough going!

Why had he neglected the duties of citizenship back there when the going had been easier? Kind of queer that he had to travel 3,000 miles and go through several hells a week to find out that he really was a part of his government; a part the whole of which his government claimed when it needed him.

If his government could claim him in such a time, he would claim his right as a citizen to say something about his government if he ever pulled through with a whole skin. What listless days those had been when he was just holding down a job, unmindful of his right to have a say about things. "Oh, boy, but when I get back—if I do!"

And he is back—nearly 5,000,000 of him. He is no longer a soldier. But he still is a citizen. And he is going to exercise the right that is his heritage from his forefathers and his discovery 'mid the ruins of Chateau-Thierry, the distances of St. Mihiel, the tangled wood of the Argonne.

He had been willing to die for his country. Now he will live for it.

Jack is changed. Tom, the business man, the doctor, the lawyer—they all are changed. They have learned the meaning of citizenship in the greatest land on the globe. They learned it by actually living their citizenship through service. And no breed of alien, slacking, snarling Bolshevists, or anybody else, is going to put anything over on the new group of 5,000,000 American citizens. Through their organization, the American Legion, they will exercise their newly-appreciated power.

Now, this situation must not be viewed with anything akin to alarm or concern. Anybody who fears the activities of such a group of men deserves a good, long "hitch" in a front-line trench by way of instruction in the fine possibilities of citizenship.

Taking a leaf from the experience of its elder brother, the Grand Army of the Republic, the Legion has resolved to abstain altogether from politics.



Major Robert C. Murchie

Its slogan is "Policies, not politics." One party or another or all of them may approve or oppose a certain measure. But if it is of a nature offensive to service men or antagonistic to its declared principles, the Legion will oppose it, not because of allegiance to any partisan banner but because of the Legion's devotion to America.

Its articles of incorporation provide that, as an organization, the Legion shall not promote the candidacy of any person seeking public office.

Politicians whose motives are not

exhibited in glass houses will find no haven in Legion quarters. Policies will be fought tooth and nail when the majority of Legioners figure that the best interests of the government are not served by such policies. On the contrary, public-spirited, constructive politicians will find in the Legion a power for enforcing good laws that cannot but exert wide and beneficial influence everywhere in the



Harold K. Davison
Woodsville

land. But the Legion's support will be for the measure, not for the man.

For itself, the Legion wants only what is due the returned soldier. It is not a "grab scheme" not a "hold-up game." No better illustration of the unselfishness of its pioneer members can be given than that of a sentiment expressed at the national caucus in St. Louis.

A resolution had been presented whereby Congress was to be urged to grant six months' additional pay to every soldier, sailor and marine who served in the Great War.

Eleven hundred former service men, representing every state in the Union, voted on this resolution.

It was defeated unanimously.

Young Theodore Roosevelt, just previous to the vote, had said:

"Now we want everything that it is right for us to have; but primarily we are not here to sandbag anything out of the government but rather to try and put something into that government."

And the bonus resolution took the count of ten without a vote in its favor.

Find selfishness in this renunciation of much-needed dollars, and you'll find gold nuggets in your breakfast food.

The Legion's purely selfish acts have been along the order of informing ex-service men of their rights and privileges under the War Risk Act and of assisting them in adjusting such financial matters as government allowances, insurance, allotments, Liberty Bonds, back pay and bonuses. The lost effects of ex-soldiers have been traced through the Legion. Disabled veterans have been brought into direct touch with the Federal Board for Vocational Education. Claims against the army by discharged soldiers have been followed up. Soldiers held in prison unjustly have been given their freedom through the activities of the Legion.

This last service is of particular interest to New Hampshire veterans because, at the time of this writing, two Granite State soldiers are awaiting only the President's signature to a bill whereby their freedom from unjust imprisonment will be granted.

Before finishing with the spirit and principles of this stalwart outfit, I want to mention its determined stand against the alien slacker.

The yellow cur who took advantage of the law permitting him to turn in his first citizenship papers and thus escape military service and the alien

or undesirable who was convicted under the espionage act has heard the order. Millions of former soldiers are shouting it. This alien must "about face" and keep on walking until American soil is no longer defiled by his slinking heels.

Deportation for them is provided in a bill which already has passed the lower house of Congress. Not only that, but readmission to the country of such individuals is also denied by the act upon which the pressure of the entire membership of the Legion is being brought to bear. Naturalized citizens convicted under the espionage act, the Legion is on record as recommending, should have their citizenship cancelled and also should be deported.

In the same spirit, the Legion insists upon fixing the responsibility for action by which protection has been afforded men who refused full military service to the United States, conscientious objectors, who were tried, sentenced to prison and then, later, were fully pardoned, restored to duty and honorably discharged with all back pay and allowances given in full!

Let it be understood that the Legion is not arrogant in its developing strength. It does not expect to work any miracles nor to turn anything up-side-down. Without doubt, mistakes within its ranks will be made.

Like the soldier walking post and his general orders, the Legion will be ever on the alert for anything that threatens destruction to his country, with a ready challenge for any menace to pure Americanism.

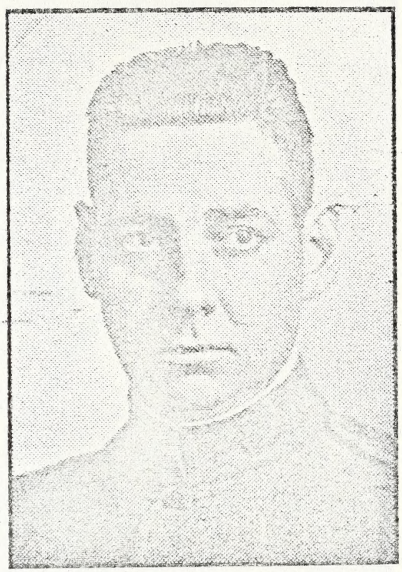
Again, young Roosevelt has said: "We want to crystallize the spirit that made it possible for us to get into this war and to fight it as we did."

And the process of crystallization is showing a stirring clarity and stolid solidity—qualities that augur well for the democracy—the United States of America—in this its period of severe test.

Turning from the spirit and purposes of the Legion, it may be interesting to survey briefly the various stages of development in its history.

On March 15 to 17, 1919, a thousand officers and enlisted men, representing all units of the American Expeditionary Forces, gathered in Paris, adopted a declaration of principles and selected the name "American Legion."

It is of particular interest to New Hampshire people to know that a



Nelson T. Wright
Portsmouth

Granite State man, Frank J. Abbott of Manchester, now executive secretary of the New Hampshire State Branch of the Legion, was a delegate at this organization meeting. He was Major Abbott then and went to Paris from the 103rd Field Artillery, 26th Division.

Then transports began to bring home loads of "olive drab" by the thousands. Men were being discharged in droves. They were scattering to their homes in every nook and corner of the land. When it appeared that a sufficient number of



THOMAS P. CHENEY, LACONIA



service men—from army, navy and marine corps—had reached home, a call was issued for a national caucus, representative of every state, territory and possession, to which duly elected delegates went at St. Louis, May 8 to 10.

At this stirring assembly, the action of the Paris meeting was confirmed. The Legion was formally recognized by the troops who served in the United States and a constitution in conformity with the Paris declaration of principles was adopted.

However, the final step in the organization of the Legion was held in abeyance until Nov. 10, 11 and 12, when, at Minneapolis, Minn., the first national convention met with full delegations, duly elected at various state conventions and as fully representative of the Legion membership as it could possibly be. As this is being written during the last chill days of October, there can be no reflection of the brilliant gathering at Minneapolis.

Brilliant! An extravagance to say brilliant, you infer? Can you imagine any boon greater than to be there—and to *belong there?* With these civilians on civilian duties bent?

They cried. These same men, one year ago the second day of their convention, fell against scarred tree trunks and cried. Silence, following the most terrific artillery salvos of the entire war, descended upon them. Utter silence with no sound save that of a chirruping bird. It was a few minutes after eleven o'clock in the morning. The guns had stopped! On both sides, the guns had stopped! Accustomed to a crash and roar equal to every thunder storm that ever was, all wrapped into one and then bellowed through a million megaphones, their ears were hurt by noiselessness. But the guns had stopped! It was all still! Bewildered even as they were swept by the reality of a war's ending, they struggled against emotion no longer—and leaned against blackened trees—shameless tears rolling down their sweat-streaked cheeks.

They had made good. It was all over. It was good to have made good. A big job, it was, and a costly one but they had made good and that's what counted—and made them choke up in the throat—when the guns stopped.

Finishing one job, these same men, one year later, to the day, met at the initiation of another job for which they and millions like them are enlisted. And I repeat: It was a brilliant assemblage!

New Hampshire's delegation to Minneapolis was made up of these veterans: Orville E. Cain, Keene; Frank J. Abbott, Manchester; Frank Knox, Manchester; Robert C. Murchie, Concord; Francis J. McDonald, Dover; George Wingate, Manchester; Joseph Killourhy, Laconia; Nelson T. Wright, Portsmouth; H. K. Davison, Woodsville; William A. Molloy, Nashua, all as delegates. C. Fred Maher, Laconia, and Winnifred F. Robinson, Hinsdale, also went to Minneapolis as alternates. The other alternates elected were Walter Boardman, Manchester; Clarence James, Franklin; Dr. Charles Walker, Keene; Arthur P. Cole, Berlin; E. A. Weeks, Portsmouth; John J. Taylor, Derry; Chester Fraser, Manchester; Frank A. Gray, Lebanon; Frank B. Foster, Peterborough; Frank Welch, Manchester, and Arthur McReel, Jr., Exeter.

Let us focus our eyes to new distances. We have been viewing the Legion as a national affair. But we need not look afar to see it in operation.

New Hampshire has its proud part, in common with every other state, in the upbuilding of this virile, potent organization. The strength of the Legion, like that of the democracy, will be, not in its leaders alone, but in the men—and women—whose names are enrolled as members of local posts. The practice of the Legion's principles will be the duty of every Legioner in his every-day life.

Its power, its alertness, its worth will be observed best by the public at large right in the home town where at least fifteen men have banded together and secured a post charter.

So, while the doings of the Minneapolis convention relate to New Hampshire, it is through the state branch and local posts that New Hampshire people will become acquainted directly with the American Legion. As the G. A. R. is venerated because of our personal touch with



Milo S. Burnell
Lincoln

the veterans in blue next door, so will the Legioner become known by contact with him daily—by sight of him on Memorial Day, year after year, in time to come, paying tribute to his hero comrades who have heard "Taps" for the last time—by observation of the part he is taking in making his town, his city, 100 per cent United States.

What of New Hampshire and the Legion, then?

Away back in May, 1919, the movement started locally. It would have begun a bit earlier were it not for the fact that many New Hampshire soldiers returned to American shores with the 26th (Yankee) Division the last of April.

It was because of a desire that these men have a voice in the initial move of the state's service men towards coöperating with other states in forming the Legion that the call for a mass meeting of veterans from all parts of the state did not go out until the first part of May. This call was issued by Frank Knox of Manchester, then recently returned from overseas service as major of the 303rd Ammunition Train, 78th Division.

Necessarily, the meeting was hastily called, given but little publicity and sparsely attended. It was held in the state armory at Manchester on May 5, 1919. Freedom from military duties was too newly found in those glorious days of home-coming for the ex-soldier to give a hoot about renewing so soon his association with anything that shaded at all towards O. D.

But there was large enough attendance to perform the function for which the meeting had been called.

This was the election of delegates from New Hampshire to the national caucus in St. Louis, Mo., May 8 to 10, and of a temporary state executive committee.

Frank J. Abbott of Manchester was the first head of the Legion in this state. The Manchester rally made him temporary chairman, and Richard O'Dowd, also of Manchester, was named temporary secretary of the state branch.

The following men were the pioneer Legioners locally who represented New Hampshire as her delegates to the St. Louis caucus:

Frank Knox, Frank J. Abbott, George V. Fiske, Walter J. Hogan, Herve L'Hereaux, Matthew Mahoney, John Santos, and William J. Murphy, all of Manchester; Homer J. Deschenes of East Jaffrey; William E. Sullivan of Nashua; Fred Maher of

Laconia and Arthur Trufant of Hudson.

Eventually, this delegation became the state executive committee in whose hands rested the development of the Legion in this state until the time of the state convention the last of August.

Once elected, this group of men found little time for deliberation and they were forced to hold meetings all along the tracks from the Merrimack to the Missouri.

At the Parker House, Boston, they held a meeting on May 6. As a result, Frank Knox was elected temporary chairman of the state executive committee and Frank J. Abbott was made temporary state secretary. Sessions were conducted on the train day and evening before the halt was called at St. Louis.

Later, on May 11, during the return trip from the west, fired with the enthusiasm of the great national caucus at which they had learned more about what the American Legion was and was to be than had been known by any of the delegation previously, they held other meetings. Plans were discussed at length for conducting a vigorous campaign to secure the endorsement and support of New Hampshire veterans of the World War for this, their own, personal organization. It was at such a meeting that Walter J. Hogan was elected assistant temporary secretary of the state branch.

The delegates returned—and got busy. State headquarters was established soon in the Pickering building, Manchester. Publicity matter began to flood the papers of the state. Rallies were planned—everywhere—and conducted—everywhere. The temporary state officers devoted their entire time to a campaign for informing local veterans of the opportunities embraced in allying themselves with the Legion.

Strange to say, it was a difficult and thankless task at the outset. Service men did not warm up to the idea with a very encouraging rush. As has been said, their connection with the military had been too recent for them to greet over-enthusiastically anything that attached in any way to their long periods of service in army, navy or the marines. They looked rather askance at it all and it was some time before they could be convinced that the Legion was a civilian outfit of former service men and not a military outfit.

The innocent enough query of a Manchester veteran of many fronts, illustrates this false impression. After much energy had been expended upon him in the line of explanation until it seemed to his instructor that the chap must have known all that was possible about the Legion, he resignedly filled out an application blank. The ink had not dried when he asked in the tone of one who was being forced to drudgery, "When do we drill?"

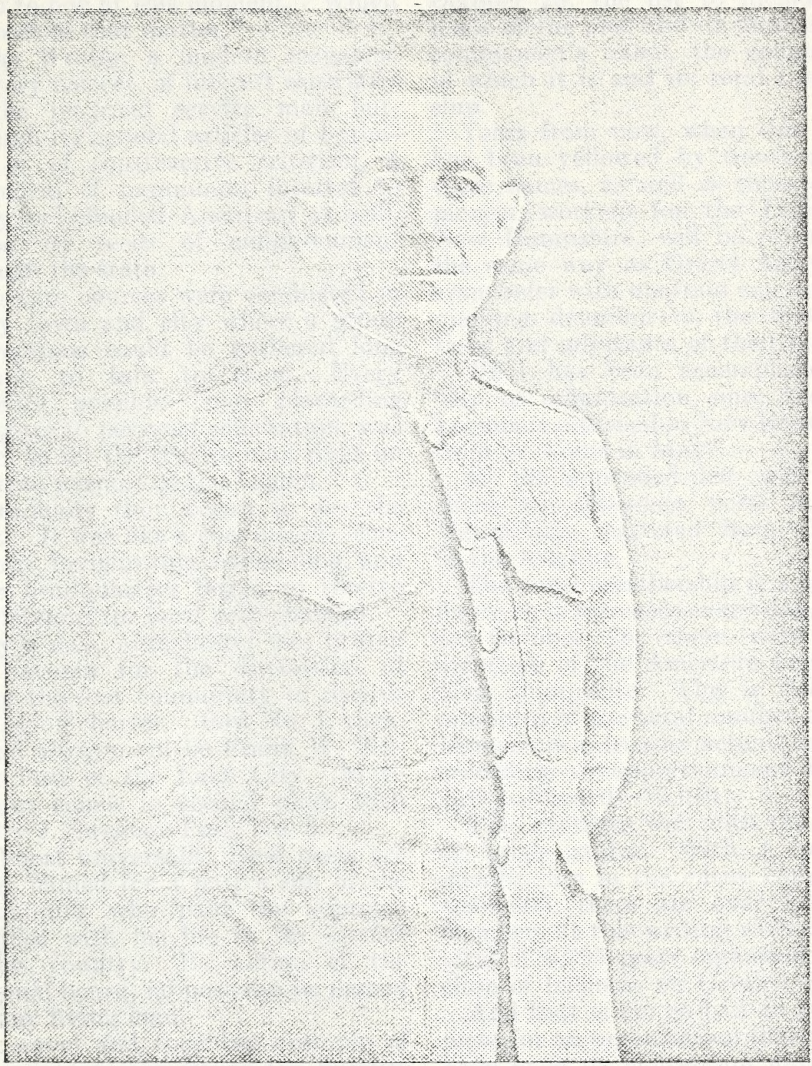
A snarling sergeant was all he saw. "Squads on right into line—'h-a-arch" was all he heard. The Legion held few charms for him.

But this same buddy is one of the Legion's greatest rooters today. He and a multitude of others know that the only thing military about the Legion is the yarns that are swapped at the weekly meeting and the past records of their fellow members. In itself, the organization is "tout" civilian.

Another fallacy that the state organizers were compelled to combat was an impression that the Legion was an officers' affair—designed for officers—run by officers.

This folly is answered by an editorial in an earlier number of *The American Legion Weekly*, the official publication of the body. It is entitled "Exploding A Dud" and reads:

"More than 650,000 members are now active in the American Legion. The Legion is governed by the majority voice of its members. The largest number of officers ever commissioned in the army during the war was



C. FRED MAHER, LACONIA



approximately 210,000. If all those one-time officers had joined the American Legion, which they have not, they would be outnumbered three to one at this moment. Which disposes of that matter."

The *Weekly*, a modern magazine in every respect, of interest especially to the returned service man but, through its general articles of optimism or of constructive criticism, a periodical of paramount interest to every red-blooded American as well, sowed its seeds of enlightenment through the state.

Lecture courses were conducted in every town and city where a group of veterans could be gathered long enough to talk to them. Every measure possible—from placarding the state to personal solicitation, was taken to set the service man right on the true purport of the Legion.

Gradually they began to see the light. It was like a conversion—contagious, invigorating, compelling, and state headquarters began to receive applications for local post charters.

By a day, Manchester was beaten by Laconia for the distinction of being the first community to receive its Legion charter. Post No. 1, then, is and always will be Frank W. Wilkins Post of the Lake City. Manchester comes in second place with Henry J. Sweeney Post, No. 2.

Almost universally, local posts are being named for a native son of the community who paid the supreme sacrifice with his life in the service of his country. By action of the national board, no post can be named for any living man.

A novel and touching example of the way veterans revere the buddies whom they left over there is given in Groveton where the post's name is The Fredonwarell, No. 17. This was chosen by the Groveton boys because it contains the first three letters of the names of four Groveton soldiers who gave their lives in service—Freeman, Donnolly, Warren and Ellingwood.

Rather than to interrupt the story at this point with a table, I shall append to the article a list of all the posts that had been duly chartered on October 28, the list to include the name of the post and its number, the commander's name, the community in which it is and its total membership.

Years from now, when this paper has been yellowed by time's touch, these names, as well as those of the pioneer workers for the Legion in New Hampshire, will be revered in the same way as Grand Army veterans refer with unafraid emotion and undying devotion to the first captains and adjutants of their posts.

What has been accomplished by way of organization since the first Legioners returned to New Hampshire from St. Louis in May?

As the appended list will show, there are sixty-two posts in New Hampshire, scattered from Canada to the Atlantic.

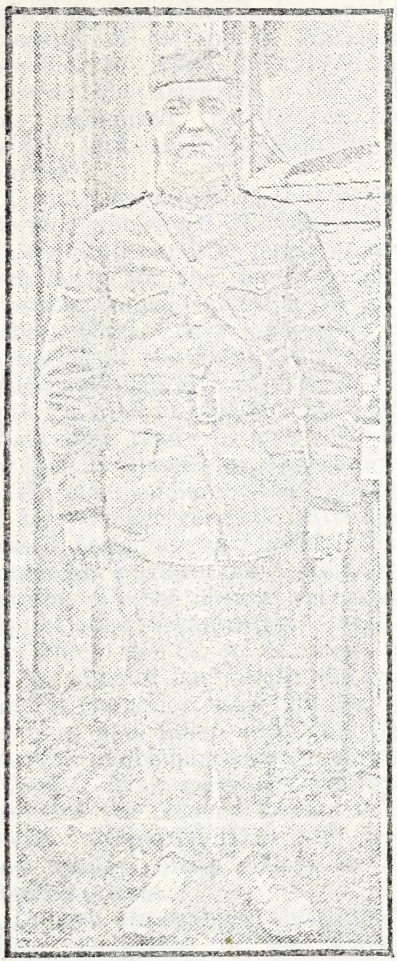
The total membership is a variant figure as it increases every day. But on October 28, there were 6,043 members of the American Legion in New Hampshire. This is well over one-third of the total number of New Hampshire men who actually served, according to apportionment by the national board—16,940.

This averages well with the record of other states. With a possible membership in the entire country of 4,800,000, there are over 1,000,000 members at this writing with a grand total of 5,795 posts organized at the close of business on October 24.

And that is not so bad an achievement for an organization that did not have even its conception until May or, at the earliest, March 15, the latter in a foreign country to boot! Duplicate it!

Returning to the early struggles of the Legion in the state, a great stimulus was given its growth by the coöperation of Gov. John H. Bartlett and of his council. The sum of $10,000 had been provided for defray-

ing the expenses of a state-wide "Welcome Home" celebration for all New Hampshire's service men. Considerable confusion arose as to how and where this money could be spent most profitably and advantageously



Joseph H. Killourhy
Laconia

for the thousands of people who would want a part in the demonstration.

As the summer wore on and the Legion grew in strength, it became necessary to fix upon plans for a state convention. Money would be essential for its conduct, of course. But what appealed particularly to the state officers was the opportunity afforded at the time and place of the convention for the state celebration planned by the government.

And, once the suggestion was made to Governor Bartlett, the $10,000 was as good as turned over to the Legion for its use in effecting development into the real force it can be in the state. The council concurred with the governor's opinion, and this money reverted to the Legion's treasury, the public officials feeling assured that the purposes for which it was appropriated could best be realized through the official service man's organization.

A second boost for the Legion came when arrangements were made with the officers of the New Hampshire Veterans' Association whereby the facilities of the association's sacred campground at The Weirs were laid at the disposal of the Legion for its first state convention.

And there, by the blue waters of Winnipesaukee, on ground that has been consecrated by gatherings of New Hampshire soldiers through the last two decades, was staged one of the most significant events in the military annals of the state.

The Boys in Blue, fewer in number than a twelve month before, gathered on the last week of August in the place which, more than any other spot in the state, is solely and primarily their own—The Weirs' campground. It was the occasion of the annual encampment of the New Hampshire Veteran's Association.

But new faces, younger men, soldiers, too, but uniformed in olive drab, veterans of another war, mingled with the aging heroes of '61.

What light of pride shone from the eyes of both generations of fighters as the Blue and the Khaki grasped hands and spoke the word, "Comrade!" No other class of men ever could appreciate their mutual sacrifices and service as could the private under Grant and the "buck" under Pershing, meeting at The Weirs for common purposes.



The younger soldier, freshly flushed with his victorious drives on a foreign soil, checked his natural elation as he met face to face with New Hampshire soldiers of fifty years ago. There was something in the eyes of the Union Army man which probably had always been there but which had escaped the attention of his son or grandson—previous to April 6, 1917. Now, however, this attribute of the soldier was recognized; for fighter faced fighter and their admiration was mutual.

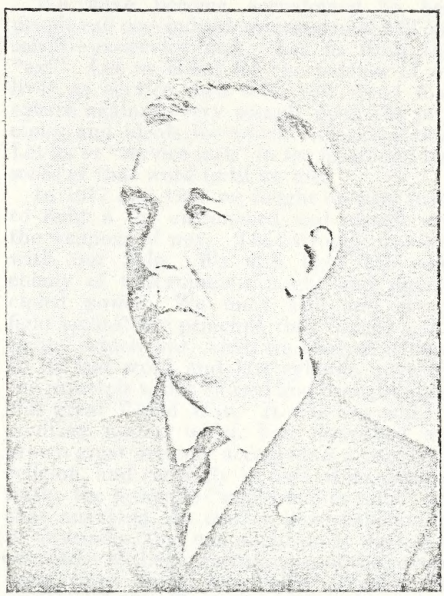
Camaraderie such as that between the men who saved Old Glory for the United States and the men who saved democracy for the world is unpurchasable, more exclusive than the richest Gold Coast association and possessed of the finest sentiments to which man can give expression. For both the man in blue and the man in khaki were ready to give their lives for their brothers—for their country.

The older soldier viewed the coming of his younger comrade with undisguised happiness and relief. In the American Legion, the Grand Army veteran saw the natural successor to his beloved organization. And all for which the G. A. R. stood and all for which it had fought still would have a champion after the last man in blue had fallen into the Great Slumber in obedience to the inevitable "Taps." War veterans still would frequent the beloved haunts at The Weirs. Memorial Day still would find soldiers firing volleys by flag-marked graves.

In such atmosphere, then, the first state convention of the American Legion in New Hampshire was conducted on August 26, 27 and 28, 1919.

What happened? These delegates of Granite State men who had fought and won, what ground did they break for the establishment of the organization by which they still will be bound, in reminiscence and in continued service to the country they saved? Who were the men whose deliberations and high purposes evolved a state organization which has been copied freely by Legioners in other states?

The keynote of the convention was struck in the opening address by the temporary chairman, Frank Knox. This so epitomizes the spirit of the state's pioneer Legioners that I will reproduce it here practically in full. If the reader really desires to get the swing of what the Legion means in New Hampshire, every word of this address should be digested.



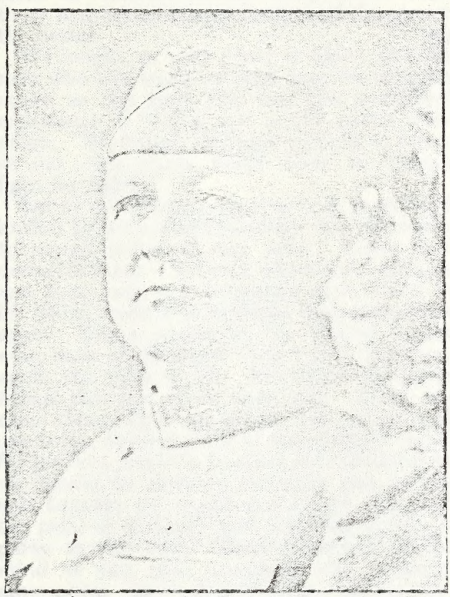
Capt. Charles A. French
Laconia

Incidentally, it explains the part New Hampshire delegates to the St. Louis caucus had in presenting the resolution for requesting of Congress a grant of six months' additional pay to every service man.

Chairman Knox said:

Fellow Comrades! New Hampshire is the first state in the United States to organize its State Branch. We are going to do here in the next two or three days pioneer work. To a certain extent what we shall do here may serve as a partial model for other states to follow, and so I want to charge you at the outset of this convention with the importance,

and shall I say solemnity, of what we are about to do. We are meeting up here on ground made sacred by the memory of those New Hampshire men who have resorted here year after year to keep alive ties—just such ties as bind us together. And as time goes on, and much of it has flown since our great war in which they participated, their numbers have grown less, until today their meeting is attended by a corporal's guard contrasted with the great number who came here in the early years after the Civil War. It is for us to take up the burden which they must soon lay down, for us to "carry on" the spirit which they have held alive for all these years; and it is a seriously important



Dr. Charles S. Walker
Keene

duty which is ours. What we say here and what we do here may not be of the greatest importance, but the thing which we attempt to commemorate by our organization is of the greatest possible importance to all the world. We may look in vain for a better illustration than was afforded the world by the United States in the last war. The glory of our participation in that war, to my mind, is two-fold. It showed America as ready to defend her honor and to resent the attacks upon her sovereignty and upon the lives of her citizens as she has ever been, and the results that flowed from that war have shown America to have been utterly unselfish in that defense. We alone of all the great powers who took part in that great war come out of it without one inch of added territory, without a single additional soul added to our citizenship, without a penny of indemnity or reparation from the enemy. I don't think the whole history of the world, if we except our own little War with Spain, can supply anything which approaches this in national unselfishness. And we come here, we men who helped to make up the American Army and Navy in this great war, to help perpetuate the principles for which that war was fought. We come here, I trust and pray, to dedicate ourselves to those principles, the principles for which our comrades died.

We have become accustomed to hear people call us—indeed, we sometimes call ourselves—ex-service men. Let us drop that "ex!" Let us enlist for the balance of our lives as service men who will stand four-square against every assault upon the principles and ideals for which America stands. Let us be "service men" in the finest and best sense of that word until we die.

In 1917 and 1918 we fought or were ready to fight a foe entrenched and armed with the weapons of war. That struggle was won with our help. We still fight the same enemy of unscrupulous might and unprincipled power. We must still and always fight against the principle that "might makes right," which was, when we analyze it down to its last word and last syllable, precisely the principle which caused and brought about this great World War. It was one which a civilized nation which had flourished and grown great actually accepted as a part of its religion, and certainly as part of its national faith; the principle "might makes right" and that anything, no matter how dishonorable or unworthy, that one might do at the behest and order of the representatives of the government, that thing was right. That is the essence of the Teutonic philosophy, which finally embroiled the whole world in war. That is the thing in the final analysis we all fought against, and I suppose we can give ourselves over to the support of no greater principle than the opposite of that, that right shall always prevail over sheer might; and in this country and in this world, taking into consideration the processes of human hearts and human minds, it is always well, let us remember, that right shall be well armed and well prepared to sustain the doctrines of right. And I hope, and I believe that all men of the three or four million men who made up the American Army and Navy in this war will always stand as a body in support of a rational policy of military preparedness in this country, which shall take on none of the aspects of the military policy of Germany, but which shall be in its essence and in its principles thoroughly democratic, and which will supply to every young man as he grows to young manhood an opportunity to train himself, so that in case that his country ever calls he shall be prepared to

answer that call, and answer in an efficient way.

If the American Legion in its birth and in its early days stands for anything it stands preëminently for 100 per cent Americanism. That is the first of our Ten Commandments. The American Legion tolerates and will tolerate no hyphen. It is not satisfied and never will be satisfied with any fifty-fifty patriotism. We will have only in our membership men who are Americans and nothing else. We welcome men from every land and every clime, but when they cross our borders and take the oath of allegiance to our country and government they cease to be what they may have been, and they become what we are, nothing but Americans; and those who come to America on any other terms than those had better be sent back, and the sooner the better.

We fought, or were ready to fight; and the man who was ready to fight deserves as great honor as the man who had the wonderful experience of taking part in the active campaign. We fought for right opposed to force, as our consciences would have us always fight for right.

Let us not permit ourselves to be numbered in that happily small minority who are ready to accept peace at any price. Peace is a desirable thing. No man who wore a uniform and took part in a campaign ever, down in his heart, wished to undergo that experience again. Those people in the United States who, most of all, know what war is want war again the least of all. But there are some things that are worse than war. There are some things that are better than peace, and one is the consciousness of standing for right, for justice; and it is because we insisted that we should be counted for right and justice and because we would not accept peace at the price of dishonor that America became a party to this war. There cannot be in the mind of any true American who properly appreciates what Americanism stands for, any compromise with any question which involves our national policy with wrong. Our fathers came over here three hundred years ago and founded, made the beginnings, which later eventuated in a government in which the rule of the majority was the underlying principle upon which it was based. That is the fundamental doctrine of every democratic form of government, the rule of the majority. There are not lacking ominous signs in the world today of men who would adopt a very different creed. There are those who are secretly spreading about propaganda which would create in this country of ours, built upon the system of rule of majority, a system of class hatred, who would substitute for rule of majority rule by class. We must, then, revering in our memory the men who died in France, each of us stand like our own Granite Hills against any such doctrine as that. We must set our faces against any principle that proposes to create in this country of ours division by class; and we must always stand, if good Americans, for the rule of majority. And when majority speaks, every loyal American must stand back of that.

Those who met in Paris and later those who met at the St. Louis caucus very wisely agreed that the American Legion should stand for policies and not politics. There are great national policies which stand out like headlands above the tossing sea of party partisanship, and our Legion must be free to stand for those grand policies which appeal to us, and must guard zealously and with care against any man or group of men who would seek to make this organization the tool of party politics; and we must guard against



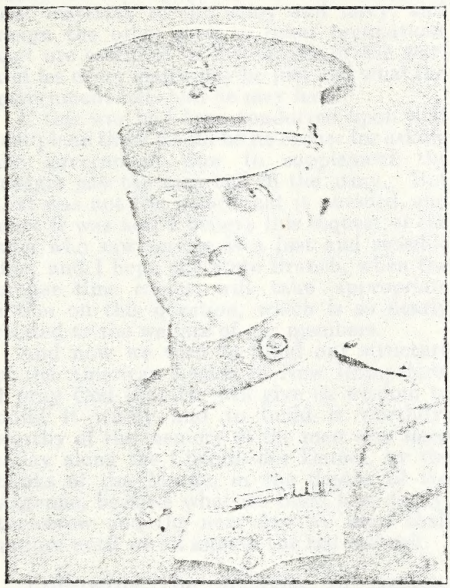
F. A. Gray
Lebanon

any man who would use his voice in this organization to gratify a personal political ambition.

One of the dearest and most sacred duties which falls to us is to keep green the memories of the men who made the supreme sacrifice, who died that we might have our freedom. I hope that through the agency of the American Legion Decoration Day, which is now only partially a national holiday, will be made national, both North and South, because in this war, thank God, there was no divided country; and, as I have said, I hope Decoration Day will be made a national holiday in its broadest sense; and may we never fail on that day to do our part to keep green the memory of those men whom we helped to bury over there and to fulfill our duty to our living comrades.

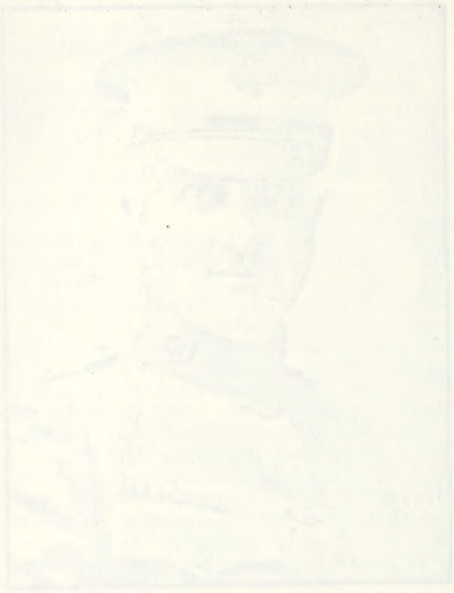
We are bound together by a tie which should only be second to the tie which binds

us to our immediate family. It is our business to watch over and care for those of our members to whom misfortune may come. Never fear, as the years go on, but there will be ample opportunity for us to display this quality in our loyalty to our Legion, to our fellow-members in the Legion. There are a thousand ways at present in which we can display this spirit of loyalty to members. There are a dozen details at loose ends which touch the personal fortunes of our members; and our Legion today, through its various posts and state committee, can be most effectual in promoting the welfare of those of our members who may need our help.



Ralph M. Hutchins
No. Stratford

Now, I am going to touch very briefly upon a question that has been much discussed among the various local posts and which directly relates to the welfare of the members of the Legion. The Legion delegation from New Hampshire to the St. Louis caucus was very hastily chosen; it had to be so. The choice was delayed deliberately until the last moment in order that the men of the 26th Division, that had just returned home, might have a voice in their selection; so the selection was made, only two days I think it was, before the delegation had to leave the state. That hastily selected delegation on the train en route to St. Louis elected myself as its chairman and directed me to procure, if possible, adoption of the resolution by the convention at St. Louis in support of the government bonus for the enlisted men, amounting to the equivalent of six months' pay. On the way out we had a caucus of the New England delegation on that train. I presented the matter to that New England delegation and was authorized by them to present to the resolution committee in St. Louis the resolution; and it happened I was placed by the resolution committee in St. Louis chairman of the sub-committee which prepared the resolutions for adoption. In that committee the resolution I was instructed to present was presented. It was discussed, and in almost exactly the form in which it was presented it was adopted by the committee. During the parleys of the session of that committee there was a constant effort to avoid any subject in that caucus—which, you understand, was a very democratic affair—which might precipitate any dissenion on the floor. As chairman of the sub-committee on the resolutions committee, I myself averted discussion of several propositions which seemed to me to carry in them seeds of dissension; and we were successful in keeping out of that resolution report all these possible matters which might precipitate a fight. The purpose of the leaders of that convention was to avoid, if possible, any discussion of any subject on which there was a difference of opinion until the convention could be as assembled, properly selected and truly representative of the whole membership. That was the situation under which the resolution for bonus was presented to the convention. I moved its adoption after it had been read. I thereafter discovered it was challenged by almost every officer of the convention, and many earnest speeches were made against its adoption. I debated in my mind during the entire progress of the debate whether I should take the floor in an attempt to secure the adoption of the resolution. It was perfectly obvious it would precipitate very serious discord, and having taken part myself in the consideration of a number of other resolutions, on that ground I thought—I may have been mistaken—I thought it wise not to make that fight, and that resolution was not adopted. When the National Convention meets in November it will be representative. The delegates who go there will be men regularly chosen by their state branches; and I think one of the propositions that our state Branch at least should take back to that regularly constituted convention is the same proposition we took to the temporary caucus at St. Louis. The reason for my belief in the justice of this thing is this: the men who went into the army, many of them with family ties, were required to do so, and required to accept a very modest army pay. Out of this there were deductions, and those of us who were lucky enough to hold a commission and to know something of the department work will know something of the large percentage of the pay of enlisted men which went for



other purposes than in their own pockets. So, during the time these men were risking their lives for their country, they subsisted on the very minimum of pay, while the men over here who were not called to service were demanding and receiving money as wages largely in excess of the scale of wages paid when these men left the country for service in the army and navy.

My friends, the only just way if we ever have another war—and I pray we never shall—the only just way to call upon the manhood of the country in its defense is to draft every man in the country under forty-five years of age, and then assign some of them, the best equipped, the best skilled, the best material, to the army and navy, and assign the other men to other occupations that are essential to the success of the war; and let every man's pay be just and what the government tells him he may have.

If this war had been conducted upon that just plane there would be no excuse for asking the government now to supplement the meagre pay the men had in the army. But that was not the policy that it pursued, and since it was not, I believe this request of the men who saw service is a just and sensible one; and I hope our State Branch, when the proper time comes, will take appropriate action on this question, which is so nearly related to the welfare of our members.

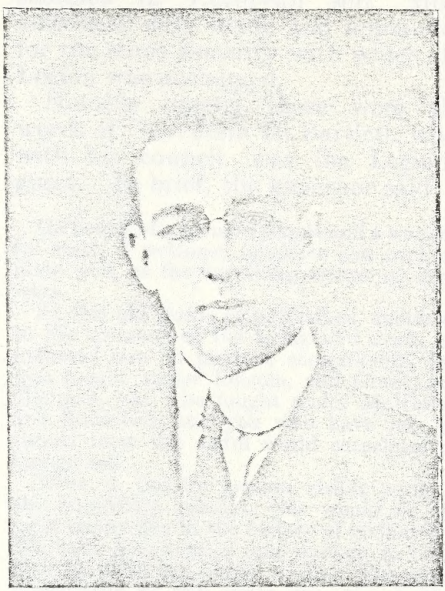
And now we turn to build our structure of the American Legion in New Hampshire. I pray God that He will give us wisdom to build it wisely and to build it worthily; worthy of the memory of the men who sleep today along the Chemin des Dames, by the banks of the Marne, in the depths of the Argonne, because what we build here today, tomorrow and the next day we hope shall endure until we all answer the last roll-call.

Following the address, of course, they had all the fixings that are served up generally with a convention, appointment of committees, election of officers, reports, arguments, speeches, lot of them, on a hundred topics such, for instance, as the superiority of Manchester as the headquarters seat for the outfit over Concord and vice versa. And they mopped up every delegate's pockets for credential papers and all that sort of thing.

Although they kept their noses to the grindstone pretty steadily in those three days, there was recreation and a bit of the spectacular by way of relief.

For instance, there was the reception tendered the honored guests of the Legion on Thursday, Governor's Day and American Legion Day combined. Maj.-Gen. Clarence R. Edwards, commander of the Department of the Northeast and formerly commanding general of the Fighting Yankee (26th) Division in France, honored the occasion by his presence.

By the way, that brings up a factor which had its effect upon the work of establishing the Legion in New Hampshire. A majority of the volunteer soldiers in New Hampshire served



Clyde F. Hannant
Greenville

in the 26th Division. Upon the return of the Y. D. boys, they evinced an early interest in the Legion and many of them became active advocates of it.

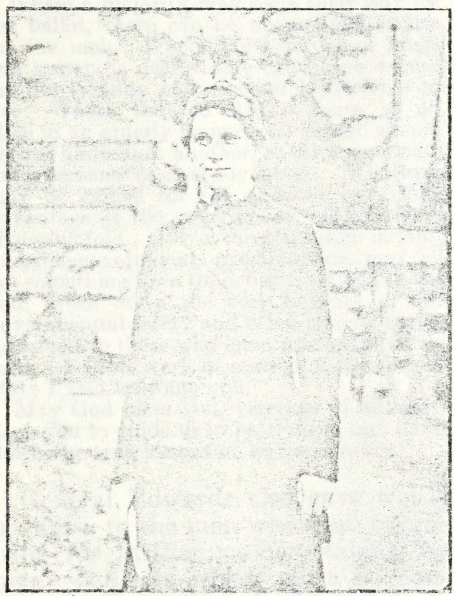
This, unfortunately, led many New Hampshire men of the regular army and of the national army, of the navy and of the marine corps to a false impression that they were not to have proportionate influence in shaping and conducting the organization.

This belief, however, has been pricked for the bubble that it is and service men of the state, whatever

or wherever their service was, know that the Legion is an outfit of and for them all without distinction.

General Edwards was received with the acclaim that is due a leader and breeder of fighters, for Y. D. boys look upon him with a regard that makes of him one of the most admired and beloved of the higher officers of the A. E. F.

Not only did the former soldiers welcome him but hundreds and thousands of parents, wives, children,



Miss Ruth Corey
Manchester

sweethearts and friends of the soldiers who had poured into The Weirs that Thursday saw the man whose genial humanity had inspired their sons to push the Boche back from the Marne, out of St. Mihiel but, unfortunately, not out of the Argonne.

Thursday was the gala day of the convention, the day of popular appeal and attraction. In reality, a state-wide "welcome home" demonstration was staged.

There was a parade of service men, reviewed by the honored guests of the occasion and by the older veterans in blue. There was a vigorous program of sporting events, in which only service men were eligible and in which the "over the top" spirit was demonstrated by the veteran contestants, to the pleasure of the thousands of visitors.

There were exercises of various nature. Not the least impressive of these was the memorial service during which tender thought was given the lads who rest in the peace of noble sacrifice in European soil. More addresses were made and applauded for the stout sincerity with which the Legion was acclaimed.

Notable among these were the words of Gov. John H. Bartlett, who, with his council, was the Legion's guest. In brief, the governor said:

On behalf of a spendid people and a wonderful state, I welcome, felicitate and congratulate you, as the surviving victors of three wars.

At this old shrine of patriotism, dedicated to the memory of the living and dead, are gathered now in glorious comradeship, you who fought under Lincoln, and Grant, and Sherman, you who fought under McKinley, and Roosevelt, and you who have just returned from the awful world cataclysm on foreign soil.

Were it not for certain visible perils of the immediate present, this would be the most happy day in the history of civilization. We have not stopped long enough to think how thankful we ought to be. The dread possibilities of two years ago, the deathly shudder we felt when you boys marched away, the undreamed-of successes of German arms, the unspeakable tragedies of the sea,—these, all these are passed,—with nearly all you beloved boys and husbands returned to us safely,—passed to a new era of liberty, opening up in a transcendent burst of sunlight a new day for the whole world.

"Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears, our faith triumphant o'er our fears," have been with you men in that matchless service through which you have gone and from which you have come to see again your own, to enjoy again a common heritage, and to hear now the most cordial, the most heartfelt, and the most exultant welcome which a grateful people of the best state in the union can hope to express. Such a welcome home I give you.

Whatever may be said by any one to the contrary, let no one cause you, for a moment, to believe that the home folks are not glad

to see you, glad to welcome you, and glad to do for you anything in their power to show their appreciation of you and your heroic service.

Many of us made promises to you, and yours, when you were going away. Many of us made promises to you while you were away. Practically all are ready and willing to keep these promises in the true spirit of exalted service. Those who are not may answer to their consciences and to the rebukes of public opinion.

The only cloud on the beautiful sky of the new era today, is, that eruption of feeling which seems unwilling to be patient and work out our political salvation along the lines laid down by an orderly republican form of government.

Where a majority may have their way by the ballot, there can be no possible excuse for the mob. Where the tyranny of kings and kaisers is dead, there can be no excuse for the tyranny of money or brute-force to live. Where the old flag protects us all alike in an orderly manner, no patriot should permit himself, or another, to take short cuts to his personal or class advantage. Whatever may be gained for the moment by taking advantage of the government will be lost a thousand fold. Force, threats, intimidations, invisible-government, machinations, may all get something for a time, but they will, in the end, break down the very bulwark of our governmental safety and bring on irreparable loss even to those who have made temporary gain. To this work of steadying the ship of state I also welcome you.

May God bless you, veterans of all wars, keep you to guide us in patriotism, and hand down the true lessons of war and peace.

General Edwards also gave words of praise to the men who were organizing for further service, taking up many subjects which must be considered not only for the Legion's particular benefit but also for that of the country in general.

There were other events of recreative and social nature throughout the three days' sessions of the convention. Mess call summoned them to frequent feasts of "chow." The city of Laconia proved a liberal neighbor and invitations were extended the Legion delegates to take part in a parade during the city's welcome home celebration as well as to enjoy a shore dinner and trip on the lake in an especially chartered steamer.

But these events were incidental to the real business of the convention.

Before recording the "high spots" of the convention, it may be of interest to know who the men were whose combined deliberations produced the machinery of the Legion in this state.

I write men. But I must amend it. There was one woman delegate. Miss Ruth Corey of Manchester, whose long and tireless service as a nurse entitles her to full membership in the Legion, was at The Weirs convention as one of the representatives of Henry J. Sweeney Post, No. 2,

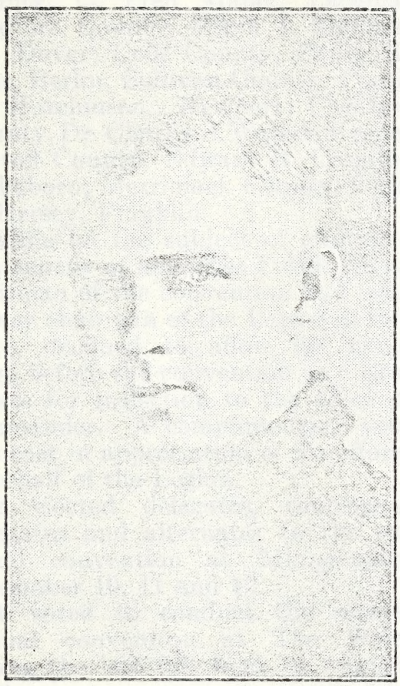


Frank H. Quigley
Wilton

Manchester. There are many New Hampshire women who are entitled to membership through devoted service in their country's behalf. But, as a majority of these are nurses and engaged in work that takes them away from their homes, it is difficult for them to assemble the necessary fifteen all in one place and at one time for the securing of a charter as a separate woman's post.

Here, then, are the men—and woman—who built the Legion in this state:

Post No. 1, Laconia, Charles A. French, Joseph H. Killourhy, George R. Bowman and Thomas Cheney, four delegates; Post No. 2, Manchester, George Wingate, Walter Boardman, Thomas Fitzgerald, Robert Farrington, Miss Ruth Corey, Thomas Conway, Frank Welch, seven delegates; Post No. 3, Nashua, Harry Parker, Ray S. Nute and William A. Molloy, three delegates; Post No.



Clarence James Franklin

4, Keene, Orville Cain, Harry Tenney, two delegates; Post No. 5, Peterborough, Frank M. McLaughlin; Post No. 6, Portsmouth, Nelson T. Wright and David White, two delegates; Post No. 7, Rochester, James P. Hartigan, Ralph W. Dunlap; Post No. 8, Dover, Francis J. McDonald and Daniel Ryan; Post No. 9, Derry, Allan Shepard and John H. Taylor; Post No. 10, Wilton, Frank S. Quigley; Post No. 11, East Jaffrey, Meddie Taylor; Post No. 12, Franklin, Dr. James B. Woodman and R. E. Hersey; Post No. 13, Greenville, Henry Boisvert; Post No. 14, Lisbon, George E. Clark; Post No. 15, Ashland, Bert A. Baker; Post No. 16, Goffstown, Maurice Johnson; Post No. 17, Groveton, Fay H. Elliott; Post No. 18, Wolfeboro, Perley Perkins; Post No. 19, New Boston, Howard A. Marden; Post No. 20, Woodsville, Harold K. Davison; Post No. 21, Concord, Robert Murchie and George W. Morrill; Post No. 22, Lebanon, Frank A. Gray; Post No. 23, Milford, Fred Bergaine; Post No. 24, Marlboro, Robert H. Kinder; Post No. 25, Newport, Frank Hutchinson; Post No. 26, Bristol, John Dole; Post No. 27, Londonderry, Edison G. Robie; Post No. 28, Suncook, no delegate; Post No. 29, Claremont, E. P. Cushman; Post No. 30, Lancaster, Lucius B. Holton; Post No. 31, Penacook, Raymond Cassavaugh; Post No. 32, Exeter, Reginald Stevenson; Post No. 33, Meredith, Harris Batchelder; Post No. 34, Cornish, Phillip Lawrence; Post No. 35, Raymond, Hugh C. Whittier; Post No. 36, Berlin, Philip H. Goss; Post No. 37, Hooksett, Maurice Otterson; Post No. 38, Walter H. Stone, Fitzwilliam; Post No. 39, Warner, Lloyd H. Cogswell; Post No. 40, New London, Dr. William P. Clough; Post No. 41, Whitefield, no delegate; Post No. 42, Barnstead, Ernest A. Zecha.

It would be not only impossible in the space allowed but tedious reading if full report of all the proceedings of the Legion were rehearsed. However, there are outstanding actions which can be recorded in brief.

What did the convention do, then?

It elected officers for the year 1919–1920. These are: Commander, Orville Cain, Keene; senior vice-commander, Frank H. Quigley, Wilton; junior vice-commander, Allan B. Shepard, Derry; secretary-treasurer, Frank J. Abbott, Manchester; quartermaster, Charles W. Buzzell, Lake-



port; master-of-arms, James Hartigan, Rochester; chaplain, Rev. William H. Sweeney, Laconia. The incumbent of the office of historian was left to the executive committee to select.

The executive committee includes a representative of every county and these are: Hillsborough County, Maurice H. Johnson, Goffstown; Rockingham County, Reginald C. Stevenson, Exeter; Grafton County, Burton Whittier, Lebanon; Belknap County, C. Fred Maher, Laconia; Strafford County, Frank J. McDonald, Dover; Coös County, Philip H. Goss, Berlin; Sullivan County, Frank P. Hutchinson, Newport; Cheshire County, Dr. Charles S. Walker, Keene; Carroll County, Edward R. Craigue, Wolfeboro; Merrimack County, Perin E. Hersey, Franklin.

While on the subject of elections, it is worthy of note that Frank Knox, chairman of the convention and temporary chairman of the Legion in this state, declined to allow his name to go before the convention as a candidate for reëlection to the office of commander. A complimentary vote was cast in appreciation of his efforts in behalf of the Legion.

It elected delegates, contingent delegates and alternates to the national convention at Minneapolis, November 10, 11 and 12.

It voted to conduct the second annual convention at The Weirs during the last full week in August, 1920.

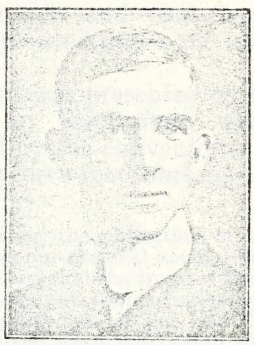
It adopted a constitution and by-laws. If these had not incorporated all of the principles and high purposes which have been gone into at such length previously, it would be interesting to reproduce them here. They make inspirational reading, in spite of their formal wording.

It voted to establish and maintain headquarters for the state executive committee in Concord. This action brought the "fireworks." Not only "flares" but whole batteries of "heavies," popping machine guns and rifle fire were turned loose, pro and con, before the final vote. This stood: Concord, 30; Manchester, 22.

It is indicative of the cordial unity of the state's Legioners that, after the fight had been lost for Manchester, Chairman Knox, one of the Queen City's sturdiest supporters, made this statement:

"On behalf of Manchester, I want to say to you, the Queen City will be behind the Legion 100 per cent, no matter where the headquarters are."

The convention provided for the election of one or more persons to represent it upon the board of the New Hampshire Veterans' Association.



Daniel Ryan
Dover

It adopted resolutions "immutably opposing the admission to the national legislative body or to any other public office of any persons of doubtful loyalty during the war and those persons whose disloyalty has been judicially determined."

With reference to men who evaded the draft, another resolution was adopted, reading:

WHEREAS, Many men of draft age who were working in employment of a governmental nature at the outbreak of the war were considered essential in those positions for the successful prosecution of the war; and

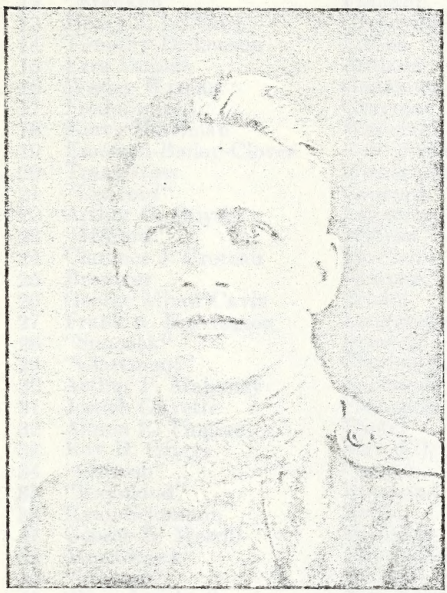
WHEREAS, They were in these positions at the conclusion of the war; and

WHEREAS, Now the men who entered the military and naval service of the country at the time of the outbreak of the war and during the war, and risked their lives for a soldier's or a sailor's pay, have been discharged; now, therefore, be it

Resolved, That, in justice to the returned soldiers and sailors, these men who were employed in such work during the war be immediately replaced by qualified ex-service men wherever practicable.

After a long discussion, the words, "Portsmouth Navy Yard," were struck out of this resolution and "positions of a governmental nature" were substituted.

The convention adopted a resolution calling upon Congress to enact a law, if possible without violating



John J. Taylor
Derry

treaty obligations of the country, to deport aliens who had relinquished their first citizenship papers to escape military service.

It adopted a resolution favoring the grant by Congress of an additional six months' pay at the rate of $30 a month to honorably discharged service men.

Other resolutions dealt with war risk insurance and disability retirement.

Here is one that touches the present most vitally and I shall reproduce it in full:

WHEREAS, There is abroad in certain sections of our country a spirit of unrest and antagonism and an attempted setting of class against class, fostered by an insidious and un-American propaganda, constituting an assault upon the fundamental American principle of the rule of the majority; now, therefore, be it

Resolved, That this convention declares the unswerving loyalty of the New Hampshire Branch of the American Legion to the basic principle of majority rule.

It adopted a resolution favoring the payment by the state of an additional bonus of $70 to every qualified service man. This made a total bonus from the state of $100.

The convention voted that the state branch and that local posts be incorporated under the laws of the state.

A creed was presented by the committee on resolutions which was accepted by the convention.

If you have read nothing else, read this:

Recognizing the obligation of the citizen to maintain our national honor and integrity, being resolved that the fruits of the great war shall not die, and without reference to race, creed or party, we of the New Hampshire Branch of the American Legion who participated in the war, in order that the principles of justice, freedom and democracy may more completely direct and influence the daily life of America's manhood, announce our adherence to the following principles and purposes:

(a) To inculcate the duties and obligations of citizenship and an undivided loyalty which shall be 100 per cent American;

(b) To preserve the history and incidents of our participation in this war;

(c) To cement comradeship formed in service;

(d) To promote, assist and protect the general welfare of all soldiers, sailors and marines, and those dependent upon them;

(e) To encourage the maintenance of individual and national efficiency to the end that the nation shall never fail in its obligation;

(f) To maintain the principle that undivided and uncompromising support of the Constitution of the United States is the true test of loyalty.

The following table contains the name and number of each New Hampshire Post of the Legion, its location, its commander and its total membership:

POSTS OF THE AMERICAN LEGION STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

October 27, 1919

Post No.	*Post Name*	*Location*	*Local Commander's Name*	*Number of Members.*
1	Frank W. Wilkins	Laconia	Thomas P. Cheney	326
2	Henry J. Sweeney	Manchester	George Wingate	855
3	James E. Coffey	Nashua	William E. Sullivan	305
4	Gordon-Bissell	Keene	Fay M. Smith	337
5	William Halswall Cheney	Peterborough	Frank B. Foster	77
6	Frank E. Booma	Portsmouth	J. R. Waldron	258
7	"Rochester"	Rochester	James Hartigan	125
8	"Dover"	Dover	John Murphy	100
9	Lester W. Chase	Derry	John J. Taylor	160
10	Roy Bent	Wilton	Frank H. Quigley	41
11	James B. Mathewson	East Jaffery	Wesley W. Hildreth	86
12	"Franklin"	Franklin	Perin E. Hersey	179
13	Henry J. LeClaire	Greenville	Clyde F. Hannaut	28
14	Timothy Dickenson	Lisbon	George E. Clark	41
15	Ezra Dupuis	Ashland	Bert A. Baker	35
16	Wesley Wyman	Goffstown	Maurice H. Johnson	46
17	Fredonwarell	Groveton	Lynn F. Rice	65
18	Harry Harriman	Wolfeboro	Dr. F. E. Clow	49
19	Emerson-Bailey-Clover	New Boston	Maurice L. Daniels	26
20	Tracy Ross	Woodsville	H. K. Davison	76
21	"Concord"	Concord	Dr. Robert O. Blood	342
22	Arthur G. Guyer	Lebanon	William G. Barry	105
23	"Milford"	Milford	Burt Talbot	61
24	Clarence J. Croteau	Marlboro	Arthur G. Croteau	44
25	Brewster	Newport	Harold P. Shepard	75
26	George Minot Cavis	Bristol	Ralph P. Pope	45
27	Frank A. Harrington	Londonderry	William S. Nevins	15
28	"Suncook"	Suncook	Carl E. Wessen	15
29	"Claremont"	Claremont	Hiram J. Patterson	178
30	Arthur P. Mahaney	Lancaster	Bernard F. Gillespie	102
31	Joseph Guyette	Penacook	Percy B. Morrill	15
32	Almon R. Pingree	Exeter	Joseph T. Comings	104
33	Roy H. Griggs	Meredith	Leander G. Pynn	24
34	"Cornish"	Cornish	Homer Saint-Gaudens	20
35	"Raymond"	Raymond	Hugh D. Whittier	17
36	Ryan-Scammon	Berlin	Oscar P. Cole	137
37	George E. Merrill	Hooksett	Leopold T. Togus	35
38	Monadnock	Fitzwilliam	A. J. Blunden	24
39	"Warner"	Warner	Clayton H. Dow	36
40	"New London"	New London	Charles W. Gordon	25
41	Dewey Ingerson	Whitefield	Earl G. Stevens	15
42	Earl B. Clark	Barnstead	Ernest Zecha	16
43	William H. Jutras	West Manchester	J. Adhemar Letendre	514
44	Minatt Rivers	Winchester	William E. Johnson, Jr.	32
45	"Hinsdale"	Hinsdale	C. E. Mayward	67
46	Ralph Shirley	North Conway	Ralph W. Bowley	15
47	William Martel	Salmon Falls	Edward J. Hudon	46
48	William S. Holmes	Gorham	L. A. Newell	15
49	Frank Whiteman	Tilton	Harry L. Tilton	15
50	William M. Myers	Antrim	B. G. Butterfield	15
51	Gilbert D. Fraser	Thornton's Ferry	Arthur F. Callbeck	15
52	Harry L. Curtis	North Stratford	Ralph M. Hutchins	15
53	Whitcomb	Charlestown	Louis C. Reed	23
54	"Lincoln"	Lincoln	Milo S. Burnell	15
55	Verne H. Weld	Canaan	Ned B. Smith	15
56	Edward Boufford	Troy	Harry S. Platts, M.D.	15
57	C. P. Britton	Alstead	George L. Porter	15
58	Charles W. Kilborn	Belmont	Homer L. Crockett	15
59	Gleason Young	Hillsboro	John S. Childs	15
60	Clarence L. Perkins	Farmington	Earle M. Tuttle	15
61	Oscar G. Morehouse	Milton	Aldo B. Garland	15
62	George L. O'Neill	Colebrook	Charles J. Walker	15

With what better sentiment than that could I bring to a close this story of the American Legion's purposes and growth, in the national and local fields?

Ever since the first dark-skinned son of Pharaoh took chisel and hammer in hand and cut straight-laced figures in a piece of granite, man has been beset by an obsession to chronicle events of his observation.

This is the greatest chronicle of all time. In the Legion, there is saved for all time the spirit of 4,800,000 men, and more, men living and men dead; the high and holy elation that took them overseas to face an unbridled menace to the peace of the world; the noble *selflessness* that sought and expected nothing by way of reward for its service except consciousness of having defended those same principles for which the Minute Men at Lexington, the Union forces of '61 and the Rough and Ready Riders of '98 also shouldered arms and faced death itself rather than witness extinction of honor and right among the nations of the earth.

The Legion is a living record of a magnificent, national altruism. May its pages never be counted. May they grow ever in number and in sanctification to the maintenance of "a government of the people, for the people and by the people."

THE FIRST SNOW

By Virginia B. Ladd

It came in the night, and so softly
That the wakeful heard not a sound,
But the morning revealed it triumphant,
A casing of gems for the ground
Which the previous evening had chilled us
It seemed so resistless and hard.

As we sped through the gathering shadows
Our wheels made a rumble and din,
Till the tumult around us but answered
Discordant communings within.
Not even the thrill from the wind's keen breath
Could the dreary forebodings discard.

But now, in the day-lighted dimness
Of snowflakes thick filling the air,
Comes a feeling of rest and protection—
A comfort that banishes care—
Wrapping 'round the tired heart a mantle,
Like charity, covering sins.

Ah yes, with the short days and bleakness
Which come when December draws near,
Let us have the snow's spotless garment
To protect the old age of the year.
With the frost comes really the winter;
Not when the first snow-fall begins.

Meredith, N. H.

With what better sentiment than that could I bring to a close this story of the American Legion's purpose and growth in the national and local fields?

Ever since the first dark-skinned son of Plymouth took aloof and lonesome to land and rue straight-laced figures in a pipe of granite, more has been beset by an obsession to glorious events of his observation.

This is the greatest adventure of all time. In the Legion, there is need for all those the spirit of Lexington men, and more, men living and men dead; the high and holy elation that took them overseas to face an embattled menace to the peace of the world;

THROUGH THE YEAR IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

No. 10

By Rev. Roland D. Sawyer

December—Peaceful Evenings and Earth's Mantle of Snow

The Long Evenings

"Come evening, once again, season of peace,
Return sweet evening, and continue long;
I slight thee not, but bid thee welcome.
How calm is my retreat, and how the frost,
Raging abroad, and the rough winds endear
The silence and warmth within.

* * * * *

Now stir the fire, close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round—
So let us welcome peaceful evening in."

—*Cowper.*

The early night-fall and the chill of the days, as we approach the shortest days of the year, make very inviting the evening lamps and fires. The lamp at the evening supper table gives an added domestic cheer to that meal; and the treasures of the papers, magazines, games and conversation that follow, are things to be prized.

And then here in New Hampshire there is ever on the table the pan of apples, the pitcher of cider, the popper of corn— Ah! in these joys of the country home who would go to the city? Clubs, hotels, theatres, none of the city amusements have joys like these. And the cheer of the crackling wood-fire, and the companionship of the wood stove if one be alone with it. Steam pipes, coal stoves, let them be for the starved soul in the city, out here in the town we want the crackling blaze of the wood-fire. On these nights I always like to think of the fire as did St. Francis when he called it "Brother Fire." Let me quote him—

"Praised by our Brother Fire,
By him light is given to us,
And he is bright and pleasant
And mighty and strong."

Man never had a home till he learned how to kindle fire; then its terror kept the animals away and gave him comfort; we feel the joy in a fire that has been passed down for 100,000 years; no wonder that the poetic soul of Francis made him say "I love the fire above all things." What joys our fathers got from the old fireplace, and what joys we may get today.

The Mantle of Snow

"The housemates sit
Around the radiant fire, inclosed
In tumultuous privacy of storm."

How many times this scene has occurred in the old Granite State, and always with what joys do we greet winter's first snow. It comes along in late December. We stand and look thru the windows at the swirling crystals of swollen frost; we see the hills and fields becoming clothed in their mantle of purity; we watch the handiwork of the North wind's masonry as familiar objects become grotesque figures. All the experiences that Whittier tells about in his immortal "Snow-Bound" become ours. I climb the attic stairs to listen to the roar in the trees. I read Whittier's, Emerson's and Lowell's poetic tributes to the snowstorm —true indeed there is no sight like a New England snowstorm as wind and elements unite to transform the face of the earth. And then the next day, when wind has veered off, the sun comes thru, the snowflakes sparkle like diamonds and laden are the tree-branches in beautiful white foliage.

The beauties of the snow army are then everywhere—there is a whiteness such as no painter can equal, a beauty such as no sculptor can reach —God has painted the whiteness and formed the beauty.

EDITORIAL

A. D. 1919 has been an eventful year in New Hampshire, as elsewhere, though here the pains of the world's new birth have been felt less acutely than in some other sections. New Hampshire has been very prosperous, the aggregate of its industrial production, agricultural and manufacturing, the amount of its capital invested, wages paid and savings deposits made reaching new heights. The abundance of money, even with the high cost of living, and the reaction from wartime self-denial to unrestricted enjoyment of the pleasures of life, has been especially evident in New Hampshire, not only among our own people, but to an even greater extent through our army of vacationing visitors and their tens of thousands of touring automobiles. The other side of the picture, the vaguely, but constantly, threatening aspect of industrial unrest, has not been so evident in New Hampshire, but even here the long arm of organized labor, reaching out for what it deems its rights, has laid the paralyzing finger of the strike upon our industry; though, happily, not with violence or for long and costly periods. But here, as elsewhere, the great problem which the old year bequeathes to the new is how we may range capital and labor, producer and consumer, under the one flag which bears the legend of the Golden Rule. Under the armistice New Hampshire has received back from the war her soldier and sailor sons, and they have been absorbed without difficulty and with benefit into the social fabric of the commonwealth. The gratitude of the state to them has been manifested in ways of both substance and sentiment, and they have formed for and of themselves an organization which has in it great possibilities for good. As one of the United States, New Hampshire has ratified during the year the amendments to the federal constitution doing away with intoxicating liquor and extending the suffrage to women; the farthest steps forward in half a century. For her own part, she has reorganized and Americanized her schools; continued the improvement of her highways; forwarded the conservation of her forests; and prepared for the greater utilization of her water power. On the whole, the year 1919 has been a good year for New Hampshire. Not alone, perhaps not principally, because of what has been done or of what has been escaped, during the twelve months, but because of the spirit that has been shown by our people of willingness to coöperate in amending our faults, increasing our merits, strengthening our weak places and building anew upon our heights of achievement.

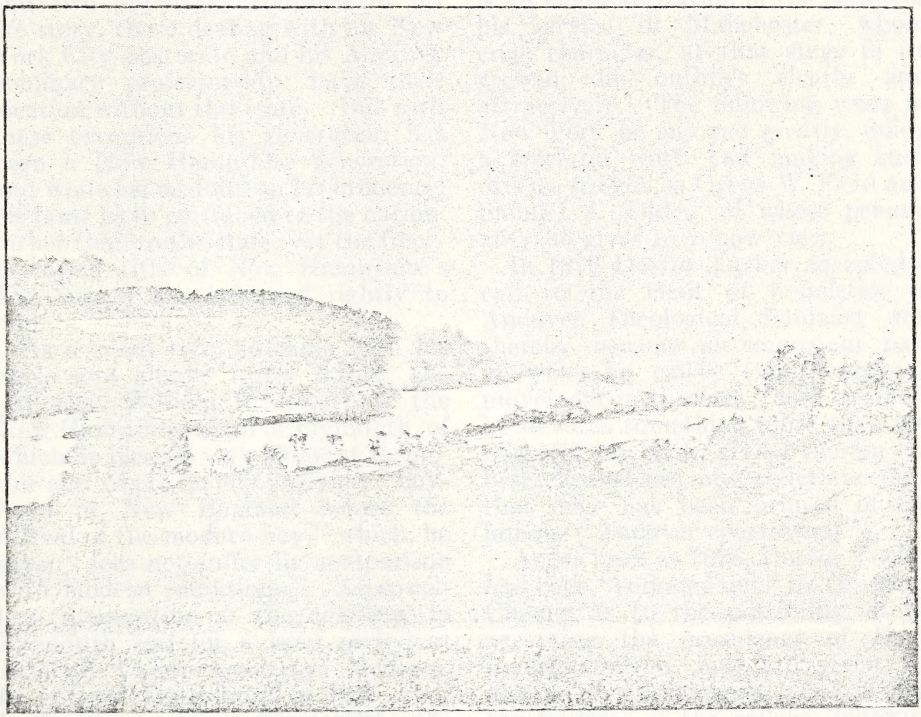
EDITORIAL

THE CONNECTICUT

By Perley R. Bugbee

Where is there a fairer stream on earth's green
With waters reflecting Heaven's own blue?
Where are greener banks and vales ever-green
Or verdant meadows of a lovelier hue?

A queen of the valleys rich and green,
The Connecticut is a river fair.
Mighty Ascutney of kingly mien
She passes and leaves for the ocean's air.



The Rainbow Above the River

Her charming smiles are emerald isles
Surrounded by waters deep,
Where rainbows fair, hover in the air,
Bowing low her isles to meet.

We love her waters and we love her banks,
Her granite hills and the slope's rills;
Beneath murmuring pines we give our thanks
On summer nights with whip-poor-wills.

Hanover, N. H.

BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

MY GENERATION. By William Jewett Tucker. Illustrated. Pp., 464. Cloth, $4. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Doctor Tucker, as the loved and revered president emeritus of Dartmouth College is referred to most often, was not born in New Hampshire, and two important chapters in his life story, those dealing with his New York City pastorate and his Andover Seminary professorship, have their location without this state. But with these exceptions his generation has been a New Hampshire generation, and while his usefulness, his influence, his fame have pertained to the nation, rather than to the state, yet the freely bestowed title of New Hampshire's first citizen has belonged rightly to him.

As a small boy, he came with his uncle and almost foster father, the late Rev. William R. Jewett, to the New Hampshire town of Plymouth, of which he records very pleasant memories and where he enjoyed that "boyhood in New England before the arrival of the modern boy," which, he says, "does not suffer by comparison with modern conditions." After college preparation at the academy in Plymouth and for a brief period at Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, he entered Dartmouth in 1857, thus beginning a connection with the college which, as trustee and president, continued through the greater part of his life.

Choosing the ministry, instead of his earlier preference, the law, as a profession, young Tucker's course at Andover Theological Seminary was interrupted by a Civil War term of service in the United State Christian Commission, which brought him in personal touch with that great conflict which initiated an era of freedom in whose spiritual and educational manifestations he was to play an important part.

Doctor Tucker's first pastorate was at the Franklin Street Congregational Church in Manchester, extending from 1867 to 1875, when he went to the Madison Square Presbyterian Church in New York City. "Years of absorbing and satisfying interest" is his characterization of the period of his service in Manchester, whose civic character, at that stage in its growth, he outlines clearly and attractively. The following years in New York he enjoyed greatly, doing a splendid work and making such diverse friends as Cyrus W. Field and Samuel J. Tilden, of whose personality he gives us a new view.

In 1879 Doctor Tucker accepted a call to the chair of homiletics in Andover Theological Seminary and thereby became an important part in what he calls "the progressive movement in theology" and to which he devotes something more than 100 pages of his book, giving therein the best, clearest and most concise account that ever has been printed of the famous "Andover controversy."

As far back as 1876, Doctor Tucker had been "sounded out" by Governor Cheney as to the possibility of his accepting the presidency of Dartmouth College, but had given the idea no encouragement. But in 1892 the trustees of the college, following the resignation of President Bartlett, united in insisting that their colleague for fourteen years should become the new head of the institution; and, finally, in spite of his repeated declinations, they had their way. The world knows the result and for the marvelous creation of the "new Dartmouth" gives due credit to the best beloved "prexie" in the history of the college.

What this development of the college really meant, the new soul within the new body, Doctor Tucker shows

us in this book; but every man who was at Hanover between 1893 and 1909 will wish for an opportunity to add a note to this section of "My Generation," in which should be set down the priceless part played by the president's personality in this wonderful work. The Dartmouth spirit with which Doctor Tucker inspired us through his Sunday evening talks in Rollins Chapel was by far the better part of many a man's four years at Hanover.

The condition of Doctor Tucker's health at the time of his retirement from the presidency was such that it was feared he had given his own life for that of the college. Fortunately, this did not prove to be the case, and while the succeeding decade has been for him one of semi-invalidism, it has been far from the least productive period of his career. From his study in the modest home on the heights at Hanover there have gone out, through books and magazine articles, helpful messages based upon keen observation, wide and ripe experience, rich scholarship and a profound belief in the possibilities as well as the obligations of the individual member of society. Of this series of messages "My Generation" is a fitting culmination.

ARTEMUS WARD (Charles Farrar Browne): A Biography and Bibliography. By Don C. Seitz. Illustrated. Pp., 338. Cloth, $2. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Mr. Don C. Seitz, the publisher of the *New York World*, has the pleasant and profitable habit of devoting his leisure to the pursuit of some hobby, which, being caught, he saddles and bridles and rides to the bookmaker's. Half a dozen volumes full of information and of interest have been the result in the past and now comes a welcome addition to the series in the form of a handsome book which becomes at once the definitive story of the picturesque personality and unusual career of that typical American humorist, Artemus Ward. Whatever Mr. Seitz does, he does well, as this volume is one of many proofs.

There is not a little of especial New Hampshire interest in the life story of Charles Farrar Browne. When he was 13 years of age he left his native town of Waterford, Me., by the stage line which ran past his mother's door, to learn the printer's trade with John M. Rix, publisher of the *Weekly Democrat* at Lancaster, this state.

A fellow apprentice was Edward Cross, afterwards the gallant colonel of the First New Hampshire regiment in the Civil War. Boyish pranks made young Browne's stay in Coös County short, but long enough to furnish material for a store of legends that still linger there. His next chance has a New Hampshire connection, also, for it was on the *Norway (Me.) Advertiser*, a paper, which, like the *Lancaster Democrat*, still lives, and for many years has been owned and edited by a New Hampshire native, F. W. Sanborn.

At 17, the gawky Yankee youth struck out for the cities, and, armed with a letter of introduction from Mr. Rix, among other credentials, secured work in a large printing establishment at Boston, from which was issued, among other publications, *The Carpet Bag*, of that New Hampshire native humorist, B. P. Shillaber. From Boston he moved on to Cleveland, where, on the *Plain Dealer*, then owned by Joseph W. Gray, "a former New Hampshire school-teacher turned lawyer," he made his first reputation, which secured his call to New York to become an editor of the *Vanity Fair* of that day.

The contemporary fame of Artemus Ward was due even more to his remarkable "lectures" than to his writings, and in these, also, New Hampshire had an early share. His début on the platform was made at New London, Ct., November 26, 1861. Norwich, Ct., Newark, N. J., and Salem, Mass., followed in order, and on Wednesday, December 5,

his fifth lecture was given in Concord, N. H., his first Boston appearance, in Tremont Temple, coming on the following night. As an entertainer Artemus Ward was a great success from the first and not a little of the interest which he aroused was due to the ingenious publicity which he secured for himself by his contributions to the newspapers about his "show." He was his own press agent, and one of the best, as well as one of the first, of the guild. The success and the popularity of the Yankee humorist on a trip to the Pacific coast and then over seas to England were remarkable, but they also were fatal. Burning the candle at both ends, death came to him in early middle age at the height of his popularity, and, continuing to the last his New Hampshire connection, one of the mourners at his funeral in London was Charles Carleton Coffin, famous correspondent and native of Boscawen.

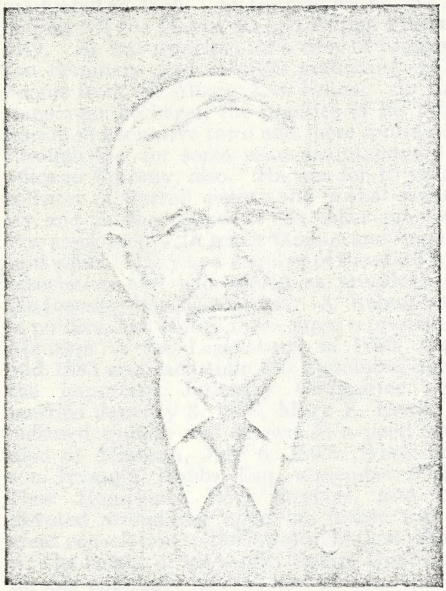
WITH THE YANKEE DIVISION IN FRANCE. By Frank P. Sibley. Illustrated. Pp., 365. Cloth, $3. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

The 26th Division of the American Expeditionary Force has been inclined to consider itself "out of luck." Perhaps it was in its relations with the high command. But in at least one respect it was very fortunate; and that was in having in touch with it from the day of its organization to the day when its units left Brest for home an historian of its own, a man of skill in his profession, a keen observer, a clear narrator, of wide repute for accuracy, probity and honor. Frank P. Sibley, a newspaper man of 27 years' experience, was sent overseas by the *Boston Globe* with instructions to stay with the boys for whom he himself had suggested the name of Yankee Division and to keep their home folks as well informed about them as the censors would permit. "Stay with them" he did; in the training area; on every fighting front that the division occupied; in the front line trenches; and accompanying the attacks. He knew both officers and men intimately; shared their billets and mess and their point of view as well; admired their bravery, appreciated their accomplishments, and sympathized with the lack of recognition which they received for their deeds. Under many hampering circumstances, some inevitable and some unnecessary, Mr. Sibley gave his newspaper and its readers splendid service. Now, in this handsome book form, he can and does tell "the complete and uncensored story of the 26th Division"; and a glorious story it is. The state of New Hampshire, as regards its troops in the World War, was a striking example of the determination on the part of those in national authority that sectional segments of the Army should be broken into as small pieces as possible; but the largest number of Granite State men allowed to stay together were in the 103rd Regiment of the 26th Division and pending New Hampshire's own war history we are more interested in this good work of Sibley's than in any other published account of American participation in the campaigns in France.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

ALBERT B. STEARNS

Albert Byron Stearns was born March 13, 1842, at West Lebanon, the son of Oliver L. and Betsey (Wood) Stearns. He was educated in the schools there and at Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, where he prepared for Dartmouth College; but, instead, answered the call for volunteers in the Civil War and



The late Albert B. Stearns

enlisted in Company E of the Ninth New Hampshire Regiment, serving throughout the war with honor and distinction and being wounded at St. Anna in 1864. October 5, 1868, he married Harriett Ann Towne, daughter of Dr. Charles and Sarah (Pettee) Towne of Plainfield, and settled on the ancestral farm on the Connecticut river at West Lebanon, being the fifth in line and ownership. There he remained until 1910, when, following the death of his wife, he removed to Woodsville to reside with his only daughter, Mabel, wife of Luther C. Butler. His death took place at the home of his sister in West Lebanon, September 22. Mr. Stearns was a leading member of the Grand Army of the Republic, having attended all but two of its state encampments and having been present at the national encampment of this year in Columbus, Ohio. He was very fond of music, a skilful player of the piano and church organ and a member of the Woodsville Music Club. He also belonged to the I. O. O. F. Mr. Stearns was a man of temperate habits, conversant with the topics of the day, devoted to the church of which he had been a member for over 40 years, strongly attached to his family and friends and beloved alike by young and old.

PROF. CHARLES H. HITCHCOCK

Charles Henry Hitchcock, emeritus professor of geology and mineralogy in Dartmouth College, died at Honolulu, T. H., November 6. He was born in Amherst, Mass., August 23, 1836, the son of President Edward Hitchcock of Amherst College, and graduated from that institution in 1856, later receiving from it the honorary degrees of A.M. and LL.D., as well as Ph.D. from Lafayette. He had taught zoölogy, geology and mineralogy at Amherst, Williams, Lafayette, Virginia A. and M. College, Mount Holyoke and Dartmouth, when he was professor from 1868 to 1908, holding the emeritus rank, since the latter date. He had served Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont as state geologist and headed the expedition which conducted upon Mount Washington in the winter of 1870–1 the first high mountain observatory in the United States. He was a member and fellow of various scientific societies and congresses and was widely known for his geological maps of the United States and for his researches in ichnology, the geology of the crystalline schists and glacial geology, upon which he had written voluminously. Among his chief works was the three-volume history of the geology of New Hampshire. He married, June 19, 1862, Martha, daughter of Prof. E. P. Barrows of Andover, Mass.

MRS. ABIGAIL H. McCRILLIS

Mrs. Abigail H. McCrillis, who died at the home of her son, John McCrillis, Esq., in Newport, October 2, was born in Unity, March 3, 1827, the daughter of William and Mehitable (Chase) Huntoon. After her marriage to William Henry McCrillis of Goshen, she resided at Goshen Corner until they removed to Newport in 1875, where she has since resided. Mr. McCrillis died December 9, 1903. Mrs. McCrillis is survived by her only son, John McCrillis of Newport, two grandsons, John W. McCrillis and William H. McCrillis and a brother, Martin H. Huntoon of Bradford. Mrs. McCrillis was a lady of the highest character and unusual ability. She was a writer of both prose and verse, some of which were published in the

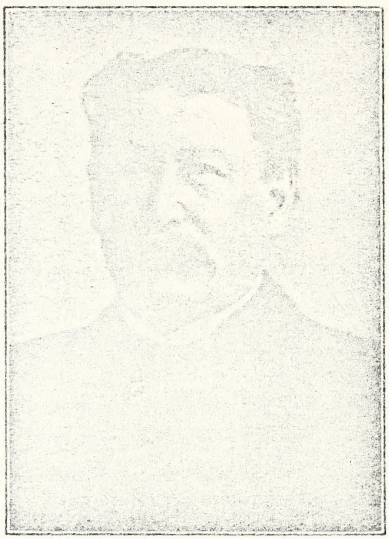
Granite Monthly, and an artist of merit. During her later years and to within a month of her death, she made daily use of her pen and frequent use of the brush.

JOSIAH H. HOBBS.

Hon. Josiah Howard Hobbs, who passed away at his home in Madison, September 7, was, at the time of his death, one of the oldest members of the New Hampshire Bar and of the Alumni body of Dartmouth College. Born in Madison, December 22, 1834, he was educated at Parsonsfield Seminary, Fryeburg Academy and Dartmouth College, where he graduated in 1856. At Dartmouth he was a member of the Kappa Kappa Kappa Fraternity. He was principal for a time of Limington Seminary and in 1859 graduated with honors from the Albany Law School. In the same year he began the practice of his profession in his native town and there continued through life, for some years maintaining an office in Conway, also. He was for 15 years solicitor of Carroll county and in that capacity and in the course of his other practice was associated with many famous and important cases. He was a member of the state bar association and had served as president of the county bar association. A Republican in politics, Mr. Hobbs three times represented Madison in the Legislature, in 1862, 1863 and 1883 and each time was appointed upon the important Judiciary Committee. He married January 3, 1878, Mary E. Erwin, a cultured woman well known as a poet, who died at Madison, July 5, 1890. Their one son, Irving J. Hobbs, Esq., a member of the New Hampshire Bar, survives, and his devoted attendance upon his father was a great consolation to the latter in his last years. At the height of his career 'Squire Hobbs, as he was popularly known, had a wide reputation as an eloquent orator and a successful lawyer. His standard of professional ethics was high and it was often said of him that he thought as much in his practice of the good he could do as of the material regards he could gain for himself. Of the poor, especially, he always was a faithful and generous friend and fearless champion.

DR. E. E. GRAVES.

Eli Edwin Graves, M. D., one of the best known physicians in the state, died at his home in Penacook, August 5. He was born in Jericho, Vt., September 9, 1847, the son of Daniel H. and Lusetta R. (Nash) Graves, and was educated in the public schools, at the Essex Classical Institute and the medical department of the University of Vermont, where he received the degree of Doctor of Medicine in 1868, afterwards doing post graduate work at the Harvard Medical School and the Massachusetts General Hospital. He located in Boscawen for the practice of his profession September 17, 1868, and there continued until his removal to Penacook, October 20, 1897. Soon after his arrival in Boscawen he was made town superintendent of schools; he was the health officer of the town from the establishment of the office and library trustee from the establishment of the library; chairman of the town water board; moderator of the town school meetings since 1870, with but one absence from duty in all those years; probation officer; and member of the House of Representatives



The late Dr. E. E. Graves

in 1889. He was a member of the American Medical Association, American Public Health Association, New Hampshire, Center District and Merrimack County Medical Societies, New Hampshire Surgical Club, New Hampshire Historical Society, New Hampshire Horticultural Society, Masons and Odd Fellows. He married, December 18, 1872, Martha A. Williams of Essex, Vt., who died January 29, 1893. Their children, who survive, are Major Robert J. Graves of Concord and Katharine L. (Mrs. Henry C. Rolfe) of Penacook. Doctor Graves was a member of the Congregationalist church, interested in all good works and a public-spirited citizen. His distinguished professional success was entirely deserved and the extent of his practice was very wide. He was much interested in historical matters and had made valuable collections on that line.